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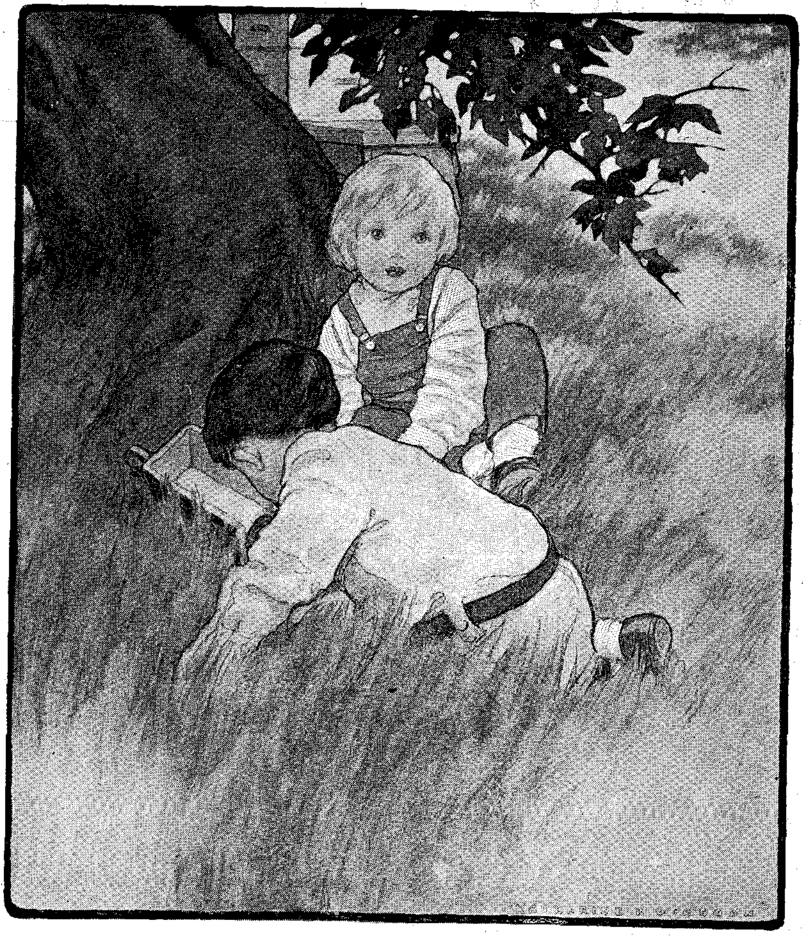

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906

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A Bad Measure for Bad Meat

On another page we print this week a statement from one of the great Chicago packing-houses on the subject of Federal inspection. With this declaration in favor of compulsory inspection, the action of the House Committee on Agriculture, of which the Hon. J. W. Wadsworth, of New York, is Chairman, is in spirit, if not in letter, violently inconsistent. The measure which that Committee has reported as a substitute for the Beveridge bill passed by the Senate would make inspection of the packing-houses little, if at all, more effective than it is now, and would in some respects actually lay it open to corruption by money and political influence. Its main provisions are, in brief, as follows: The inspection of animals before killing, unlike that of animals after killing, is made not compulsory but discretionary; inspectors shall have access to the plants at all times, for the specified purposes of examining carcasses, parts of carcasses, and meat food products, but they are not authorized to enter the plants at any time for the purpose of inspecting the sanitary conditions of the buildings and the handling of the meats; they are not expressly allowed to inspect animals during the night time except when slaughtering is conducted during the night time; labels are not required to bear the date of inspection; when sanitary conditions are such as to make the products unwholesome, or "otherwise unfit for human food," those products cannot be "passed"—but there is no provision for requiring decent conditions otherwise; special provisions are made for the inspection of meats for foreign markets; the inspectors are not required to conform to the Civil Service regulations; ingredients which are unwholesome are forbidden, but not those which are merely fraudulent; an appeal is provided from the rulings of the inspectors and the Secretary of Agriculture to the circuit courts of the United States; violations and bribery are severely punished; retail butchers are exempted, except when the Secretary of Agriculture rules otherwise; and the Government pays the cost—which cannot exceed one million dollars for each half year. There is scarcely a provision of the Beveridge bill which has not been made of little or no effect. The language of the House Committee's bill, however, is such that the extent of its nullifying effect is not at once apparent.

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The President's Fight for the Public

President Roosevelt has written a letter to Mr. Wadsworth stating explicitly that he disapproves of this weak measure. "Almost every change," he says, "is for the worse;" and he adds: "Perhaps the amendment as you have now drafted it is not quite as bad as it was when you submitted it to me in the first instance, but it is very, very bad." He calls special attention to one point that makes it even worse than it was at first, "if, as seems likely, there is no provision for making plants accessible at all hours to the inspectors." Of the provisions about the courts he says that "if they had been deliberately designed to prevent the remedying of the evils complained of, they could not have been worse." Mr. Wadsworth, by his reply, makes it evident that he does not even yet appreciate the gravity of the situation. He "answers back" by saying to the President, "You are wrong, 'very, very wrong,' in your estimate of the Committee's bill." He quotes the President as saying "there is no provision for making the plants accessible" (which, of course, the President did not say), and then transcribes two provisions from the Committee's bill which apparently provide that the plants be made accessible. One of these, however, simply provides for inspection of animals at night as well as by day—not referring at all to the canning processes or products or general sanitary conditions; the other, although it provides that the inspectors "shall have access at all times to every part of said establishment," qualifies the provision by the phrase, "for the purposes of such examination and inspection," and the examination and inspection are limited to "purposes hereinbefore set forth." Those purposes do not include the sanitary conditions or the handling of meat or products. When, therefore, Mr. Wadsworth indignantly cites these passages from the bill in answer to an assertion which the President did not make, he only produces evidence against the bill he defends. He resents also what he calls an "innuendo" against "the sincerity and competency" of the Committee. Since Mr. Wadsworth himself has seen fit to refer to competency and sincerity, it may be well to say that the only way in which the Committee could have demonstrated to the country at large that it was both sincere and competent would have been by reporting a bill which was not obviously abortive.

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"As Perfect a Piece of Legislation—" The packers should hope to be delivered from their friends. If they desire, as Messrs. Swift & Company declare they themselves do, a rigid law making inspection compulsory, they will not find the bill reported by Mr. Wadsworth's Committee to their liking. Its defects as such are numerous, but these are the chief: (1) Not all inspection is made compulsory; there are some diseases which cannot be readily discovered after the animal is killed, yet the bill permits diseased animals to be slaughtered unexamined. (2) The candidates for inspectorship are not required to comply with the conditions of the Civil Service Act, and therefore may be appointed by favoritism or "influence." Inspection, even if it were wholly compulsory, made by men who are not necessarily expert nor free from political obligation for their position, could not be called "rigid" or really "compulsory." (3) The right of appeal to the courts is expressly "conferred" upon any person, company, or corporation whose interests are affected by a ruling or decision. As the President says in an answer to Mr. Wadsworth's letter, this is an attempt "to provide that the courts shall in reality do administrative work which they would be the first to assert their inability to perform." If there could be any more effective way devised to make inspection fruitless, it has not yet been proposed. (4) The retail butchers and meat dealers, who are no more disposed to cleanliness than wholesale concerns, may under this bill escape even the lax inspection it provides. A law of this sort, if it is to accomplish its purpose, must be uniform. (5) Finally, the people must pay for making a special business safe. Mr. Wadsworth himself admits that the packers' "life depends" upon the enactment of a rigid inspection law; as the Democratic minority of the House Committee indicates in its report, the packers ought to pay for what is necessary for the preservation of their business. There is precedent, as that minority points out, in the payment by the National banks for their own inspection. Mr. Wadsworth in his letter to the President remarked of his Committee's bill that "it is as perfect a piece of legislation to carry into effect your own views on this question as was ever prepared by a committee of Congress." We should regard this as a safe statement, provided no other committee ever made the attempt. The enactment of the principles embodied in the Beveridge bill is hardly avoidable. The opposition must make up its mind to defeat. We state elsewhere what those principles are.

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Congressional Action and Inaction: The House From a popular standpoint, perhaps the most important Congressional event last week was the action on the Statehood Bill. When the inhabitants of Oklahoma and Indian

Territory received the news that the Senate had finally accepted the bill erecting Oklahoma and Indian Territory into a State, but practically allowing Arizona and New Mexico to settle the question between them, there was great rejoicing, as evidenced by the ringing of bells, the blowing of whistles, and the discharge of firearms and fireworks ; it is proposed to observe the date of the signing of the bill as a holiday in the new State. In Congress itself a dramatic scene occurred on the adoption of the conference report, just previous to which Mr. Smith, Delegate from Arizona, criticised the House leaders for their attitude on the question, by inference charging Speaker Cannon with having done things for which Arizona laws would have sent him to prison. The Speaker left the chair, took the floor, and in an impressive speech declared that his views as to Statehood had been no secret, denounced the insinuation of the Delegate as unfounded in fact, and called on any member on either side of the House who had knowledge or even belief as to its truth to rise and declare himself. As Mr. Cannon finished, the House broke into loud and long applause, the conference report was adopted by a viva voce vote, and the last legislative chapter in the long Statehood wrangle was ended. On the following day an equally important event occurred when, in Committee of the Whole, the House voted, 110 to 36, that no money appropriated for the Panama Canal should be used for a sea-level project. It further voted down, 121 to 65, an amendment compelling the Canal Commission to accept the lowest bids on contracts ! The Pure Food, Immigration, and Shipping Bills are still unreported. The Judiciary Committee has now disposed of the seven anti-injunction bills before it for the present session by referring them to a sub-committee to report at the first meeting in December next upon two definite propositions. The first is, whether our courts have jurisdiction to issue injunctions "to protect the exercise of personal rights as distinguished from property rights," and the other, whether the right to carry on business is "a property right of such character as to be entitled to the protection of injunctions in proper cases." The main purpose of the bills is to prevent the issue of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees. The Committee on Insular Affairs has filed a favorable report on the Philippine Currency Revision Bill, incorporating a long cablegram from Governor-General Ide relative to the conditions which have given rise to this bill, and favoring the passage of some measure designed to rectify the difficult situation of the islands from a currency standpoint.

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Congressional Action and Inaction: The Senate

Financial legislation was further emphasized by the passage in the Senate of the bill which had previously passed the House permitting National banks to loan to one borrower twenty per cent. of their unimpaired capital and surplus combined; at present they are limited to ten per cent. of the capital alone. The Niagara Falls Bill has been sent to conference. Members of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors who framed the bill object to the Senate amendment providing that the Great Lakes shall at no time become the subject of international negotiations, and the other, that no provision of the bill shall be construed as withholding water power from factories now under construction; this, it is asserted, would allow an unlimited amount of water to be consumed by those factories. The Railway Rate Bill is still in conference, and the Philippine Tariff Bill continues to be treated with scorn. The most interesting proceedings in the Senate have been the debate on the Panama Canal and on the bill presented by Senator Kittredge to construct a sea-level and not a lock canal at Panama. The principal speeches of the week were those of Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, who opposed the sea-level plan on account of the extra cost and time involved, and supported the policy of permitting the President to proceed with the work under the authority conferred by the Spooner Act, and Senator Teller, of Colorado, who favored the sea-level plan, arguing that its greater cost in time and money should not deter us from giving to the world the best possible water-way between the oceans. The Senate has unanimously consented to vote on the bill on Thursday, June 21. Unusual interest will be attached to this vote because of the action by the House in voting against the sea-level plan. During the week the Senate agreed to the conference report on the Diplomatic Bill and also voted to sustain the Senate conferees on the Naval Appropriation Bill. One of the Senate amendments postpones the authorization of the construction of a great battle-ship at a cost of ten million dollars until details of the plan of construction have been furnished to Congress.

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The Panama Canal Chief Engineer Stevens has told the House Committee that he is in favor of a lock canal at Panama; not merely because it will cost less and be built in briefer time, but also because in his opinion it will be a better canal when completed. According to Mr. Stevens, to construct a sea-level canal it will be necessary to cut through hills, some of them several hundred feet high; the channel would be narrow and sinuous; the navigation would be more difficult than in a lock canal with artificial lakes; it would be difficult if not impossible to prevent the Chagres River in the flood time of the year from severely injuring the canal. To the argument that locks might be destroyed by a foreign navy in time of war, he replies that it would not be necessary to build any of these locks within shell range of the coast. Some newspaper arguments against the lock canal are apparently efficiently disposed of by a thoughtful writer in the New York "Tribune." To the argument that the great size of the lake necessary to be constructed would imperil the safety of any dam which could be built, the "Tribune" replies that the safety of a dam depends upon the depth of the water it sustains, not upon the area. "The whole Atlantic Ocean is kept out of Holland by dikes that are far inferior in strength to the Gatun dam." To the statement that we have no assurance that the lake would not overflow its boundaries the "Tribune" replies that careful surveys have been made showing that the height and character of the soil of the shores of the artificial lake are adequate to insure the retention of the water. As to the sanitary argument that the lake would propagate mosquitoes and so bring back malaria and yellow fever, the reply has been made, whether scientifically accurate or not we cannot say, that such a lake as proposed does not constitute a breeding-place for mosquitoes. The Outlook repeats what it has heretofore said, that the question between a sea-level and a lock canal is one to be determined by experts. The fact that a majority of all the engineers who have examined the question, an overwhelming majority of American engineers, and all the engineers upon the ground favor the lock canal appears to us to be practically conclusive upon this subject.

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Export and Import Railway Rates Last week a jury in the United States District Court at Kansas City found the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railway Company guilty on four counts of granting concessions on packing-house shipments for export to the Armour Packing Company, Swift & Company, Cudahy & Company, and the Nelson Morris Company. All four counts are practically the same. The suit was brought by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The railway gave to the packers a rate of twenty-three cents a hundredweight from Kansas City to New York City at a time when the regular schedule rate between those points for the same commodities was thirty-five cents. The packers declared that the rate of freight agreed on was the legally established tariff at the time the contract was made, as filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission; that some weeks later one of the railways with which the Burlington had made arrangements for transportation of its freight east of its own lines refused to accept its pro rata share of the rates fixed in the contract, and adopted a tariff which made the through rate higher than the rate contracted for; that the question involved would thus seem to be whether a railway company, after making a valid contract, can, by raising its rate, end the contract and make the shipper, without any act on his part, liable to the penalties prescribed in the Inter-State Commerce Act, the shipments being made at the contract rates and no rebates being received. The railway company's defense was that it carried the packing-house products at a valid rate; that, if a concession was made at all, it was on the through rate and reduced that rate by the amount of such concession, but that it did not and could not be applied to any fractional part of the through rate. Judge McPherson, in instructing the jury, said that the Burlington Railway had no right to make a contract for a period longer than the established rate should be in force; that to have carried shipments for twenty-three cents after the date when the tariff was raised to thirty-five cents must be considered a concession. As an interesting coincidence, a complaint is about to be considered by the Inter-State Commerce Commission affecting a similar discrimination, not in export but in import rates. The complainants are a firm of glass manufacturers doing business in Pittsburg, who declare that glass is shipped from Antwerp, Belgium, to Minneapolis, Minnesota, at a lower rate for transportation than the cost of sending glass from Pittsburg to the same domestic market. The consumer may think that it is a poor wind that blows nobody good, since a cheaper rate upon imports equalizes the injustices of the tariff, just as the sellers of our American products realize that a low rate for exports stimulates the sales of those products with foreign consumers. We may remember, however, first, that foreign competition should not be facilitated by lower transportation rates than our own manufacturers pay; second, that our complaint at the lower price on some American products abroad than is asked here is partly due to the discriminatory cost of transportation. Thus, questions as to discriminations favoring export and import railway rates are ultimately questions of the freedom of trade. In that view, therefore, the significance of the Kansas City decision lies. Domestic dealers, speaking through the Inter-State Commerce Commission, are justified in protesting against the compulsion to pay more for the transportation of their products than is paid by exporters and importers over the same distance. It should be just as much a principle of fair dealing that our own producers should not be discriminated against in our own markets as that foreign trade should be encouraged in every way. To accomplish the latter aim there need be no lowering of railway rates, but there can be and should be a lowering of our absurd tariff rates.

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The New Senator from Kansas

It remained for Kansas to produce a man who thinks more of agriculture than he does of being United States Senator. F. D. Coburn, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, has declined the appointment tendered him to fill out the term of J. R. Burton, who resigned from the Senate because convicted of violation of a Federal statute. His excuse is that he prefers to serve the people in his present place, helping the farmers of the West. The appointment was unquestionably very popular and would have been a valuable one for the agricultural interests—and the attitude of the recipient emphasizes his fitness for the place. Few would refuse such an appointment, especially when such hearty approval of his selection was being expressed as to indicate a probability that re-election would follow next winter. When Mr. Coburn declined, the appointment, as The Outlook stated last week, was tendered to A. W. Benson, who accepted. He is an attorney, formerly a district judge. Senator Benson was born in New York in 1845, and has been identified with the Kansas bar since 1869. He has been a member of several Legislatures, serving both in House and Senate; he has occupied many county offices, but is not prominent in the present political movements in the State. He will make a dignified though probably not a forceful Senator. In Kansas's present state of political ebullition Governor Hoch seems to seek to avoid naming a Senator who can hope for success before the Legislature—a somewhat doubtful policy. The State has practically been without one of its

Senators for over two years. It is entitled to have an active representation and one that can be carried over into the long term. It will be rather surprising if the people do not resent the dallying policy and weaken in loyalty to the Governor. Only strong men should be put forward in such emergencies. Kansas seems destined to have perpetual trouble with its "fatal Lane succession" of Senators. Beginning with James H. Lane, who committed suicide, the line has been marked by tragedies and disappointments. Secretary Coburn might have turned the tide; it is to be hoped that the new appointee has equal strength of character. The West needs strong men in the Senate—never before was the demand so imperative.

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The Pittsburg Anti-Vice Campaign Mayor George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, is conducting an active anti-vice crusade in that city with great vigor and intelligence, in pursuance of a plan to investigate and, if possible, eradicate all forms of graft. He began by making a number of police raids in the Tenderloin, and at the hearing of these cases the women arrested were induced to disclose, not only the details of how they had secured protection, but also the names of the men to whom the money had been paid. As a result of these disclosures, three members of the Common Council were arrested for aiding and abetting the maintenance of disorderly houses by leasing, buying, and selling them and selling to them. A physician and a well-known real estate man, who had been clamoring up to a short time ago for the purgation of the Tenderloin, have likewise been held for court for knowingly leasing houses for immoral purposes, and a policeman has been held for extortion and for taking money for the protection of a gambling-house. In retaliation the policeman threatens to implicate two police inspectors and four more policemen. The investigations, which are being conducted by John Marron, who has borne so large a part in the investigation of similar conditions in Allegheny, promise to be sweeping and of a most sensational character. Mayor Guthrie is of the opinion that the law can be enforced and must be enforced. As one correspondent puts it, it seems that "Pittsburg is going to have the cleanest three years, in spite of the soot, in its history."

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Another Jewish Massacre in Russia According to the advices from Bialystok, Russia, Jewish Anarchists threw a bomb last week into a Corpus Christi procession which was in progress there and killed or wounded many persons. In consequence, the Christians attacked and massacred the Jews and demolished their shops. Hundreds of persons were killed or wounded. Immediately after the bomb explosion Jews, it is asserted, began to fire with revolvers from the windows of a house into the crowd. Soldiers surrounded the house and fired volleys into it. Meanwhile the exasperated Christians attacked the Jewish shops, demolishing the fixtures and windows, throwing the goods into the gutters, beating and murdering the Jews. Bialystok is about forty miles southwest of Grodno, on the borders of Lithuania, and the population approaches eighty thousand, more than half of whom are Jews. The city has many woolen manufactories. The bomb outrage, though at first attributed to the Jews, is also said to have been deliberately planned as a counter-stroke to the murder of Chief of Police Derkatchoy on June 10, attributed to members of the Jewish "Bund," and the throwing of the bomb to have been only the signal for an outbreak against the Jews. Accepting this explanation of the outrage, many Duma members express fear that the Bialystok affair is but the beginning of a widespread attack on the Jews. They justly demand to know who is responsible for stirring up race and religious strife in Russia, and what measures are being taken to prevent the destruction of the lives and property of the Jews. They gave the Government a timely hint as to promptness of investigation by appointing a committee of three deputies and sending them at once to Bialystok in the hope that the presence of the representatives of Parliament might check the disorders and also have a salutary effect on reactionary officials, if the charges were true, as reported, that these officials were inspiring excesses. The membership of the committee is significant, including Deputies Jacobson, a Jew; Arakantsev, formerly Procurator of the province of Minsk, and dismissed from office because he recommended the trial of Governor Kurlov for inciting the anti-Jewish excesses in that province six months ago; finally, Stchepkin, of Odessa, who investigated the causes of the riots last autumn in that city and demanded the prosecution of Prefect Neidhart as their provoker. Anti-Jewish outbreaks have now occurred at other places in Poland and Lithuania, and the Jews at Kishinev in the south, fearing a repetition of the massacre of 1903, have barricaded their houses. These events were not needed to add to the popular excitement concerning the questions now being debated in the Duma, but doubtless had an influence in depressing still further the quotations on Russian securities abroad. The Russian four per cent. loan, which fell to 86½ on the Baltic fleet's defeat but which rallied to 94½ on the announcement of the peace of Portsmouth, sank to 72. Will not this grim fact move the Emperor once and for all to cast off the reactionaries?

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The Making of a Nation The record of last week in the Russian Duma, the Lower House of the Russian Parliament, was one of extraordinary interest. As to agrarian reform, the burning question at issue, the Government proposition, described on another page, was not accepted; it may be necessary, in order to execute it, to dissolve Parliament and issue an imperial manifesto proclaiming the Government's plan. Professor Miliukov, the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, when asked what his party would do if the Duma were dissolved, replied significantly that they would assemble elsewhere! This implies that the members would be required to swear, as did those of the French Assembly at the Tennis Court, to meet wherever circumstances required, until a Constitution is established. At all events, last week few members of the Duma would listen to the Government's plan of voluntary sale. These "nonconformists" were divided into two classes: first, the Constitutional Democrats, in a majority, who say that there should be compulsory expropriation, always accompanied, however, with just payment to present owners; second, the union of doctrinaires, theorists, academicians, socialists, communists, and revolutionists, who declare that there should be forced expropriation without compensation. It is easy to see why there should be a very natural communistic feeling in Russia, which may be the chief factor in precipitating a revolution. Under the communal system which prevails in Russian villages it has been a familiar operation for all the lands of a village to be compulsorily redistributed in a day. If this has been done in the case of a Russian mir or commune, the muzhiks or peasants ask, Why may not all the lands in the Empire be similarly distributed? This question is probably asked by most with no thought of immediate revolution. With others, however, there is conviction that only by revolution can a real reform be wrought; the oldest recall that, in comparison with the time when they were freed, the size of their land holdings has shrunk by half, that their crops of grain and potatoes and the number of cattle on a unit of arable land have diminished, but that their arrears of taxes have enormously increased; as a result of all, emigration has increased manifold. Besides this, from the days of Herzen and Bakunin, the Russian peasant commune has been exalted as the structural unit of the future socialistic reconstruction of society; and Herzen's successors have been preaching latterly to nearly forty million landless men. Bakunin's arguments are now heard from peasant orators in the Duma, especially from Aladyin, their chief, a returned exile, who has spent years in England, where he learned our language, and last week gave proof of it in explaining the workings of the Duma to Mr. Bryan on the latter's visit. As to the muzhiks' demand for the abolishment of martial law and of the death penalty, Aladyn also openly boasted upon the rostrum that the death of the Ministers would be the country's rejoinder to the Government's refusal. While the prevalence of anarchy in Poland and the Baltic provinces offers little hope that the Government will be moved to a middle course of action, the defense by General Pavlov, the military procurator, of the Government's wholesale military executions only served to stir the members to fury and to stimulate the progress of the revolutionary movement in the army, among the industrial classes and the muzhiks. Parallels between the French National Assembly in 1789 and the Russian National Duma of 1906 will come to the mind of every student of history. They may also occur to the Emperor of All the Russias, as he thinks of the fate of the monarch who vainly attempted to stop the making of a nation instead of putting himself really at the head of his people.

What a Belgian Thinks of the Congo Government

M. Vandervelde is the leader of the Labor party in the Belgian Parliament. According to the New York "Tribune," he has been making charges against the Belgian Government which remind one of those made by English or American critics. The Congo, having as its ruler the King of the Belgians, contains a crown domain several times the size of the kingdom of Belgium and containing the richest rubber forests in all the Congo. It also embraces the right to the richest mines of gold and diamonds. Outside of Africa, said M. Vandervelde, it comprises much valuable real estate in Brussels, at Ostend, and on the Riviera, presumably purchased with proceeds from the domain in the Congo. M. Vandervelde challenged the title of the King to this domain, demanding to know by what right he had thus arbitrarily appropriated to his private uses part of a State in which, it was officially and explicitly declared at its foundation, no one "shall be allowed to grant either monopoly or privilege of any kind in commercial matters." Until 1903 no Europeans save its own managers were permitted to enter the domain; it is said to have paid to the King not less than $14,000,000. As for cruelties and outrages, M. Vandervelde added that while it was now officially admitted that they had been perpetrated, it was claimed that there had recently been great reforms in administration; a statement not to be regarded as altogether satisfactory, seeing that not long ago it was denied that any such evils had ever existed. M. Vandervelde's charge constitutes such a serious accusation that Leopold II. and the officers of the Congo Government should be instant in inviting investigation. The latter may enjoy a certain detachment from home politics in so doing, for in very many cases the Congo officers are not Belgian born.

English "Suffragettes"

The agitation for woman's suffrage has ceased to be academic in England, and it looks as if the English Ministers would have to face a new kind of peril. Hysteria has apparently taken the place of discussion, and the English movement promises to separate itself definitely from the American by changing an appeal into a scream. Twice already the peace of the House of Commons has been interrupted in the most unparliamentary manner, and on Friday of last week Mr. Herbert Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, found himself face to face at Northampton with a small group of infuriated "suffragettes," as they are called in England; screaming denunciations were poured upon him; flags inscribed "Votes for Women" were waved. The fury of the "suffragettes" seems to have involved the loss of control on the part of many other women, moreover, who seized the flags and tore in pieces the banners which they evidently did not regard as symbols of freedom. One belligerent lady added to the gayety of the occasion by drawing a short whip from under her cloak and lashing the audience about her over head and shoulders, without reference to their attitude on the suffrage question. After the "suffragettes" had been borne fighting and screaming from the hall, Mr. Asquith delivered his speech, blissfully ignorant of the fact that a group of irate ladies was arranging a warm reception for him in the street. When he descended, he was received by a howling mob, but the combination of a heavy rain and the energy of the police chilled the destructive ambitions of the mob, and the Minister was saved from violence at the furious hands of a small group of "suffragettes" by a double line of policemen and the speed of an automobile. It looks now as if the familiar weapon which the Irish party once wielded, and which they have resigned for the more conventional weapon of reason, had been seized by the "suffragettes;" but it is difficult to believe that this form of discussion will convince and convert so sober-minded a people as the English.

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Election Pledges and English Legislation How far has the Liberal Government gone in its first Parliamentary session towards fulfilling promises or expectations of Liberal legislation which were held out at the general election? In organic reform, the House of Commons, on the initiative of the Government or with the support of the Government, has committed itself to the payment of salaries to members of the House of Commons, to relieving Parliamentary candidates of all official expenses at elections, and to the abolition of the plural vote at Parliamentary elections. Plural voting is not permissible at municipal elections; but in Parliamentary elections it is general, and is a survival from the days before 1832, when the landed classes had matters all their own way in elections to the House of Commons. It constituted a glaring political inequality even in the days of the unreformed House of Commons and the nondescript and corrupt electorate on which the old House of Commons was chosen. With every subdivision of England into smaller constituencies that has been made since 1832, the inequality of the plural vote has become greater, and the coming of the motor-car has made it even more glaring, as it enables the plural voter to reach half a dozen constituencies and to exercise votes based only on property as distinct from residence in each place. The Education Bill scarcely comes under the heading of organic reform. Yet Mr. Birrell's bill is a measure of religious equality, and is practically an extension of the legislation which freed Nonconformists from religious tests in civil and municipal service, and also at the older universities. Labor measures to which the Government is committed—measures which it will press through the House of Commons and the House of Lords during the remaining months of the Parliamentary session—include the bill for relieving trade unions of the consequences of the decision of the House of Lords (sitting as a court of appeal) in the Taff-Vale case, and the bill extending the Workmen's Compensation Act to seamen and other industries which were excluded from the scope of Mr. Chamberlain's humanitarian measure of 1897. Besides these measures, a second reading has been given to the bill for old-age pensions—which means that the House of Commons has accepted its principle and admitted its need—and the bill for providing free meals for school-children has been sent to a select committee, and is likely, in an amended form embodying due safeguards, to become an Act. As regards fiscal legislation, there has as yet been no relief for the income tax payer; but the Government has appointed a strong select committee, on which the Radicals are in a majority, to devise a scheme for a graduated income tax—a step which may mean that relief is at last in sight for the English middle classes, who carry the burden of this heavy impost.

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The Christian Science Convention A great popular assemblage of Christian Scientists gathered in Boston last week to attend the dedication of the new Christian Science church. With that provincial egotism which is common in America, this Christian Science church is described as "the biggest church in America, seating five thousand persons," whereas the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City seats at least double that number. Probably some discount must be made of the statement that forty thousand Christian Scientists were present, but not of the accompanying statements that there were six successive services and six successive congregations, each of which crowded the church to its utmost capacity. It is not probable that they were all adherents. It is characteristic of Mrs. Eddy, the prophetess of this movement, to keep herself concealed. Whether this habit is due to bashfulness or to the belief that mystery promotes reverence we leave to the reader to decide. We believe that not even those enthusiastic admirers who went to Concord had the privilege of seeing the person of their leader. In this respect, at least, Christian Science is very different from Christianity, whose founder mingled freely with the people, as the great leaders of his Church, following his example, have habitually done. An address from Mrs. Eddy was read at each of the services. The imperfect reports of this address furnished by the press do not indicate that it contained anything that would be of interest or value except to her admirers. We have taken this occasion to give on another page some estimate of the truths and the errors in this movement.

A " Square Deal " for New York Negroes

In order to ascertain the facts concerning the industrial conditions affecting the negro inhabitants of New York City, and to undertake to make those conditions better, the Committee for the Improvement of the Industrial Condition of the Negro in New York has been organized. On that Committee are men and women both white and colored. Its Chairman is Mr. William Jay Schieffelin, President of the Armstrong Association, which contributes greatly to the support of Hampton and Tuskegee. On the Committee are such men as Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Secretary of the General Education Board, and Dr. William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the New York City public schools. The organization of the Committee is the immediate outgrowth of the efforts made by the colored principal of a public school in New York, Dr. William L. Bulkley. Impressed by the enormous obstacles which the negroes of the city faced, he undertook some systematic social work. He saw that his pupils, as soon as they became old enough to perceive how fast closed to them was almost every road to skilled labor, became discouraged; for it is a fact, due to several causes, that in the North, and particularly in such a Northern city as New York, the colored man or woman has little chance to do any work but that involved in some form of personal service or in unskilled occupations. Dr. Bulkley therefore set out to make of his school a social center. He gathered his pupils and their parents together on five nights every term. One night was devoted to the home, its sanitation, its food, the care of children and of the sick, and the like. Another night was devoted to industry, the encouragement of the desire to engage in trades, and so on. In " Charities " (now " Charities and the Commons ") for October 7, 1905, the whole number of which is devoted to the negro in the Northern city, is an article by him describing this work. From this simple beginning, made by colored people themselves, has sprung the movement which is now organized. The negro population of New York is about equal to the total population, as given in the Twelfth Census, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; if it were segregated in one place, it would form a city larger, according to that census, than Des Moines, Iowa, or Springfield, Massachusetts, and considerably larger than Charleston, South Carolina. This is a mass in the midst of what is, for all practical purposes, an alien and hostile people. These negroes have not the opportunity of becoming clerks, or carpenters, or printers. The girls can enter domestic service, the men can become parlor-car porters or hall-boys. They find little else, except crime, open to them. This situation is due in part to white prejudice, in part to negro shiftlessness. The Committee does not intend to quarrel with the situation. It intends to deal with it in the same sensible way in which Dr. Booker Washington has dealt with a somewhat similar situation in the

South. Its object is not criticism, but training. It does not plan to attack prejudice except by making it powerless. The Committee has been brought into existence by the joint action of the Charity Organization Society and the Armstrong Association. It has originated under good auspices. It will now attempt to study and publish the facts, and then to create a determination among colored people themselves to develop their own opportunities. The existence of a class which is industrially ostracised is a menace to the whole social organism. Concern for society at large as well as interest in the welfare of the negroes of America amply justifies this movement.

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Robert C. Ogden

On the 20th of this month—that is, on Wednesday of the week in which this issue will be read by most of our readers—Mr. Robert C. Ogden will be quietly celebrating, with his family and a few intimate friends, his seventieth birthday. The Outlook desires to join with the great host of friends who gratefully appreciate the service which he has rendered to the Nation, and many of whom, we hope, will be inspired by this occasion to write and express to him that appreciation. No two men have done more to interpret the two races to each other and the two sections to each other than Robert C. Ogden and Booker T. Washington. Not only the makers of our laws, not only the singers of our songs, but, perhaps more than either, the leaders and inspirers of the great educational movements, are the builders of the Nation. Such a leader and inspirer has been Mr. Ogden. Not only have new school-houses been built, new teachers been employed, new life inspired, new impetus given to the existing educational order; a new order has been developed. The Conferences for Education in the South which he has had so large a share in creating have been far more than occasions for discussions of pedagogical methods; they have been tropical with a revival atmosphere. Whoever has attended them has brought from them new spiritual impulse. Reformer and philanthropist, he has been without the pharisaism of the professional reformer and without the provincialism of the professional philanthropist. In services such as he has rendered, and in public men such as he is, lies the hope of the Nation.

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Commencement Notes

Commencement season opened last week with the usual conferring of degrees and the customary announcement of gifts. It is encouraging to note that the number of honorary degrees grows less and the number of gifts greater. Colleges are becoming at once more exacting of intellectual standards on the part of the men they would honor, and are appealing with more force to an increasing number of benefactors and founders. At Union University Mayor McClellan, of New York City, made a sensible talk on "The Profession of Politics," insisting on the distinction between politics as a trade and politics as a profession. "A professional politician," he said, "may be a statesman; a professional tradesman may be a criminal." The profession of politics involves hardship, self-denial, patience, hard work, and poverty. It should never be chosen by a man who seeks a great fortune. "Except for the bare necessities of existence, money cannot honestly be made in politics." What is needed in this country is not so much financial integrity and commercial honesty as moral courage and intellectual integrity.——At the 150th Commencement of Columbia University, New York City, 1,147 degrees were conferred, President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, President Wheeler, of the University of California, and Judge Edward Patterson being among those who were made Doctors of Laws. President Butler, like nearly all the speakers of eminence last week, touched upon the commercial and financial revelations of the past few years. He declared that it "is the first duty of the educated mind, in facing such conditions and taking a definite attitude toward them, to keep its balance, its poise, and its self-control. Society suffers from great evils, but society must not be destroyed. The trouble is not so much with institutions as with individual character." What is needed is "an acute perception of the difference between right and wrong, a clear conception of duty, and appreciation of the solemn obligations of a trust."——Commencement at Vassar was made notable by several important announcements of enlarged facilities. The College is to have a new residence hall, to be built by the trustees as an investment on capital borrowed for that purpose, in order that the embargo on new students which has been laid on the institution by restricted room may be removed.——At Princeton the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Secretary Root and General Horace Porter. The University has received during the last year about eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gifts.——Baron von Sternburg, German Ambassador to the United States, departed from the usual course of Commencement speeches in his address at the Commencement of the University of Illinois, and made an interesting comparison between President Roosevelt and Kang-Hi, one of the wisest of the rulers of the Chinese Empire.

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A Socialist Statesman For ten years before his death Richard John Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, had occupied a position in public esteem in Great Britain somewhat on a par with that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, has occupied since 1897. It was the preferential tariff of 1897 that brought Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the front as an Imperial statesman. Mr. Seddon had no such measure of inter-Imperial significance to his credit; but he had begun life as a working engineer in Lancashire, and during the years of his power in colonial politics he had carried through Parliament, and as Minister in charge of various State Departments was responsible for the administration of, numerous socialistic enactments which have given New Zealand its present-day pre-eminence and interest in the world of political science. Until a few years ago —certainly prior to 1897—there was no general admiration of socialistic legislation in England; at any rate, not of the advanced socialistic legislation with which Mr. Seddon's name will always be identified. But at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 the popular acclamation of Mr. Seddon was nearly as great and as sincere as that given to Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and with the appearance of these two Premiers at the Jubilee celebrations and at the Colonial Conference which was held in the summer of the Jubilee year, colonial premiers at once gained a new place in the life of the Empire; and in the eyes of stay-at-home Britons a new and larger importance began to attach to the great oversea possessions and their political administrators. In some respects Mr. Seddon was Great Britain's colonial John Burns. His home upbringing was quite as humble as that of Mr. Burns, and with almost as many vicissitudes. From the first Mr. Seddon was quite as much an admirer of practical Socialism—of the Socialism that can be made to serve and to succeed and is not all Utopianism—as Mr. Burns has ever been. Yet in one important particular Mr. Seddon differed distinctly from the President of the Local Government Board in the Campbell-Bannerman Administration. Mr. Burns would place the permanent welfare and happiness of the people of England, and especially of the working classes, before almost any scheme of Imperial aggrandizement; while Mr. Seddon—Dick Seddon, as he was known in Australasia—was an Imperialist of the Chamberlain school. Unlike John Burns, he had no misgivings as to the right or wrong of Great Britain's quarrel with Kruger and the Boers, and he threw himself with fervor and energy into the work of raising colonial contingents for service with the Imperial troops just as soon as it was realized that the war in South Africa was to be more than a grand march to Johannesburg and that the regular troops of the Home Government would not be sufficient to meet the resistance which was offered by the Boers of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State. Here again Mr. Seddon put himself in line with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and at the Colonial Conference in 1902 the Premiers of Canada and New Zealand were again the two most prominent colonial statesmen at the inter-Imperial council board. Without doubt Mr. Seddon stood higher in popular opinion in England at that time than he had done at the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 1897. Mr. Seddon was prominent in the public life of New Zealand for twenty-five years. He achieved so much that whenever New Zealand is mentioned the name of Seddon—the erstwhile Lancashire engineer—should be irresistibly suggested.

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Æsthetic and Sanitary vs. Commercial Values Now that the logging in the Adirondacks has reached its climax, owing to the passing of the spruce, hemlock, pine, and balsam, the question of water-power has engaged the active attention of a number of interested people. The possible development of water-power in the Adirondack region has been estimated at 580,000 horse-power. At $100 a horse-power per year, the value would equal $58,000,000 annually. To develop the Adirondack water-power, storage reservoirs must be constructed on the various streams to equalize the flow through the turbines. The State has already built twelve reservoirs on the Black River system to get water for its canals, and to assist the power companies along the streams. The extent of the reservoirs now exceeds 5,400 acres. When these reservoirs are drawn down, the dangerous odors from the exposed muck invariably spoil the neighboring territory for homes and summer camping. An instance is North Lake, one of the reservoirs where the overflow made a lake more than three miles long. Many small camps had been built along both shores, and several dozen people had found pleasure there. When the water was drawn off, however, such a condition was created that the "resorters" were unable to remain there. Lake Placid was for many years a mill-pond. Its level was changed to meet the exigencies of a sawmill; but this so annoyed the people then beginning to flock to that place for the summer that the hotel men and cottage-builders found it necessary to purchase the water rights in order to protect their own business by keeping the water on a level. While it is a matter of demonstrable fact that practically every lake over a mile long in the Adirondacks will become a resort of "vacation people" if the lakes are kept in "summer-resort condition," the storage reservoir scheme would take nearly if not quite all the lakes. Thus the Adirondack region cannot be developed as a healthy playground and as a power source at the same time. Fortunately, the State owns a large proportion of the land which would be overflowed by the stored water, and the Constitution forbids the overflowing of these lands because they are a part of the Adirondack forest preserve. Thus the storage reservoir plan on a large scale is impossible of accomplishment without the State's aid. Will the State ultimately furnish more than half of the necessary land from the heart of the Adirondack preserve, ruining the whole lake region as a playground for the public by making the localities uninhabitable? As matters now stand, æsthetic and sanitary enthusiasts believe the Adirondack region to be still in its initial stages as a summer resort. On the other hand, economists and utilitarians say that the Adirondack power possibilities have scarcely been touched. Acting on this, the latter have succeeded in getting favorable action on an amendment to the State Constitution. The amendment provides for the use of such State forest lands as may be needed in making storage reservoirs. It must be voted upon by the coming Legislature, and then, if approved, submitted to the voters for final action. Thus, as regards the future of the Adirondacks, the final parting of the ways has been reached. If the lovely region is to be kept clear from miasmic vapors and the streams kept free and pure, fit home of the brook trout, the present storage reservoir scheme will have to be modified, if not abandoned. The question which the people of New York State must ultimately decide is, Shall the Adirondacks remain a natural wilderness, wherein they may hunt and fish, camp, tramp, and find recreation, or shall its beauty and wildness be sacrificed to the spirit of commercial gain?

The Packers and Federal Inspection

The Outlook having expressed its entire willingness to publish an authoritative statement from Messrs. Swift & Company, a great packing concern of Chicago, that organization has accepted the invitation and has prepared the following statement of its views respecting the nature and extent of Federal inspection required by public interest:

Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards.
Office of the President.
Chicago, June 14, 1906.

GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION OF THE MEAT INDUSTRY

No. 1. All cattle, sheep, and hogs purchased by Swift & Company are U. S. Government inspected, both before and after dressing. Those condemned in the ante-mortem inspection are refused and disposed of under local health authorities' supervision.

No. 2. The animals condemned by the Federal inspectors after dressing are destroyed under the inspector's supervision. Ante-mortem and post-mortem inspection is now furnished by the Government only when requested and not compulsory under present law. Swift & Company have always been strong advocates of thorough Government inspection both before and after slaughter, and we desire an extension of these regulations to cover all packing and slaughtering establishments, in order that uniform regulations may govern the entire industry; and to be compulsory.

No. 3. All processes in the preparation of meats to be under Federal inspection, which should require (*a*) that the meats are from healthy animals proper for food; (*b*) that the conditions under which the work is conducted are sanitary.

No. 4. The Government should pay the cost of inspection, thus affording the packer the same protection given the consumer. The packer does not produce any animals, and under Government inspection will not accept any showing traces of disease in the live examination. The packer now stands the loss of any animals condemned in the post-mortem examination, and to add an inspection fee is unfair.

Swift & Company want to be fully understood when they say that the same *open-door policy* which has prevailed in their plants will continue, the public being welcome to inspect the conditions under which the work is conducted. Further, we desire the continuance of Government inspection for all of our own plants and its strict compulsory enforcement in all other plants, regulating both the inspection of dressed meats and all food products, and the conditions under which the work is performed.

I desire to fix firmly in the minds of the readers of The Outlook the aim for integrity governing our purpose to supply the world with wholesome meats, and to decry the promiscuous attacks upon the industry in general.

We are obliged to The Outlook for the courtesy of its columns to dissipate any suspicion which may exist (through the wholesale condemnation of the industry), and to maintain the confidence that has been enjoyed in the past, and made possible the progress accomplished in twenty years in the preparation of the world's supply of meat.

Louis F. Swift,
President.

If such a statement had been issued at the time that the Beveridge amendment was introduced and passed by the Senate, or if, without issuing such a statement, the great beef-packers of Chicago had made it clear to the members of Congress that this was the policy which they desired, the present agitation would in all probability have been avoided. We are not informed, however, whether even now all the packing-houses of Chicago, much less whether those of other places, agree with these views. If they do, it would be the part of wisdom for them to make their views known. Certainly it is now impossible for any one to argue against compulsory Federal inspection on the ground that it would be clearly injurious to this great American industry; for at least one concern explicitly and officially declares that such Federal inspection, not discretionary, but compulsory, would be welcome.

The position which The Outlook has taken concerning Governmental supervision of the slaughtering and meat-packing industry is that the principles embodied in the original Beveridge bill are sound and that they should be incorporated in law. These principles The Outlook would summarize as follows:

1. Federal inspection of material, processes, and products in the packing business should be made compulsory.

2. Inspection of materials should be applied to all cattle both before and after killing.

3. Destruction of all cattle unfit for food should be made compulsory and should be effected under Governmental supervision.

4. The inspection of food processes should be applied for the purpose of making sure that those processes are not only sanitary, but also decent.

5. The inspection of food products should be made for the purpose of making sure that they are not only wholesome, but also not fraudulent.

6. The packers should pay the bills.

A comparison of this summary of the principles embodied in the Beveridge bill, urged by President Roosevelt, and, as we have said, advocated by The Outlook, with the statement issued by the President of Swift & Company is interesting and significant. In all essentials but one they are, we believe, in agreement. The plan to make any part of such inspection discretionary, as proposed by the Wadsworth substitute for the Beveridge bill and reported favorably by the House committee, is conspicuously absent from both statements. By implication, all devices for weakening inspection, such as intricate and dilatory processes for court review, the exemption of inspectors from civil service regulations, and the like, are eliminated from both by virtue of the emphasis laid upon compulsion. The only question at issue between Swift & Company and The Outlook is, Who should pay the bills? This is important but it is not fundamental.

The Outlook heartily agrees with the statement that the regulations for compulsory inspection should be uniform throughout the industry. There is no good reason why the small butcher should be exempted from those regulations. The purpose of those regulations is not to attack the strong or to help the weak; it is to protect the consumer. It is maintained that the inspection can be so arranged that the small butchers can be supervised. It is certain that the building of municipal abattoirs would permit them to continue in business, for they could bring their cattle to the municipal abattoir and have them inspected there. But if neither were the case, the supposed interests of the small butcher should not be allowed to outweigh the welfare of society. If the small butcher cannot, in the present state of society, afford to meet the conditions necessary for insuring pure food, he ought not to be allowed to continue in business and menace the public health.

It is difficult for The Outlook to understand the opposition which has been developed in the House to a radical measure for Federal inspection. It does not come from the consumers. That they want it is evident from the falling off in purchases of meat products since the public have learned that they are not inspected. It does not come from all the packers. We shall not believe without evidence that Swift & Company are the only packers who are ready to welcome inspection and certification. It does not come from all the cattlemen, for Secretary Johnson, of the Colorado Cattle and Horse Raisers' Association, has expressed, on behalf of some of them, satisfaction with President Roosevelt's proposals. We are glad to publish this expression of the belief of one great packing-house in the demand for inspection. As Mr. Roosevelt truly says in his letter to Mr. Wadsworth, Governmental supervision is in the interest not only of the public, but also of the honest packer.

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Exit Addicks

On the 8th of October, 1894, Mr. Addicks told the fourteen gentlemen who sat around the dinner-table of Charles L. Moore, in Georgetown: "I've bought it; I've paid for it; and I'm going to have it. It has cost me

$140,000." So Mr. George Kennan reported to our readers in The Outlook for February 21, 1903. "It" was a seat in the United States Senate from the State of Delaware. Last week one solitary follower voted for Mr. Addicks—a vote which simply served to emphasize how undeniable was Mr. Addicks's defeat, since it proved that this was not the voluntary surrender of a present election in the hope of winning a future one. Politically Mr. Addicks is as dead as old Marley was; it is to be hoped that his ghost will never return to visit his old haunts.

This defeat of Mr. Addicks and the election of Mr. Du Pont by a practically unanimous vote—for the Democrats cast blank ballots—ends a campaign which has lasted for seventeen years, with the advantages of unlimited money in unscrupulous hands on one side and the advantages of honesty that could be neither bribed nor browbeaten on the other side. The result ought to be an inspiration to all Americans who are "fighting honest." For Mr. Addicks's boast in 1894 was not then an idle one. He had captured the Republican State organization. He controlled the Republican caucus. He had driven honesty out and made it "irregular." Republicans outside the State argued truly that it was Addicks or nobody, and could not be made to see that it was far better nobody than Addicks. Other men could only see that it was unjust to leave Delaware without representation in the United States Senate; they could not see that it was still more unjust to allow a corruptionist to represent her. To resist these forces, financial and political, there was only a small minority, but its courage was not small. Its political audacity attracted to it the attention of the Nation. First the independent press, then the more independent of the Republican press, came to its support. Among those who thus rallied to reinforce it not least effective was Mr. George Kennan. Charges of corruption before had been general, he made them specific; they had lacked detail, he gave dates, witnesses, circumstances, figures. His investigations were thorough, his exposures of corruption incontrovertible. In the end the conscience of the State, reinforced by the conscience of the Nation, won a victory for honest government that should give heart to all patriotic Americans who hate corruption and dare stake their personal and political fortunes in battling against it.

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Truth and Error in Christian Science

An extraordinary Convention of Christian Scientists was held last week in Boston, of which we give a paragraph report on another page. It is impossible for us to believe concerning those who attended it what the New York "Times" asks us to believe, namely, that "all these people are the victims of what the Scripture calls 'strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.'" This is a very old, a very simple, and a very false explanation of religious phenomena. The Christian dismisses paganism as a delusion, the Protestant dismisses Roman Catholicism as a delusion, the unbeliever dismisses Christianity as a delusion. Thomas Carlyle has furnished the conclusive answer to this type of explanation:

> Alas! such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to a knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly. They are the product of an Age of Skepticism; they include the saddest spiritual paralysis and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory I think was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion! Why, a false man cannot build a brick house. If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap.

What has given Christian Science its votaries is not the delusion in it but the truth in it. The remedy for the delusion is the discovery of the truth, not the indiscriminate condemnation of both truth and error as an unadulterated lie.

Christian Science was born out of a materialistic age: an age which regarded man as a mere mechanical machine, his diseases mere disorders of the machine, medicine a mere repairing of the machine. It was born out of a rationalistic age: an age which confounded dogma with faith, which refused to look at the things that are unseen and eternal, and endeavored to content itself with deducing the things that are unseen from the things that are seen; which condemned all mysticism and glorified the scientific method; which for realization of a present immortality offered a probable hypothesis of a future life, and for personal fellowship with God an argument from Creation for a hypothetical Creator. It was born out of a legalistic age: an age which forgot that Christianity is curative and imagined it to be a mere new form of law; which passed by the text, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which is lost," and declared that all Christianity is summed up in the two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christian Science is a reaction and a protest against this trinity of errors. The truth in Christian Science is its threefold affirmation: first, that man is not a machine but a living spirit, and his body is the servant, not the master, of the spirit; second, that spiritual truth is not merely mediately discoverable by a scientific process, but immediately and directly known by spiritual vision; third, that Christianity is not merely a new interpretation of an ancient law of life, but a new power to heal, to vivify, and to endow.

Are we, then, Christian Scientists? No! We are no more Christian Scientists because we can see the truth in Christian Science than we are Quakers because we honor its protest against extravagance and war, and its demand for simplicity and for peace; or Roman Catholics because we honor it for the devotion of millions of its communicants, and for all that it has done and is doing to-day in America to keep devotion to the higher and purer life perpetually burning like the light upon its altars; or Calvinists because we honor the undaunted courage with which the Calvinistic faith in the sovereignty of God has equipped those who possessed it to fight for the freedom of men.

The errors of Christian Science appear to us as clear as the truths for which it stands; and they appear to us to be fundamental errors, which tend to produce in the church a spirit of sentimentalism and effeminacy, when it pre-eminently needs a clear intelligence and a vigorous virility.

Man is a spirit, and the spirit is the master, not the slave, of the body. But the body is real. It is not an imagination which the spirit has created, nor a shadow which the spirit has cast, nor an emanation which the spirit has produced. The notion that it is unreal, and that all its aches and pains are but "mortal thoughts" to be banished by thinking that God is Love, is a revival of a long-buried pagan or half-pagan Gnosticism. This notion is sufficiently refuted by the fact that no Christian Scientist with the thermometer at zero conquers the mortal thought of cold by a counteracting thought: he warms his house like the rest of us. Truth is spiritually discerned. But all visions are not to be unquestionably accepted, nor all prophets blindly followed. Mysticism and rationalism are coefficients in human development. The vision and the prophet must be tested by the reason. "Despise not prophesyings; prove all things." The rationalism which despises prophesyings and the self-satified mysticism which refuses to submit its visions to the test of experience are alike false because alike partial. The one error will never be corrected by substituting the other. Christianity is a new and a higher power; it is curative. But the remedy for evils is not to be found in a denial that they exist. Disease and death, sin and remorse, are realities. It is not by shutting our eyes to them, it is by seeing them clearly, estimating them truly, and using all the powers with which God has endowed us, whether those powers are material or spiritual, that we are to be saved from remorse, are to rid the world of sin, are to make disease minister to the higher life of the spirit, and are to be conquerors and more than conquerors in death.

The way for the Christian Church and the Christian teacher to meet the errors of Christian Science is not to denounce it as a delusion and a lie; but to teach with greater clearness and power the three truths of which its votaries regard themselves as peculiar prophets; namely, the spiritual nature of man, the immediacy of the soul's knowledge of the spiritual world, and the curative power of Christianity; and to teach these truths freed from the accompanying errors of Christian Science that the body is but a shadow, spiritual visions are infallible guides, and the cure for evil, whether moral or physical, is thinking that it does not exist.

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A Secret of Quietness

There is a good deal of tumult and rush in modern life from which one can escape only by going into lonely and solitary places; but there is also a great deal which is aided and abetted by our own restlessness and agitation. It is always possible to live in a community and not to live with it; to do one's work, discharge one's duties, be neighborly and helpful, without accepting the ideals of the place or living by its standards; and this social and mental independence can be achieved without agitation, belligerency, or bitterness. There are men and women in every generation who are quietly living a full half-century ahead of their time; who have emancipated themselves from many of the ignorances and prejudices of their neighbors without offensive self-assertion. Every man ought to be in touch with his time without being its slave.

The twentieth century is full of sound and confusion, but a man's life may be full of quietness and order. Those who have stood near men of great executive genius have often reported the extraordinary silence and tranquillity of such men. Napoleon said that he was never so cool as in the crisis of the battle; and those who were near General Nogi during the late war were deeply impressed by his quietness of spirit. It is only to those who are ignorant of life that the combination of repose of mind and immense energy of action seems strange; a little reflection makes it clear that to bear great responsibilities and carry vast enterprises to success one must waste neither time nor strength in excitement or agitation. Men of achievement are almost invariably of a quiet temper and a habit of silence.

The greater the tumult in which we live and the noise which fills the air of our time, the greater the need of inward peace and the habit of quiet thought. Never was greater need than at present of what used to be called "the habit of prayer." Methods, forms, times, language change, but man's need of companionship with God does not change. It may or may not have been easier to keep one's self consciously in his presence when the world was less crowded and noisy; it is certain that in no age has there been deeper need of that consciousness. Secret places, closets, altars, may help concentration of attention by shutting out the world; but a man may pray as devoutly in the streets of a great city as in the silence of a cathedral. Since God is everywhere, he may be found wherever man needs his presence and help. It is as easy to live habitually in his presence as in the presence of the ideas and thoughts which constantly absorb us. The greater part of our lives is spent in silence and in the presence of our thoughts; we live for the most part in that invisible world which we fashion out of our memories, hopes, knowledge, aims, and fears. Into that world we withdraw the moment we cease to talk to our fellows; in that world we are always in the presence of the things we care for most.

Prayer is not the only, perhaps not the highest, form of communion with the Father of our souls; habitual thought of him in the sense of looking at life in the light of what seem to be his purposes, thinking of our own lives in the light of what we believe he would have them become, of our duties, responsibilities, opportunities, in the light of the great thought of immortality, may become the highest kind of prayer. To think of God in a moment of temptation is to ask his aid; to think of him in a moment of happiness is to thank him. Burns was sorrowful because he could not "pour out his inmost soul without reserve to any human being, without danger of one day repenting his confidence,' and kept a journal as a substitute for a friend who could be implicitly trusted. More men than the world knows of have found such a friend and are living a life of peace and rest in His companionship in an age which is tossed like the sea, and among men whose spirits rise and fall with the incoming and outgoing of the daily tides. It was of this kind of prayer that Jeremy Taylor wrote: "Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of our meditation, the rest of our cares, the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts."

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The Russian Land Question

Forty-odd years ago, before the Russian serfs were emancipated from slavery, about two hundred and eighty million acres of land belonged to the noblemen. These owners were compelled, in the process of emancipation, to sell seventy millions to the muzhiks, or peasants, and it was arranged that the latter should pay for their allotments in installments stretching over a long period. In many cases the prices exacted were exorbitant and the allotments were too small. Since that time the Russian agrarian population, constituting four-fifths of the total, has nearly doubled. Yet there has been no increase in the allotments, off which many muzhiks are now unable to live; still less are they able to pay their present installments of purchase money together with the alarming arrears.

The troubles of the muzhiks have been further increased because, added to hardship from the shortage of land, there has been a great increase in taxes, and because the Russo-Japanese war has brought wounds, disease, poverty, and death to thousands of peasant homes. And now, to complete the muzhik's misery, comes famine in twenty provinces. The condition of the peasants is desperate. A correspondent of the London "Tribune" says that many are lying prostrate in their huts, dying from lack of food and from the epidemics which follow in the wake of famine, but that the Minister of the Interior, fearing the contact of revolutionists with peasants, has ordered all soup kitchens opened without permission of the local governors to be shut, closing what in some cases were the only channels of relief.

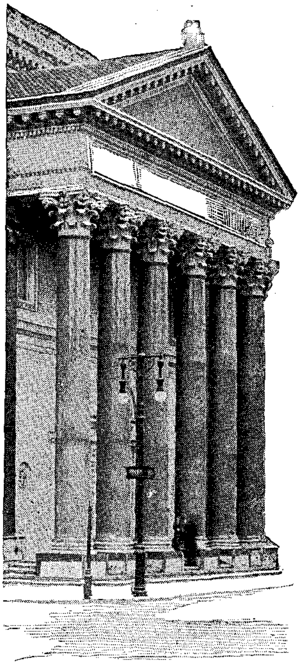
The agrarian question has always been the basic problem in Russian economics; it is now the most urgent problem in Russian politics. Unless speedily solved, it may lead to revolution. As Russia is less urban than any other European State, and as the revolutionary centers are found naturally in the towns, not in the country, the peasants are not well organized for revolt. They could not have advanced as far as they have in readiness for an armed conflict on their own account had there not been long, energetic, adroit, and persistent incitement by revolutionary agitators from the towns. Many muzhiks have now joined the revolutionary groups, which have been strengthened by the rapidly increasing numbers of urban industrialists. The present peasant attitude is especially to be feared by the dynasty because the muzhiks have hitherto been the one large element in Russia's population which has not challenged the Emperor's autocracy. Now, however, peasant anger against the landed proprietors, the Ministry, and even the "Little Father" himself has shown itself in blind and sometimes pathetically suicidal fury. A correspondent of the New York "Sun" tells us that in certain provinces one can travel for distances of fifty miles and not find any large country house standing: the muzhiks have destroyed everything; not only the buildings, family treasures, and agricultural instruments of the landed proprietors, but "millions of bushels of grain, rye, wheat, barley, oats, and thousands of tons of fodder have been burned or scattered in the mire, and that, too, when the poor creatures themselves were short of bread and fodder and dependent upon Government aid. The sheep, bred on a large scale on the fine grass steppes east of the Volga, have been slaughtered wholesale, left to rot and breed infection."

To produce additional food two methods may be employed: the increase of land holdings, or the increase of the productivity of a given area. The agrarian revolutionists, however, crazed by years of misery, together with not a few muzhiks who are not rioters, fancy that all their woes come from insufficiency of land, and that their wrongs can be righted only by forcible and wholesale expropriation. Through their representatives in the Duma, the Lower House of the Russian Parliament, they have been demanding the expropriation in their favor of all the lands belonging to the Crown, the Church, and private proprietors. If such a project were carried out, and all the landless peasants provided with an average equal quantity of land with the present peasant holders, the area of each individual muzhik's present holding would be increased, it is said, by not more than two acres! This operation could be accomplished in two ways—by payment or by force. If by payment, a loan would be required, amounting to something like three billion dollars, with an annual interest charge of a hundred and fifty millions; if by force, a revolution would be involved.

Nicholas II. appreciates the gravity of the situation, especially because it appeals to his soldiers, the rank and file of the army being peasants. The Emperor's concern is evident in his concession made recently in the Duma, by his mouthpiece Minister Stichinsky, who declared that the Government had at its disposal twenty-five million acres, composed of ten million acres of Crown arable land, over six million acres of clearable forests, and nearly nine million acres of private estates, the owners of which have announced their readiness to sell; that thousands of other landowners would doubtless be willing to dispose of their holdings at reasonable prices; that all these lands would be sold to the muzhiks on time, through the Peasants' Bank, the payments not commencing for several years; that the Government contemplates the colonization of Siberia and Central Asia, and, in Russia proper, the optional abolishment of the communal system, by authorizing peasants who so desire to distribute their holdings in fee simple. Finally, the Government also expects to improve the present primitive and unproductive agricultural methods of the peasantry. The last proposition in this programme is equally important with that for an increase in the number of landholders. One of the chief differences in the productiveness of the land owned by muzhiks and the land owned by other proprietors has arisen not only because the latter were clever enough to retain the best soil, but also because they employed the more modern methods of cultivation.

Between these two courses, but more closely approaching the Government's proposition, is the moderate muzhiks' plan. It differs fundamentally from that of the revolutionary muzhiks, who want something for nothing. The Moderates are prepared to pay a price for appropriated land. Their demand is voiced in the Duma by the Constitutional Democrats, who are, fortunately, in a large majority there. The demand of this political party is not that Crown and Church lands should be confiscated, but that they should be leased; and as to private lands, that they be expropriated by purchase only so far as those lands are untilled, or leased, or occupied by muzhiks whose rent is paid by work on their landlords' separate property; finally, that all private estates, not exceeding the unit fixed in a given district for muzhik occupiers, are to be exempted from expropriation, also all grazing lands belonging to the mirs or communes, and the lands belonging to municipalities, to educational and benevolent institutions. This programme goes little further in principle than does the Land Purchase Act now in successful operation in Ireland.

The agrarian programme of the Constitutional Democrats has been explained in the Duma partly by peasant orators, who in grasp of the subject have completely changed the general opinion as to the intelligence of the Russian muzhik, and partly by better-trained urban orators, who have exhibited an unexpected political force and balance. To enact this programme in legislation there need be no revolution, and if the programme is enacted, a reasonable degree of prosperity should be assured to the muzhik.



THE NEW NEW YORK

BY

SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH DRAWINGS BY

JULES GUÉRIN

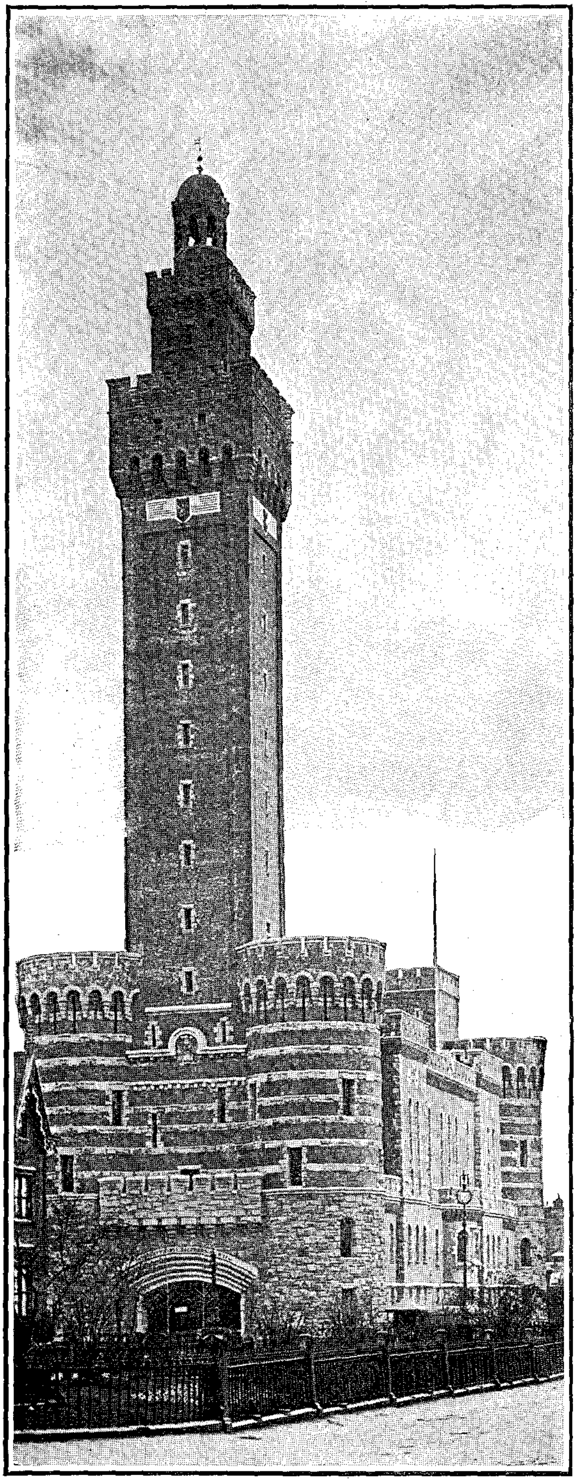
AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY

ARTHUR HEWITT

HOW many people gain their first impressions of New York from the water-approach! Thus come the arrivals from the Old World, immigrant and gentlefolk; the daily thousands from New England by the Sound steamers; other thousands from up the Hudson; the coastwise traffic from the southward; the train-borne multitudes from the westward that throng the ferryboats from the Jersey shore. Truly, it is the most impressive way to one's destination. We behold it first in the mass and as a whole, then it gradually reveals and confesses itself; its details grow plain and definite with the near approach. At last we step to land, and the huge town enfolds us and takes us to itself. Ever since Hendrik Hudson sailed through the Narrows and up the Bay this approach has been an imposing experience. The magnificence of the waterways, the scale of the landscape, the river vistas—Nature herself wrote the word "imperial" in her own large script upon it all.

My own first experience in seeing New York was exceptional. As a small boy I had been sent on a packet schooner from my home village in southern Massachusetts to Albany, to visit a married sister at Hudson. For hours, as our craft skirted the big city, I wondered at it and marveled as to how it might be within, and then I sailed on to enjoy the delights of the Highlands and the Catskills that Irving had told of. In those days the city's jumbled mass spread itself evenly, without much distinction, over the lower half of the island; the gracious spire of Trinity was the dominating landmark, imparting itself to the scene in something of the fashion that the State House lends its character to Boston. It was some years after that I first set foot ashore on Manhattan as a boy of seventeen. With the mixed motives of a desire to see it all and the inclination to save our stage-fare dimes for other gratifications, I walked with a resident cousin all the way up Broadway to Central Park. Broadway, with its miscellany of stages and wagons, seemed then more of a roaring torrent of traffic than it is even now. It was all a hurly-burly, rough and tumble; the rude and turbulent "Mannahatta" of Walt Whitman:

"... a word, liquid, sane, unruly, self-sufficient,
... word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,

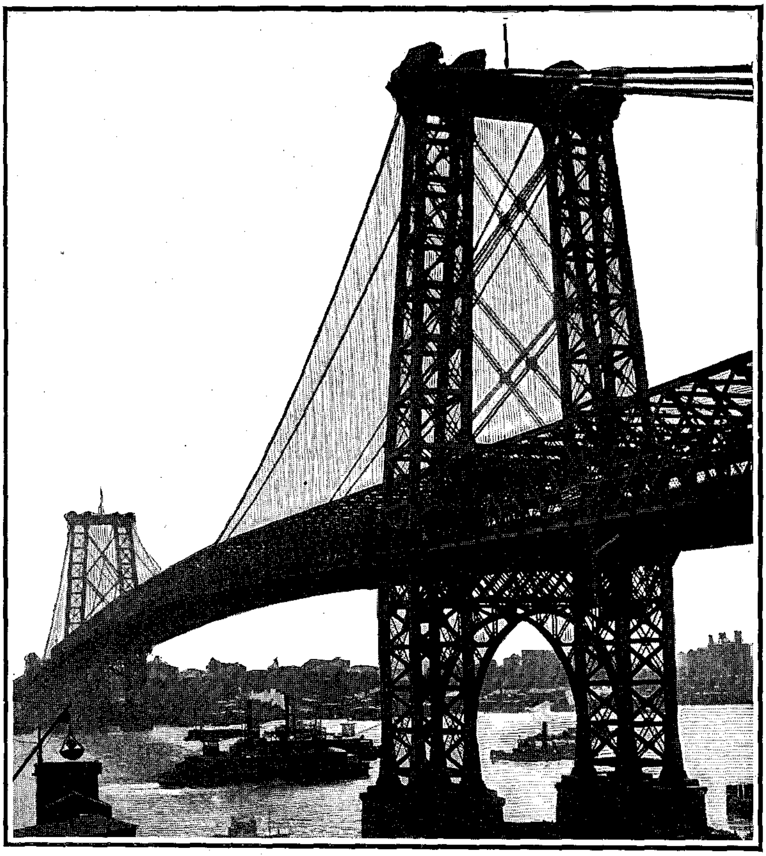


THE NEW SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY

> Rich, hemm'd thick all around
> with sail-ships and steamships,
> an island sixteen miles long,
> solid founded."

It impressed me then much as Whitman's poem to the big city impresses me to-day. But, boy-like, fresh from my better-ordered Boston, I was not a little disdainful of it all—displeased by a sense of the universal clutter, the dirt, the shabbiness, the staggery ranks of telegraph poles along Broadway and all other main thoroughfares, the cheap ostentation of the business streets, the depressing uniformity of the "brown-stone district," the miles of flimsy-lookings built of soft brick painted in harsh reds picked out in white along the mortar line, the few good edifices only emphasizing the universal rubbishy aspect of things. The stately possibilities of the magnificent avenues and of the ample crosstown streets that recurred at regular intervals—the only redeeming qualities of the abominable gridiron plan imposed upon the island—were then hardly manifest. But Central Park atoned for it all; in exploring the Ramble—my first keen delight in a naturalistic landscape wrought by a great artist—I was lost in admiration for Mr. Olmsted's masterly creation.

Ever since then it has been my fortune to be able to watch New York grow. Often in it, but never of it—intervals of a month or two, a year or two; never so familiar with the face of things as to lose the sense of changing aspects, with every return I have been impressed with the mighty development of the huge organism: transformation upon transformation forced upon it by the necessities of

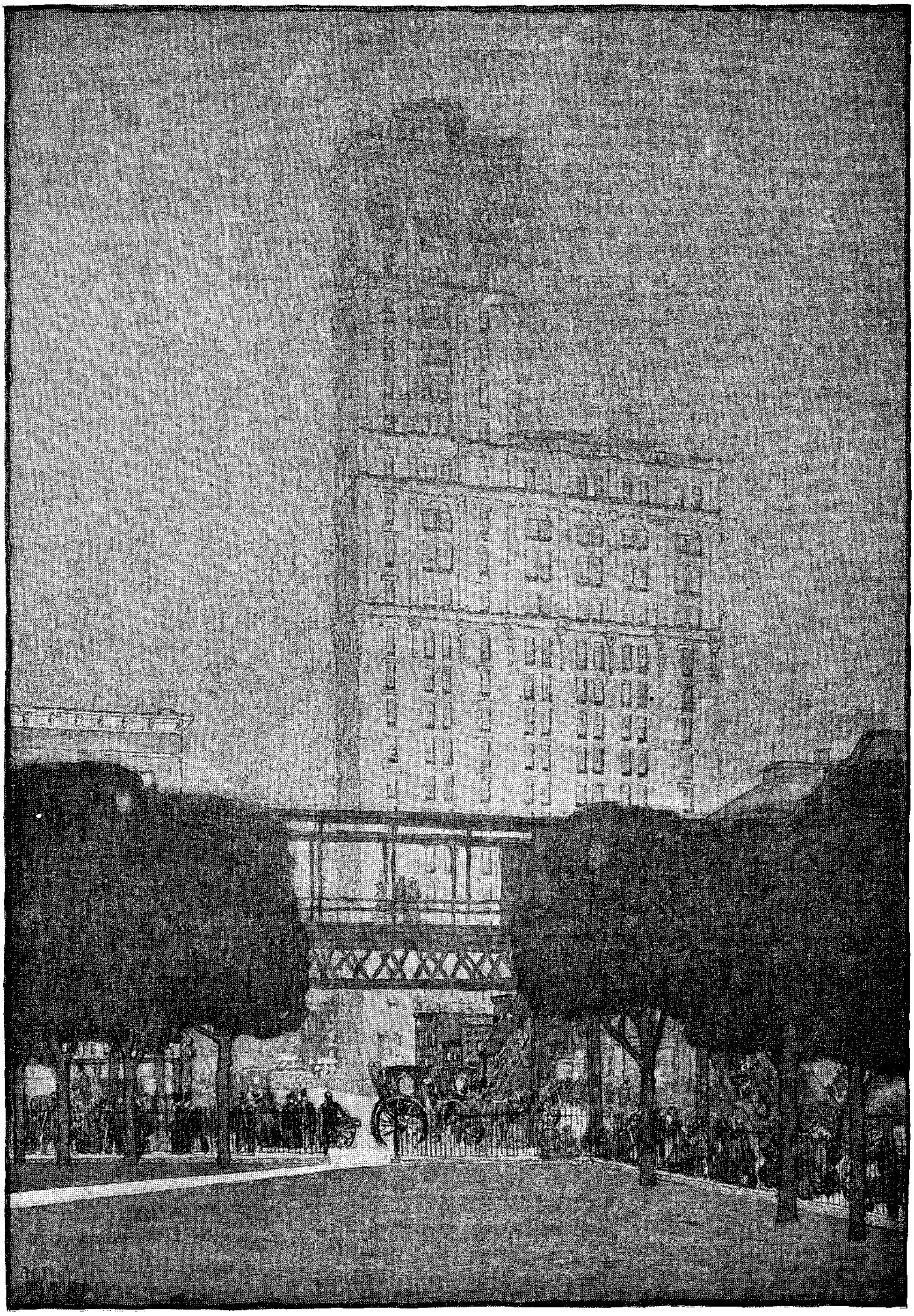


THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

growth, the process by degrees more confidently guided by an awakening civic consciousness that informed it with intelligent volition.

We are rightly inclined to dwell with dissatisfaction upon the evils of great cities that almost everywhere we find all too sadly in evidence. New York undoubtedly has its full share of these. But if we consider the changes that have come over the face of things—and yet more significantly within the heart of things—in the course of a generation or so, we find ample assurance that New York is steadily "making good" in the literal sense of the term. New ills, like noxious weeds, may still keep cropping out, but at least they are combated with more intelligent vigilance; we can plainly perceive the steadily increasing preponderance of the good.

First and most fundamental comes the organic advance: the amelioration of the cramping city plan with new boulevards, parkways, parks, urban squares, and playgrounds that make for the recreation and better health of all classes; vast advances in public movement, better pavements, cleaner streets, improved conveyances; colossal betterments in transit, with elevated lines—provisional makeshifts these, that another generation should know only as things of the past—subways, great bridges and tunnels, and, last of all, the revolutionary reformations of the great steam-line terminals, with their almost fabulous outlays in architectural and engineering magnificence—tunnels under the town and below the two rivers, edifices superbly monumental—works that are carrying the metropolitan waves to yet remoter population margins; that of the Pennsylvania Railroad destined very materially to rectify the now excessive longitudinal tendencies in growth with more



THE TIMES BUILDING

Drawn by Jules Guérin

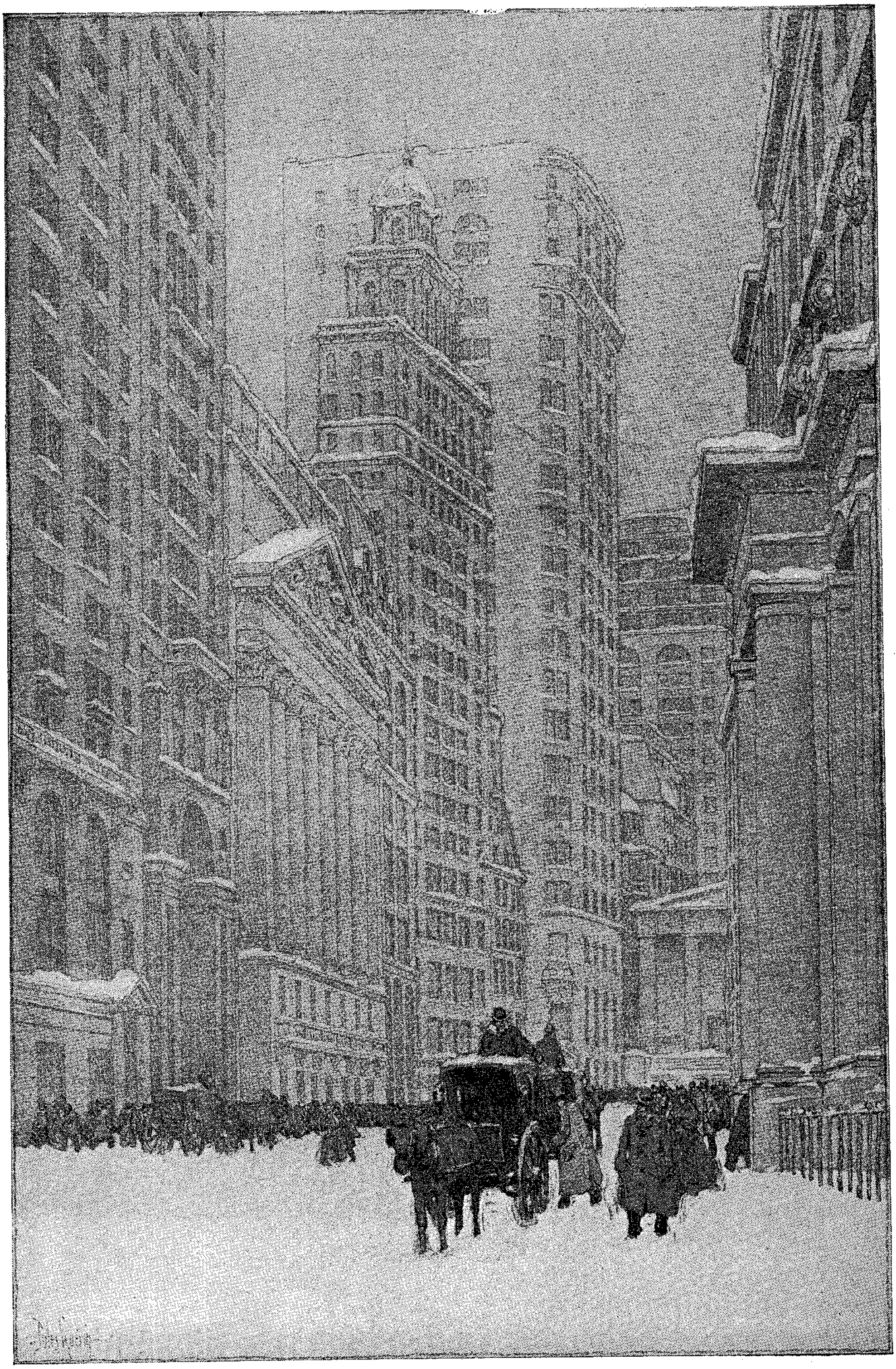
normal transverse expansions, both westward and eastward.

With the sense of physical expansion has come the growing consciousness of metropolitan solidarity. This has found expression politically; with the popular adoption of the term "Greater New York," the vast composite city of five boroughs has come into being, while in the west, across the Hudson, a sub-metropolitan section awaits the inevitable coalescence of its various municipal units into the secondary great city that a situation in another State conditions.

The limitations of this article make the "new New York" mainly synonymous with Manhattan; it should be borne in mind that the foregoing characterizations apply largely to the metropolis as a whole. Perhaps the average New Yorker realizes this as little as the average stranger does. There are many thousands whose knowledge of the metropolis is limited to their own wards; even many of those familiar with lower Broadway see nothing of the city above Twenty-third Street from one year's end to another. Like limitations hold true of "uptowners." But travels at home may prove as instructive as travels abroad, with the advantage of costing less in both money and time. I make it a point to visit at frequent intervals the various sections of my own historic city. Thereby I learn as much in the way of interesting new architecture, landscape charm, and a sense of human progress in general as I might from seeing a deal of novelty in foreign parts. Of all forms of provincialism the Cockney brand is the densest. If more residents of Manhattan made it a rule to acquaint themselves occasionally with conditions over on the Jersey side or beyond the East River—the noble drive along the Hudson, for instance, or the romantic picturesqueness of the Palisades—they might even learn to appreciate that yet other parts of the world have something worth taking into account.

Perhaps ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, if asked to mention the one distinctive thing that pre-eminently characterizes New York, would specify the "sky-scraper." And they would be right. To be sure, it was Chicago that originated the sky-scraper. It has long since become an American institution. Atlanta has prodigious ones—samples of New York built on a Boston base. Perhaps even Oshkosh has grown them! Boston is the only great city that forbids them, or at least strictly limits their unbounded aspirations. The National capital should by all means do the same, and most peremptorily. But New York has made the sky-scraper especially its own, has developed its possibilities to the utmost, and thereby has transformed its collective aspect most amazingly. Hated, feared, almost despised at first, while ridiculed not a little, the sky-scraper has gone its conquering way. Despite the direst predictions as to what might happen, it has come to stay, although perhaps some of the most ambitious examples, from rusting out in their marrows, so to speak, may have to come down inside of twenty-five years.

To watch the progress of this tremendous upbuilding—"upheaval" may seem a better term; it quite literally expresses the process—has been fascinating. Year after year, noted from the water on the East River, the North River, and from the Bay approach, the growth of the new sky-line has seemed like that of a new geological formation. The beginnings were gradual; halting and tentative in effect. Gaining momentum, the movement at last became violent, fairly cataclysmal, if the term may be stretched to cover a constructive activity. Even in memory it now seems a bit absurd to think that we once regarded the "Tribune" building, with its "tall tower," as a veritable sky-scraper. At that time it appeared, indeed, a marvel of lofty construction, and was a pioneer in the tendency to build high in air promoted by the invention of the "vertical railway." Then a few years later the "World" building arose to hump itself above the town in gilt-topped ostentation. Its ambition to overtop all New York was but briefly satisfied. The much earlier Equitable building and the other great life insurance edifices—in their day unrivaled examples of secular architecture monumentally developed—together with the aforementioned great



BROAD STREET, NEAR THE FINANCIAL CENTER

Drawn by Jules Guérin

ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL PARK BANK

structures and also such institutional edifices as the Produce Exchange, heralded the adoption of new scales, new standards, in New York architecture. They were the picket-line for the advancing new order. But it was the old New York still; the sky-line in its main levels remained the same. Trinity's spire continued its serene dominance of the lower town; the later erections contributed but complementary accents without distorting the ensemble—at least until the "World" building marred the prospect with an effect of overdressed loutishness.

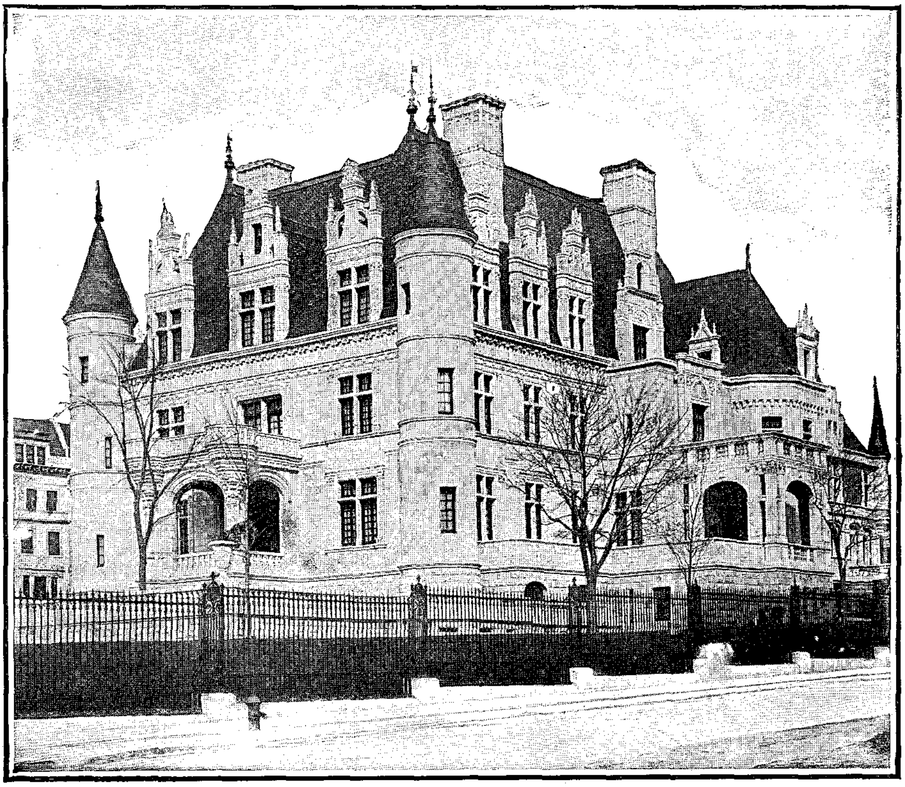
The actual sky-scraper epoch, however, did not set in until steel-frame construction came to revolutionize things. In the earlier stages of its popularity the results were appalling. The city's sky-line seemed ruined irretrievably. Trinity's spire was overtopped, dwarfed, made even ridiculous by the upstart growth about it, gathered as if in derision of things high and holy. With blockish-piled masonry abruptly alternating with discordant vacancies, the ungracious rear-elevations turned to the water fronts with an air of deliberate indifference to public proprieties; the general effect was that of a gap-toothed *gaucherie*—stamping upon the face of the town something like a shameless, brutal grin affronting the world. At that period the uptown region remained undisturbed.

In the lower city the process has now so far advanced as to give the touch of completion to the scene. The rampant individualism of the earlier stages has progressed involuntarily into the effect of collective activity that develops itself wherever the mass of a community responds to a common impulse in a given direction. In certain aspects the northward movement has repeated the earlier downtown phases, though now mitigated by a ripened competence to employ the new methods more in conformity with æsthetic principles.

Downtown the scene has gained an impressiveness that a few years ago one could hardly have dreamed possible. There is a grandeur of bulk in the way the huge structures are now piled up, composing themselves with the unstudied quality that we value in cloud-masses. The sole architectural justification of a spire or a tower lies in its effect of aspiration, its dominance of environment. Since for Trinity this function has ceased, many have felt that the famous church might as well go; the sooner, perhaps, the better. But meanwhile its huge neighbors have gathered about, inclosing it and brooding over it with an effect of protective solicitude that seems fairly pathetic, even remorseful. The once magnificent church—relatively so, at least—has been reduced to the scale of a model, wanting only a nice glass case to keep it in. No persons in their senses would ever think of building a church on the traditional lines amid such surroundings. Trinity's historic associations as well as its architectural charm indeed demand its preservation. But, overpowered as it is by its vicinage—as the Old South, King's Chapel, and the Old State House in Boston likewise are—while it continues to have reference to its site, it no longer does to its environment; in effect the present manner of its retention seems equivalent to its consignment to a historical or architectural museum.

A priceless gem in New York's adornments is the Battery. Its umbrageous charm, exerted at an incomparable point of vantage, is one of the first things noticed by the stranger arriving from abroad. Pity that the memory of its effect is so soon dimmed by the bald utilitarianism of the wooden pier-sheds that further fringe the water front. The Battery's command of a peerless maritime pageant is alone sufficient to give it supreme distinction. But despite its abuse by the Elevated Railway structure, together with its occupancy as a sort of architectural experiment-station in various ways, the Battery is beautiful in itself. Even the Elevated is here not without redeeming features. The high-perched twin structures of the Battery station, for instance, are uncommonly picturesque, and seen from the station platforms in the summer the tracks curving from view amidst the trees have a pleasing sylvan suggestion. Some day, let us hope not a distant one, the Battery will be made wholly worthy of its superb situation. For instance, it would not demand an extravagant outlay to give the historic Castle—the Aquarium, Castle Garden—a worthy old-time aspect in substitution for the philistinish exterior that now misclothes it.

In lower New York, as heretofore indicated, the new order of things has wrought a well-nigh perfect work. The rambling plan of that section seems peculiarly adapted to the extraordinary effects there produced without intention. It bears the aspect of super-design, so to speak, that may attend an utter absence of design—or, as in the work of the landscape architect, the design that takes into account the co-operation of felicitously accidental circumstance. It seems hardly possible that premeditated study could achieve upon this base anything so colossally imposing as what has here resulted from the successive efforts of perhaps half a hundred different architects. I know of but one instance where anything to compare with this result has been achieved in unison from one source, and that is in the masterly design adopted for the reconstruction of West Point.

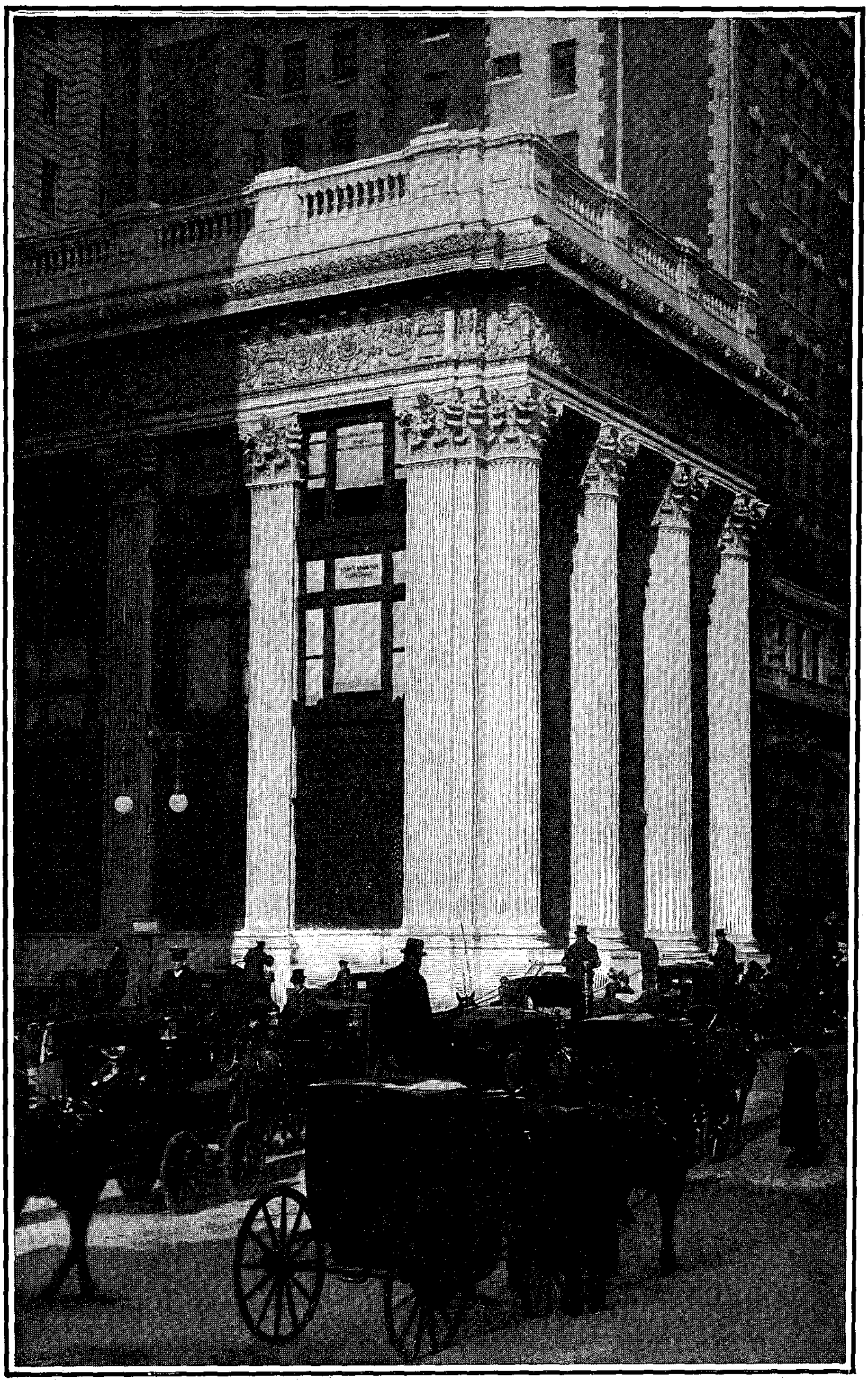


MR. CHARLES SCHWAB'S RESIDENCE

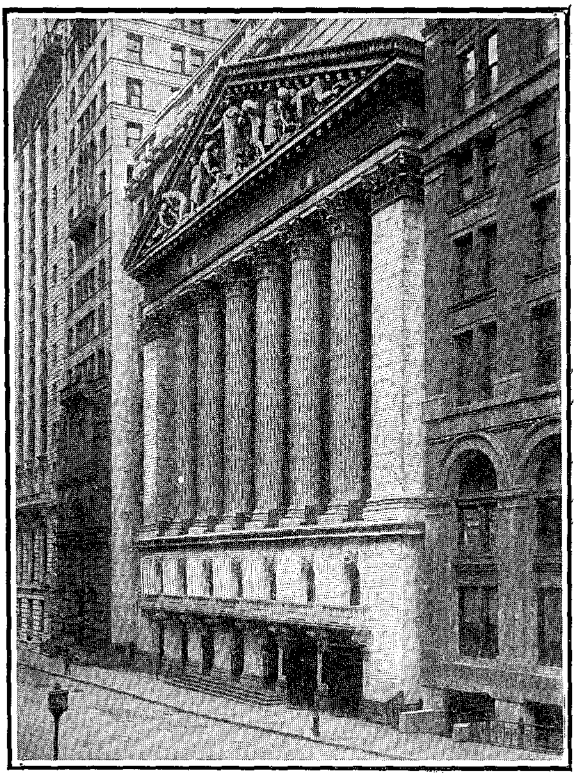
The great central artery of Manhattan's traffic enjoys a felicitous starting-point in Bowling Green—an admirable forecourt for the Battery's liberal expanse. Here the new Custom-House has a site worthy of its relation to the first port of the Western world. It closes the southerly vista down Broadway with a palatial façade of striking beauty, in which, however, the commanding tone that belongs to site and circumstance is perhaps secondary in effect to an air of distinguished elegance, singularly rich and fine-mannered, but exotic rather than autochthonous in suggestion. In view, however, of the towering possibilities of the neighborhood, it was doubtless a wise conclusion in the architect to refrain from attempting to express a domination that might sooner or later be overpowered. The jubilant note of the building, temperately sumptuous, seems not in ill accord with what it stands for—a colossal tribute imposed upon the commerce of the nations with ourselves. The environment stands in agreeable architectural relations with this its central feature. In the flanking buildings that face Bowling Green there is an aspect of unsymmetrical balance, so to speak, and of a vague reminiscence of the mighty city's earliest days. The warmth of broad masses of red brick rather than the element of design in the Produce Exchange and the Washington building seems to establish a sort of lineal connection with the tradition that we know as "Knickerbocker." And at various points along Broadway, just hereabouts, the architectural diversity has qualities of uncommon picturesqueness both in design and composition. Looking up Broadway from here, or from the Battery close by, one is impressed as by organ-tones with an awesome solemnity of towering forms—lofty vertical lines like those of giant cliffs bordering a mountain cañon.

The Bostonian feels himself almost at home in the irregular streets of lower Manhattan. It is second nature for him to follow the labyrinthine perplexities of highway and byway; it almost seems as if his own crookedly laid out city had bodily been taken over to experiment upon in daring cloud-touching fashion. One finds an endless fascination in regarding the colossal cumulations of sky-scraping architecture where the very planlessness of the streets has made possible a supreme quality of spontaneity, an effect of some titanic growth rather than of deliberate development. Leaving Broadway at Bowling Green and crossing the strange chasm of New Street—a *bergspalt*, a crevice where it would seem not strange were elves found lurking in the gloomy depths—one finds in lower Broad Street the primest point of vantage for taking the most impressive measure of this unrivaled spectacle. One stands within an area of structural subsidence, as it would seem—in reality a little region where somehow the city of seventy-five years ago or so has not yet succumbed to the glacier-like advance of the new order. Above and beyond, the huge fabrics cluster and tower. Irregularly grouped, they present their remarkable façades—evidently often designed with consummate reference to their part in an unprecedented ordering of things—at most diverse angles to the beholder. They pile themselves together and one above another as mountain masses range upward from the plain. Again, they suggest weird castles inhabited by mysterious giant beings. Under manifold aspects of atmosphere, of lighting, changing with the varying hours and days and seasons, modifying and diversifying themselves from moment to moment, there here should be endless resources for an artist. In such connections there come to mind the work of men like Guérin, Pennell, Childe Hassam, and Shinn, who have interpreted these subjects in numerous striking pictures.

In the presence of this structural immensity the beholder would hardly marvel should the *Valhalla-motiv* suddenly peal out in mighty resonance above the din of traffic. One is even inclined to wonder if some day the Valhalla comparison may not prove something more than fanciful. Perhaps a curse like that of the Rheingold may be working its spell upon the scene, until some day brings the culmination of age-long tendencies, and the whole vainglorious fabric, with all the majesty of its long-worshiped gods, suddenly totters and crumbles into



THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING



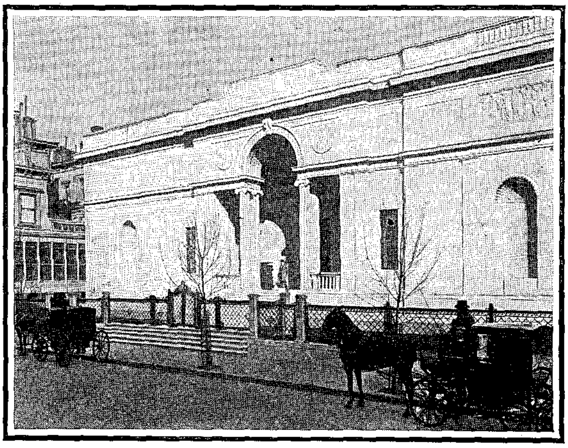
THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE

the abyss! Indeed, something dæmonic actually seems to brood over the scene, overshadowing the sublimity of form that compels admiration for gigantic achievement. And it prompts the question, To what end? It was this feeling that recently inspired one of the most genuine of our younger poets, Mr. George Cabot Lodge, who in two powerful sonnets gave expression to the mood of lower New York in its silence before dawn and in its awakening with dawn:

"For here where day by day
the tide-race rolls
Of sordid greed and passions
mean and blind,
Here is a vast necropolis of
souls!"

The new Stock Exchange is a central element in the composition when looking either up or down Broad Street. The building is radically different from its surroundings. Yet, all things considered, it cannot be called an intrusion. The institution itself belongs there most positively. The outward expression that it has chosen, however, makes the beautiful building a remarkable architectural interlude, strangely at variance with what lies about it, though not at all dissonant. It seems an extraordinary and even sardonic whim—that of imparting to the domicile of this most tumultuous of institutions the serenity of a classic temple, even though the obvious "Temple of Mammon" occur to us. But, ignoring this aspect, we cannot fail to take due delight in the fairly ravishing charm of an efflorescence of exquisite ornament developed in rich conjunction with the sensitive purity of the classic façade.

In former days architectural vistas were little associated with New York. As buildings then went, the inadequate street plan seldom lent itself to such effects. It is a matter for everlasting congratulation, however, that Broadway and its continuation in the old Bloomingdale road should have been laid out in a course that brought the central highway into variable diagonal relations to the subsequent layout of streets. It is now telling, and will yet tell immensely more, in the way of architectural accents of a most gratifying quality. Old New York



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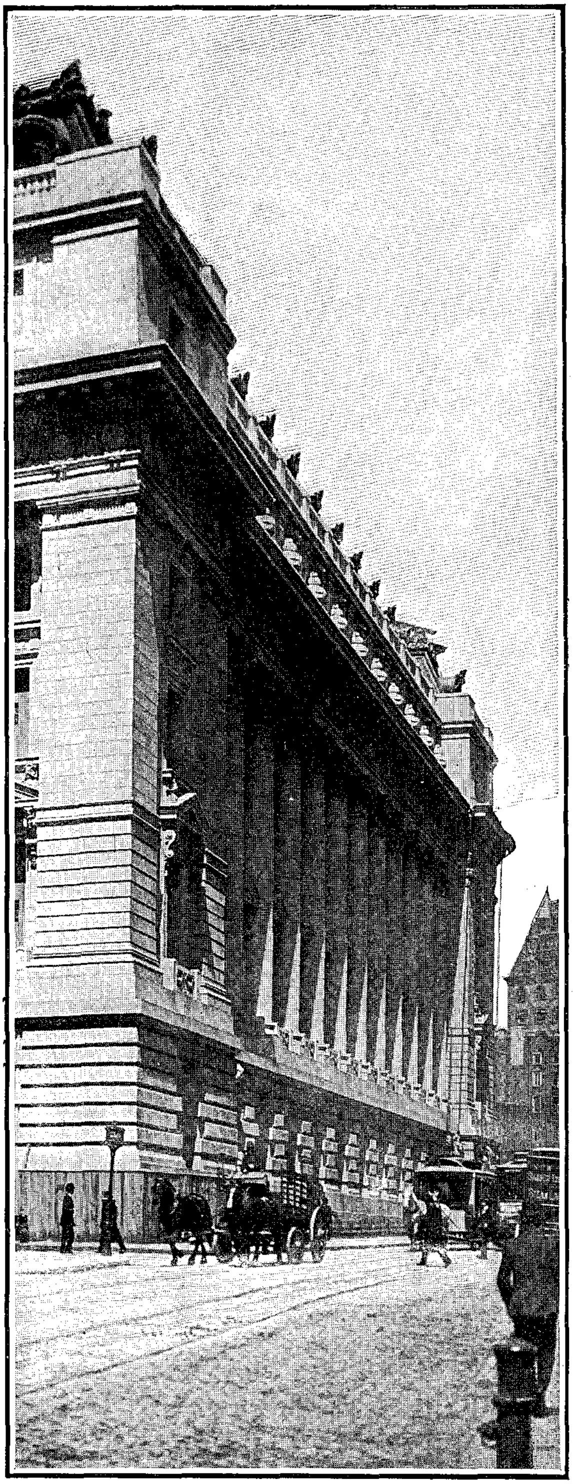
has two justly celebrated vistas: Trinity at the head of Wall Street, and Grace Church at the first turning of Broadway. Despite all that Trinity has suffered from its overtopping neighbors, the vista up Wall Street remains unimpaired; perhaps it has been even enhanced by the framing of the façade and spire between the flanking tall structures. At the turning of the way Grace Church also continues as delicately gracious as ever. No other notable edifices stand upon the axis of a great avenue, as is pre-eminently the case in Washington. Nevertheless, a lofty structure that is not so located still may be a very conspicuous feature in the scenery of the streets. The old reproach to the effect that New York had few locations where a building might be seen in proper perspective no longer has the full force that it lately did. The new New York presents not a few impressive vistas of this sort along its avenues and from some of the wider transverse thoroughfares. An instance of an essentially monumental structure thus realizing its best intent is that of the great armory tower on Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, of such commanding nobility in scale and proportions that no intrusion from sky-scraping neighbors should ever be permitted to dwarf it. It may here be remarked that from certain points of view such a cause has dwarfed the twin spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue even more unfortunately than Trinity has been.

Among the most striking of such vistas are those of the "Times" building, particularly that from Forty-second Street near the Grand Central Station, where it fully justifies its design as a gigantic tower on a scale well related to the newer standards of magnitude in architecture. Even the Flatiron building, whose not entirely happy proportions suggest a prodigiously heightened snow-plow braving the north wind, terminates certain vistas in lordly dignity when viewed from a sufficient distance. I cannot easily forget the effect it made from far up the avenue in the late twilight one evening. Etherealized in the soft haze, its tall bulk seemed to be lifted like some buoyant cloud-shape into mid-air. Here and there the lights of belated office toilers gleamed softly from its windows like stars through mist. The sense of it was spiritual, fairy-like, as of some enchanted castle. Another impressive vista on a great thoroughfare is that of the gigantic masses of the two big hotels that confront each other upon Fifth Avenue—in effect a titanic gateway, looming above the street as the Pillars of Hercules loom in the approach to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Fifth Avenue to-day very largely takes the place that Broadway held a generation ago. In its rebuilding the world-famous thoroughfare has gained immensely in elegance, in spectacular interest, as it has in its ampler structural scale. This scale, while liberal, is for the greater part more restrained, more moderate, more suggestive of Boston's restricted limitations in height, than is the architecture in the lower city. The Tiffany building, with its fine adaptation of Venetian precedents, is one of the best that has been done here.

In upper New York, besides the great hostelries, the new architectural methods find a very general application in domestic edifices, as along Broadway, where the street assumes the boulevard shape. Here great family hotels or palatial apartment-houses array themselves in elegant companies, richly designed almost invariably, and in masses so ample as even to enlarge upon the precedents adapted from European capitals in fortunate substitution for the mean and scrappy apartment-house construction of not many years before. It may be observed that some of these designs are flamboyant to a degree of excessive restlessness; their Florodora-hattish Mansardism is carried to extremes that betray how certain indiscreetly enthusiastic Beaux-Arts men, freshly returned from studies abroad, started in with a manifest determination to Parisianize things in New York at all hazards. They have done it with a vengeance!

Domestic architecture, in its private-dwelling aspects, has witnessed great improvement since the stupid old brownstone-front stages. Along upper Fifth Avenue the fearful and wonderful cheap vulgarity of certain nouveau-riche imitation châteaux built about a quarter of a



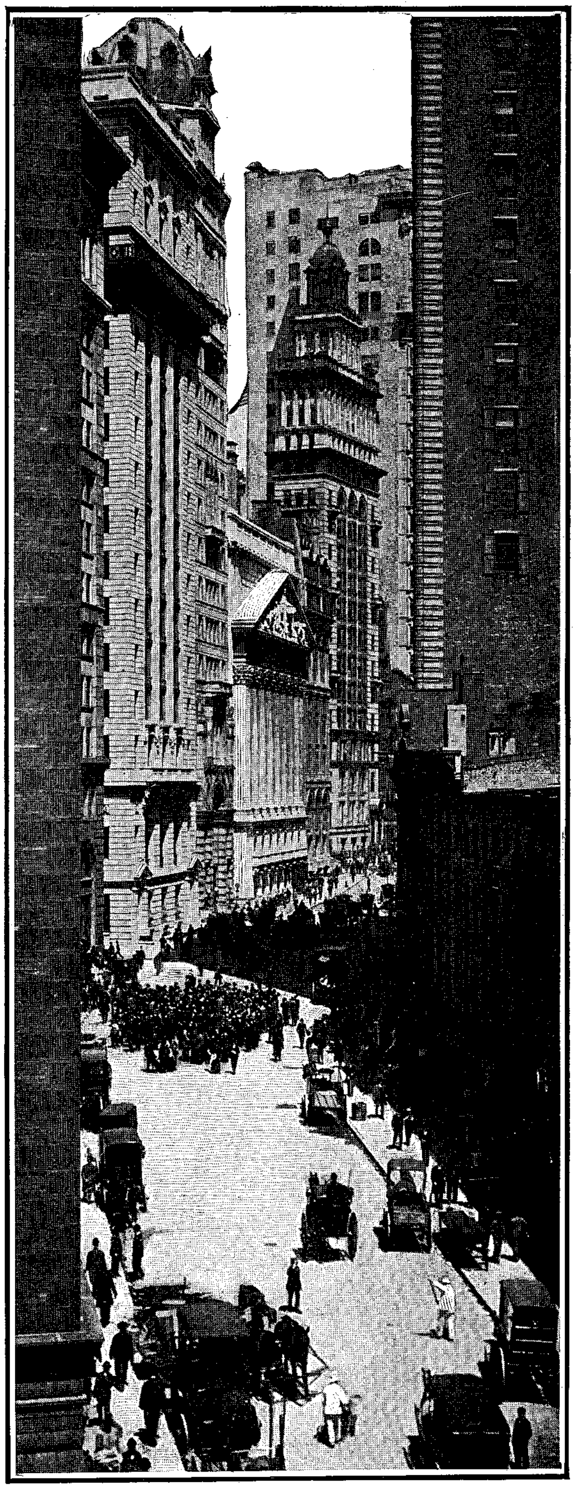
THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE

century since now look almost pathetic compared with what has come after them. Again, in the more modest though still affluent endeavors to be seen in various West Side streets near the Riverside Drive, corresponding advances appear. The fault here, however, is apt to be that of an excessive individualism and a corresponding disregard for harmony in environment. On upper Fifth Avenue the stately simplicity of the Carnegie house shows what is possible with vast wealth at command yet kept within due bounds, just as a not distant neighbor's frantic ebullitions illustrate the excesses that like riches may commit when lavished in wanton abandonment. No such fault can be found with the Schwab château on the Riverside Drive, although in site it suffers from confined dimensions.

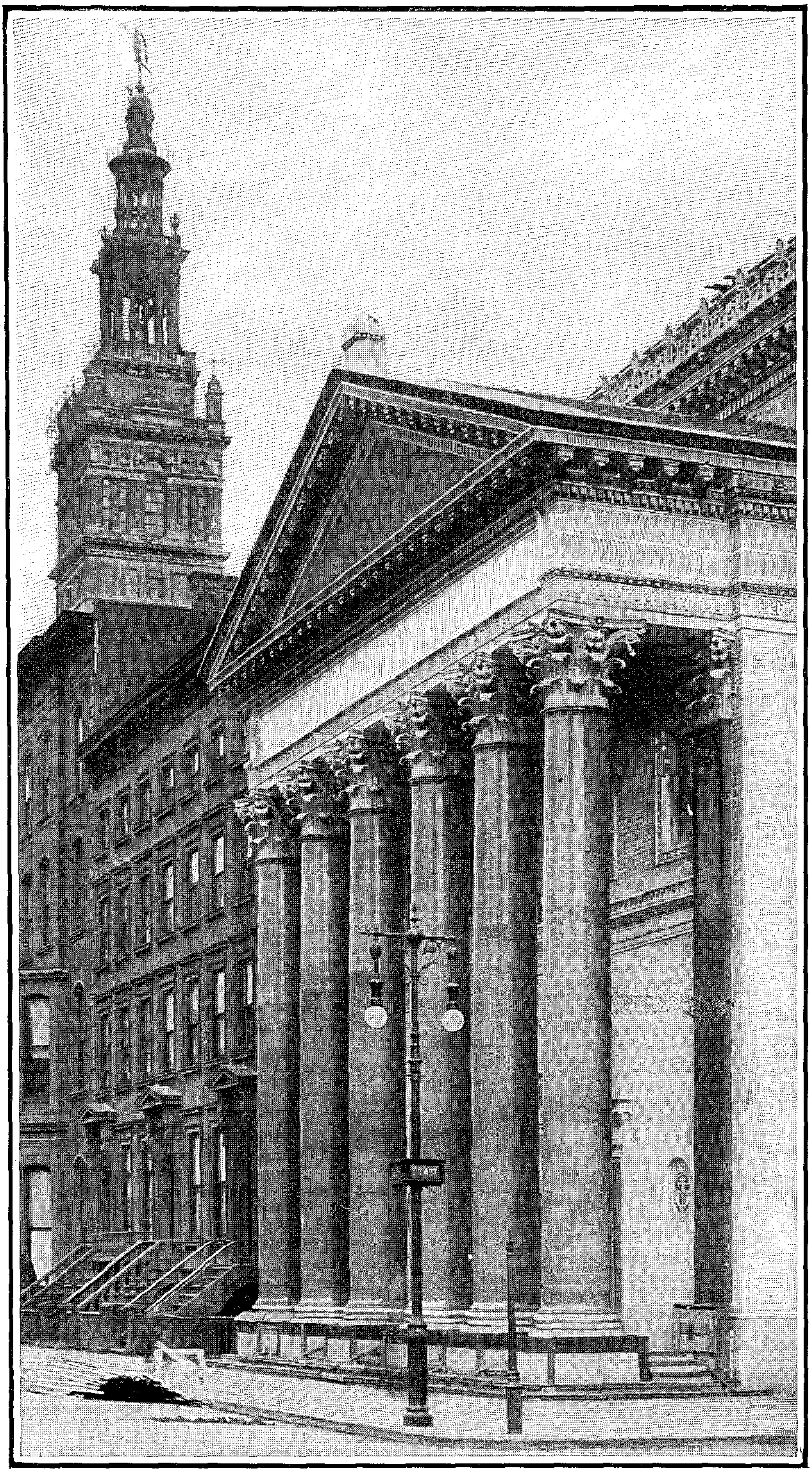
A notable phenomenon in the architecture of the day is the strong tendency towards a reversion to low buildings. It seems strange that something so diametrically opposed to the sky-scraper should have become a fashion. Actually, it is a persistence of an old custom—the custom that made it a tradition in country towns to keep the bank apart in a substantial little building by itself—safety from fire-risk a main consideration, as well as dignity. The New York "Herald" led in the revival of this custom with the erection of its new building. The low-building habit, however, had long been followed by the savings banks. Various remarkably handsome structures erected by these institutions are conspicuous local features in various parts of the city.

The practice has spread to other financial institutions, both corporations and private banking-houses. In recent years these have given us buildings like the Clearing-House, the Knickerbocker Trust, and the Park Bank—the last named a low building largely expressed, it might be called; magnificently ostentatious with the sort of flirtatious beauty of L'Art Nouveau. On the other hand, a perfect gem of what may be termed "cabinet architecture" should not be overlooked—Mr. Pierpont Morgan's art gallery in the modest retirement of a side street off Madison Avenue—a work of exquisite refinement. From the scale of this to that of one of the most important of the new monumental edifices seems a far cry, though the subject is not far distant—the new Public Library. The somnolent pace at which this magnificent structure is taking shape seems strange in New York, where colossal buildings have the habit of rising almost over night. In comparison with its environment the Public Library is a low building. But its lateral scale gives it a monumental impressiveness.

Ecclesiastical architecture has not been making much of an impression upon New York in recent years. Most of the once conspicuous churches along Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue have subsided into a commonplace insignificance, and there has been little better to take their place. An exception is the great new Broadway Tabernacle, though not in the way of being better, for it is more bizarre than excellent. Another exception, and most



THE BROAD STREET "CANYON"



FAÇADE OF THE NEW MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH admirable, is the new church of Dr. Parkhurst's congregation on Madison Square, which happily meets the problem of ecclesiastical design that is conditioned when a comparatively low structure is contemplated in a towering environment. The polychrome treatment of the dome and the roof with glazed tiles disposed in rich patterns shows the influence of a marked feature of the Spanish Renaissance—more particularly prevalent in the Spanish-Colonial of Mexico.

Forty-fourth Street with its "club-house rows" is more familiar to thousands of visitors than almost any other side street in the city. It illustrates how ineffective elaborate and comparatively lofty architecture may become when designed for a narrow street. The cañon, the chasm, have become common terms for New York streets. It seems a pity that another Spanish term, the *barranca*, could not also be domesticated. The word designates the ravine, with sloping, V-shaped sides, deeply carved in the landscape by rivers or streams. The new Paris building regulations provide for such conformations in narrow streets, where high buildings may be erected provided their fronts are terraced back so as to let the sunlight reach to the pavements and the air circulate freely—the prime consideration being the health and the welfare of the dwellers in the depths. In Massachusetts there is now a strong agitation for a similar law for all the cities of the Commonwealth.

Who that looks back for a generation can doubt that the new New York is a better New York? Better and cleaner streets, better architecture, better schools and school-houses, better tenements, better bridges, better transit, higher civic standards—in short, a better civilization all round. There is an immense deal yet to do. Yet the uplift clearly persists as never before, with the promise of much excellence to come.

IN A TUSCAN GARDEN

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

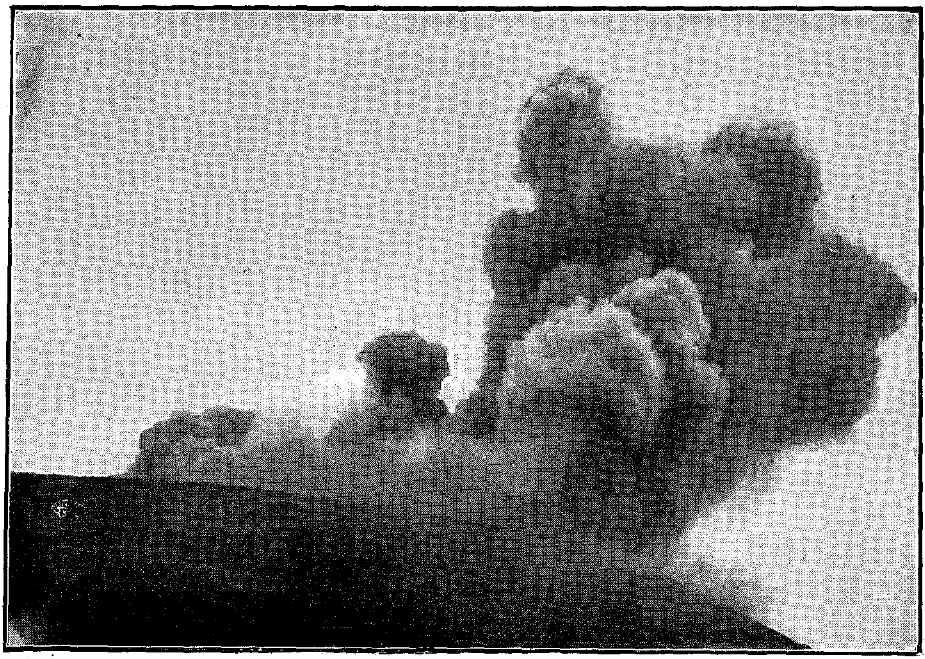
Ser Naldo speaks:
"Ay, that's our poet, our great Florentine!
A man with quiet eyes, like other men,
Who has more joy in simple sounds of life—
The song of children, birds at early dawn,
The sighing wind among gray olive-trees,
Or bells at Angelus—than warriors
When to their drowsing ears come beating in
The strife and clash of weapons, blow on blow
Of sword on helm and shield; than usurers
In chink of ducats; or you Sienese
In rumored conquest of some crag or tower.
Yet your Siena might gain rightful cause
For pride at last, if he—when passing by—
Should rest within the shadow of her gates!
For such a man is he, that wingèd words
Of Love and Honor, Truth and Chivalry,
Upon his lips, draw men and maidens nigh,
With beating hearts, to hear in reverence.
And hearing, straightway Honor grows more bright,
Faith fairer to them, Courage kinglier,
And Love—too often held a fantasy—
Shines out the mighty marvel that he is!"

THE LATEST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

THE news that Italy's great volcano was again in violent eruption reached us Sunday, April 8, at Colombo, the principal port of Ceylon, where, in the course of our long voyage from Yokohama to Genoa, we stopped one day for the purpose of taking coal. A week later, when we anchored for a few hours off Aden, before entering the Red Sea, we obtained a local file of Reuter telegrams which confirmed the first despatches and gave us some information with regard to the seriousness of the disaster; but it was not until we reached Port Saïd, the northern terminus of the Suez Canal, that we heard of the extraordinary rain of ashes and lapilli over Ottajano and San Giuseppe, the descent of three or four streams of lava on the southern side of the mountain, the complete or partial destruction of half a dozen circumvesuvian villages, and the collapse and fall of the Monte Oliveto market in the city of Naples itself. The latest telegrams to the Egyptian papers stated that the eruption had apparently come to an end; but my experience in Martinique led me to anticipate a renewal of activity. The eruption of Mont Pelée had apparently ended when I reached Fort de France, a week or ten days after the destruction of St. Pierre; and yet in the course of the next two months the West Indian volcano had four or five paroxysms of most intense and violent activity. There was a possibility, therefore, if not a probability, that we should arrive at Naples in time to see Vesuvius in action, and I looked forward with great interest to the prospect of being able to compare a lava-ejecting volcano with an explosive volcano of the Martinique type, which throws out only steam, lapilli, and dust.

Early on the morning of April 23 we passed the Strait of Messina and the sea-girt peak of Stromboli; and eight or ten hours later, when the high blue outline of Capri loomed up dimly in the hazy air ahead, we all crowded eagerly forward on the promenade deck to watch for the appearance of Vesuvius. The air off the southern coast of Italy in April seems to be saturated with aqueous vapor; and even when the sky is perfectly clear, there is often so much haze that nothing can be seen distinctly at a greater distance than five or six miles. It was not, therefore, until we had passed through the strait between Capri and Sorrento that the great volcano became visible, and even then it was little more than a misty blue silhouette rising from the long, curving line of pale yellow houses which skirted its base to the half-overshadowing canopy of piled-up cumuli which hid its crater. As we steamed swiftly into the bay, the misty blue of the higher slopes changed to a pearly gray, broken here and there by cloud shadows or streaks of rusty lava, while, lower down, the flanks of the mountain were almost everywhere green with vineyards. It was evident at a glance, not only that the volcano was quiet, but that its recent activity had been far less destructive to vegetation than newspaper descriptions had led me to expect. Mont Pelée, when I first saw it, was uniformly gray from base to summit; its luxuriant vegetation, down to the very water's edge, had been buried fathoms deep in ashes and volcanic mud; and all the trees for miles around had been stripped of their foliage or half broken down by the weight of wet volcanic dust. Vesuvius, at a distance of eight miles, looked very much as I should have expected it to look if there had been no eruption at all. The upper part of the cone was gray, and there were streaks or patches of dust-covered lava on most of the higher slopes; but the whole base of the mountain, on the Naples side, was clothed with vines which either had not

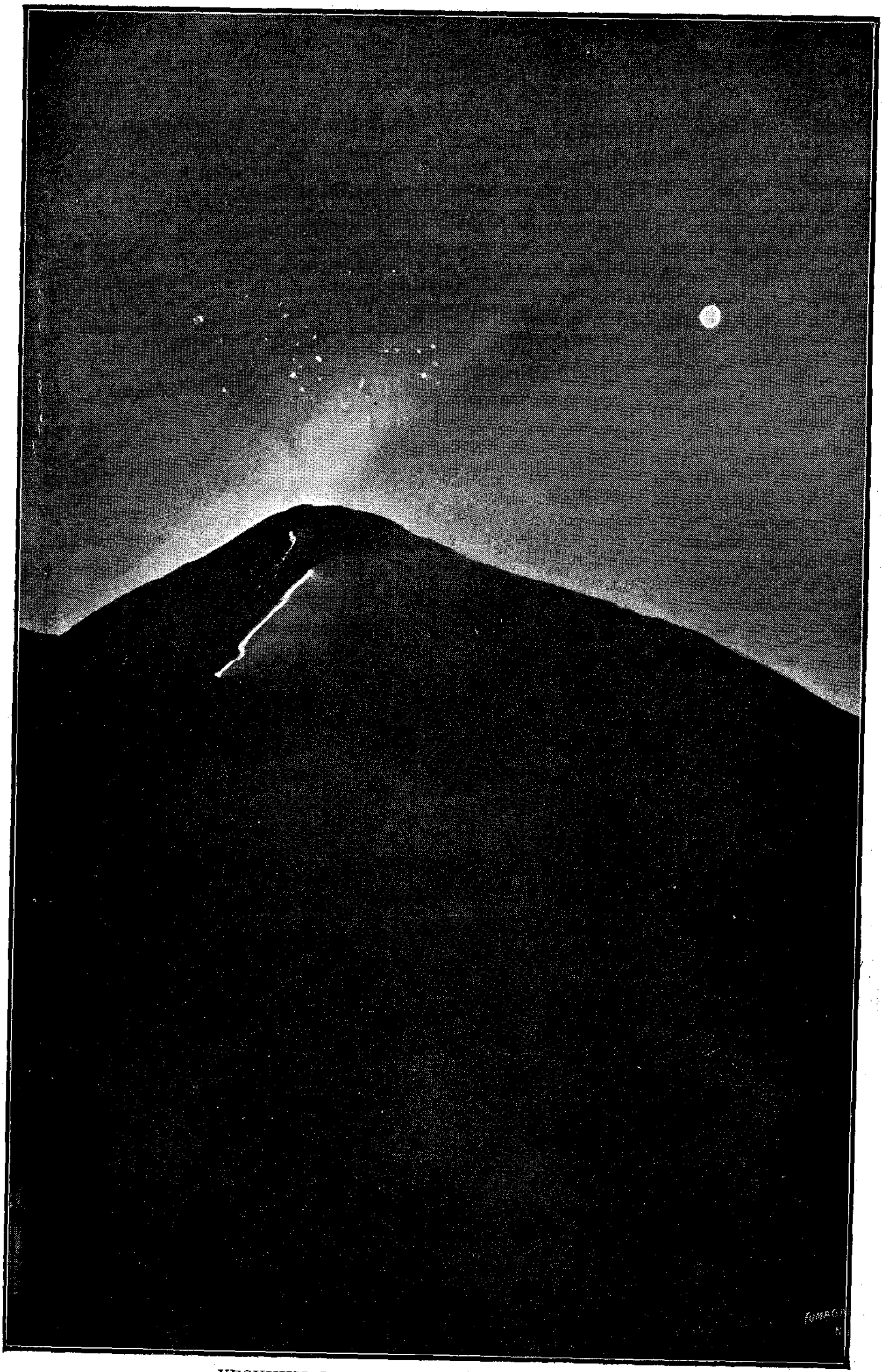


PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR R. V. MATTEUCCI

A SMALL EXPLOSION IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

been scorched at all, or had recently put forth fresh leaves. The Royal Observatory, half-way up the cone, was apparently uninjured; the trees in the streets and parks of the city were still green; and on the flanks of the volcano, up to heights of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred feet, I could see dozens of white or pale-yellow villas and farmhouses, which, through a powerful Trieder glass, showed no signs whatever of damage, either from lava or from dust. These few observations, which were all that I had time to make before our steamer sailed for Genoa, led me to believe that the seriousness of the eruption had been greatly exaggerated; but I soon had reason to change my opinion.

It was my intention when I sailed from Yokohama to go directly through to New York; but a cable from The Outlook, asking me to stop in Italy and get material for an article on the eruption, made it necessary for me to change my tickets at Genoa and return by first steamer to Naples. We arrived there on the morning of Friday, April 27, and, landing from a tender at the Immacolatella pier, were instantly swallowed up in a howling, disorderly mob of porters, hotel runners, cab-drivers, beggars, loafers, and rapacious vagabonds of all sorts, who pushed and hustled us, snatched at our hand baggage, deafened us with yells, and made us wish for a moment that Vesuvius had buried Naples under fifty feet of ashes before we came in sight of the place. The scenes on the dock and in the custom-house, the lack of all police control, the howling, pushing, violence, impudence, rapacity, and extortion, would have been regarded by a Japanese as shameful and disgraceful to any civilized country in the world; and we had become so accustomed to look at things from the Japanese point of view that the first plunge into the maelstrom of confusion and disorder on the Immacolatella pier gave us an unpleasant shock of surprise. We fought our way through the surging mob at last, losing nothing except temper, and, taking refuge in a hotel carriage, rode along the dirty, litter-strewn, ash-piled water front in the direction of Castel Nuovo. To an observer in the streets Naples showed few traces of a serious volcanic eruption. The leaves of the trees in the long, narrow park of the Villa Nazionale were somewhat dusty, and one might see every-



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION AT NIGHT (1905)

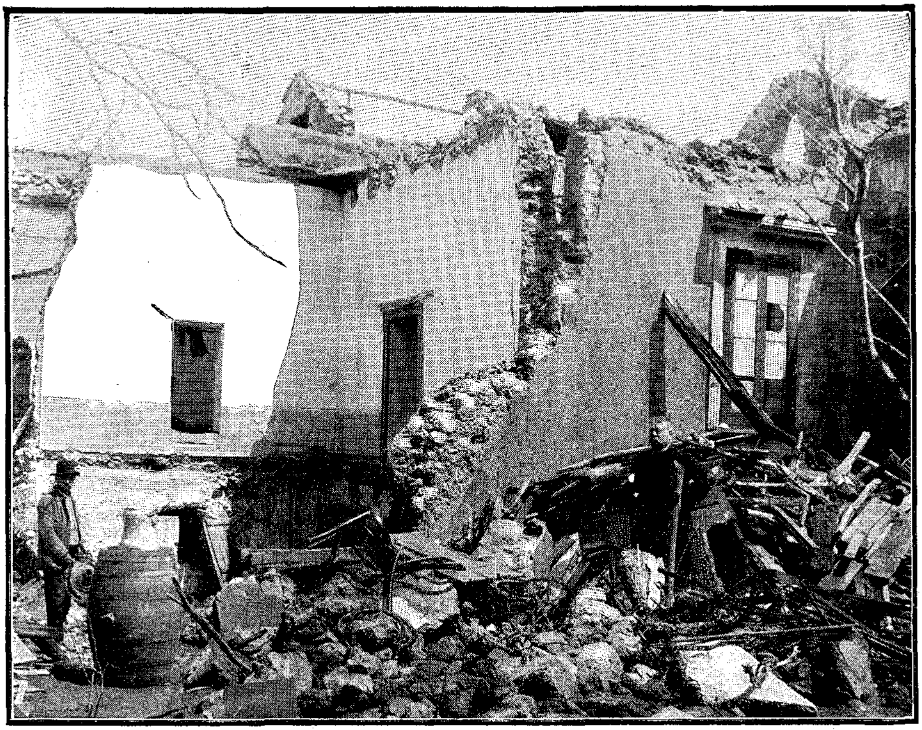
where little heaps of volcanic ashes which the municipal authorities had failed to remove; but, with these exceptions, the city had assumed its normal aspect. Apart from the inconvenience caused by the dust, and the fall of the roof of the Monte Oliveto market—an accident which was mainly due to inadequate municipal supervision—the city, apparently, had sustained no material damage.

As soon as we had made the necessary inquiries with regard to routes and means of transportation, we engaged a guide and interpreter, and started by rail for Torre dell' Annunziata—a small town about ten miles from Naples, in the direction of Pompeii. Two villages on the slope of the volcano, north of that town, had been destroyed, or partly destroyed, by lava; and as I had never had an opportunity to observe the effects of lava invasion, I decided to take these two villages first. As we approached the base of the volcano, I was surprised to find that the damage done by ashes between Naples and Pompeii was comparatively trifling. In the vicinity of Mont Pelée—even on the windward side—ashes had completely blighted or withered the leaves of all the trees, and had broken off thousands of branches; but on the southern side of Vesuvius I did not notice a single fractured branch, the leaves of the trees and vines were fresh and green, and the ground everywhere was embroidered with the white, scarlet, or yellow blossoms of wild lupine, poppies, single chrysanthemums, and broom. Making all due allowances for the effects of rain, the renewal of leaves, and the springing up of fresh flowers after the eruption, it was perfectly evident that the fall of ashes on the southern and eastern sides of Vesuvius had not been nearly so great nor so destructive to vegetation as the fall all around the base of Mont Pelée.

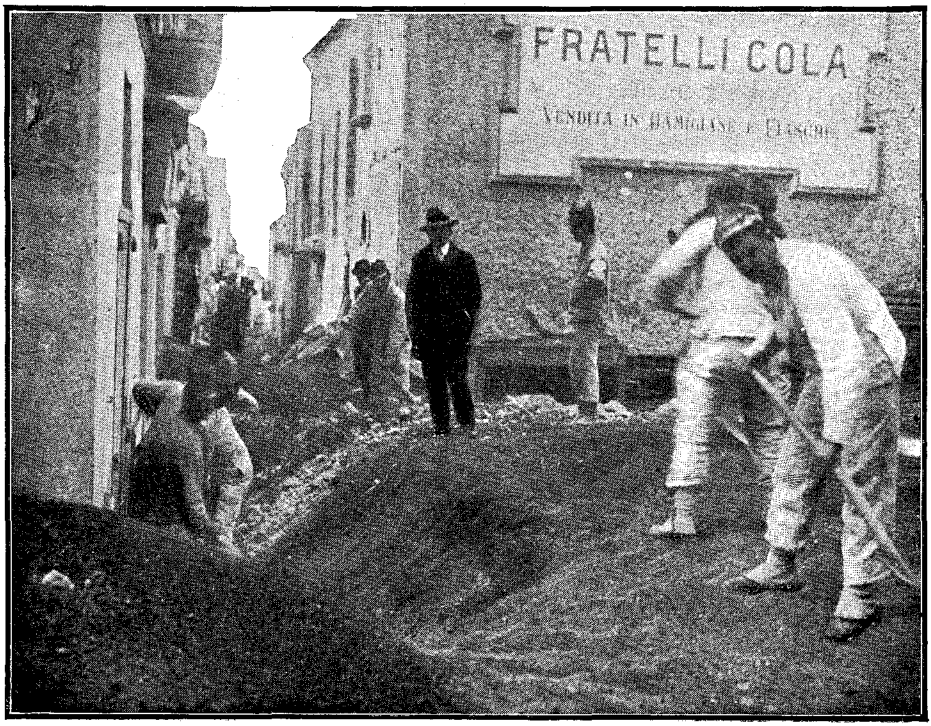
Leaving the train at Torre dell' Annunziata, we engaged for the afternoon one of the small, light, one-horse victorias which are the vehicles most used in the vicinity of Naples; rode half a mile through a dirty, squalid street, paved with polygonal slabs of stone and fringed with wooden racks hung full of drying macaroni; and finally came out into the fresh, beautiful country, where birds were singing joyously in the pollarded poplars by the roadside, and where tens of thousands of grape-vines, carefully trained up posts and along horizontal poles, made vast leafy pergolas over countless acres of rich volcanic soil. The slopes of Vesuvius, to a height of a thousand feet or more, are given up almost wholly to vineyards; and the culture of the grapes and the manufacture of Lachryma Cristi wine furnish employment to thousands of peasant farmers all around the base of the volcano, from Somma and Ottajano to the sea.

About a mile and a half from Torre dell' Annunziata, at the entrance to the little village of Trecase, we came suddenly upon the so-called "stream" of lava, a huge, pitch-black, smoking ridge, twenty-five or thirty feet in height, which seemed to be made up of loose, discrete, semi-rounded masses of hot slag. Its sides were as steep as those of a railway embankment, and it looked almost exactly like a long, high dump from a blast furnace. I had supposed that a cooling stream of lava would resemble a river of asphalt or dark-colored molasses, and that even in a rigid form it would show signs of having recently been a flowing liquid. In the high black ridge before us, however, there was not a suggestion either of fluidity or of motion. It was simply a long, steep-sided pile of black furnace-slag, which had apparently been dumped into the green vineyards from the clouds. I could hardly make myself believe that it had ever been fluid enough to move, much less to run a distance of two or three miles and then spread out over a surface that was almost flat. It appeared to be as incapable of independent motion as a terminal moraine, or a railway embankment made out of the refuse from a blast furnace. We soon had proof, however, not only that the slag-pile had moved, but that it had pushed down the mountain side with the weight and resistless power of an Alpine glacier.

Alighting from our carriage at a distance of fifty feet from the lava, we walked up on the rough black ridge by



A CITIZEN OF OTTAJANO AMID THE RUINS OF HIS HOME

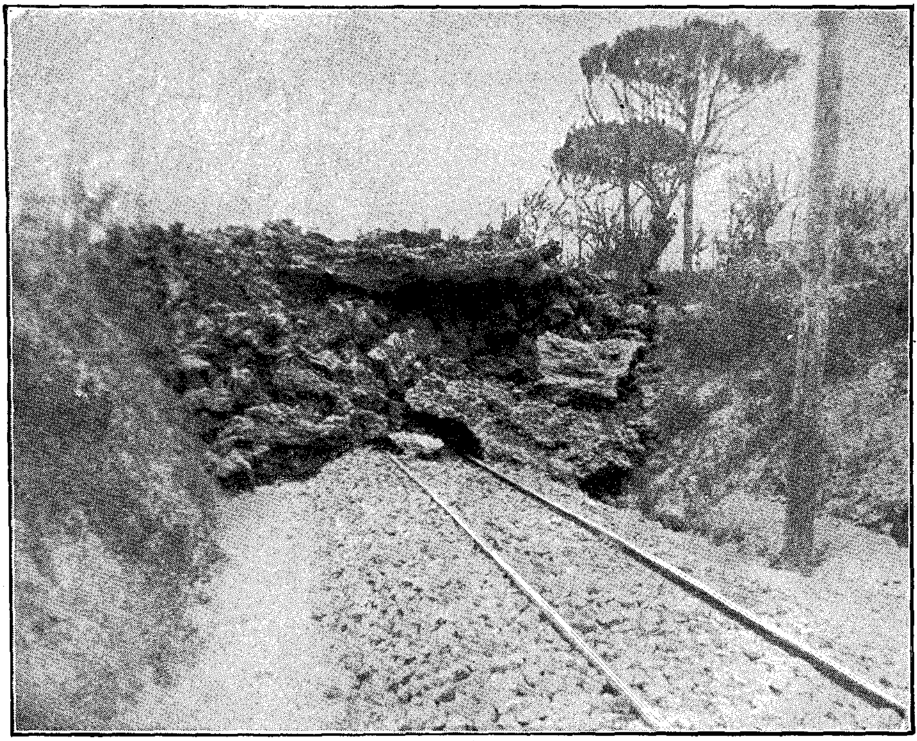

FRATELLI COLA
VENDITA IN DAMIGIANE E FIASCHI

STREET IN OTTAJANO

a recently made sand-strewn path, and entered the village. The whole southern third of it was a mass of ruins. The cooling stream of molten lava, with its enormous load of slag and scoriæ, had invaded the streets with a front ten or twelve feet high, and had completely demolished the two and three-story buildings, by tearing out and carrying away their front walls. As the walls tumbled into ruins, the roofs fell in; the hot lava set fire to the débris; and the houses were soon reduced to burning wrecks. In the matter of setting fire to the wreckage caused by its movement, however, the lava behaved very capriciously. In some places everything combustible had been burned, while in others beams, rafters, and articles of furniture were not even scorched. A house said to have belonged to the Mayor was a mass of shattered masonry and débris, while a light wooden trellis over a porch on one side of it was still standing, and was covered by a luxuriant vine in full leaf. In one place a bookcase, with an overturned vase on it, stood upright and uninjured on a confused heap of wreckage, while in another a fragment of a second-story floor, sticking to the only remaining wall of a destroyed house, supported, in an absolutely inaccessible position, a fresh-looking, red-damask sofa. Generally speaking, I should say that two or three buildings had been pushed down or torn to pieces by the slow thrust of the advancing lava for every one that had been set on fire and burned. In other words, the current acted as a battering-ram, or a crawling avalanche, rather than as a torch. When the volcanic stream—if a black slag-pile thirty feet high can be called a "stream"—moved directly against the wall of a house, the house went down, and in two or three minutes the furnace-dump had rolled and tumbled over it, burying it five fathoms deep under scoriæ and semi-liquid rock. We saw large areas which had apparently been occupied by houses, but on which nothing but furnace-slag remained. The solidly built church of St. Anne resisted successfully the tremendous pressure of the moving mass, but the lava burst its doors open and set fire to it, and when we saw it only the steeple and smoke-blackened walls were left. The hot slag inside was apparently ten or twelve feet deep.

The central part of Trecase, strangely enough, escaped injury. The lava descended in two widely separated streams. One of them destroyed the northern side of the village and the other the southern side, while the center was left intact. A little lower down the streams united, and, following the road to Bosco Trecase, swept everything away for a distance of a mile or more, and then spread out over a wide, fertile area, covering at least a thousand acres of vineyard land with a deposit of rock and scoriæ six to thirty feet in depth. The lava everywhere when we saw it—nearly three weeks after it issued from the mountain—was still hot, and one might light a cigarette by touching it to the solidified part, under the covering of loose scoriæ. We saw pieces of paper set on fire in that way several times. Bluish smoke was rising from the cooling mass in scores of places, and a hot, sulphurous breath came up from it through the layer of sand which had been spread over it in order to make walking on it possible. The loss of life in Trecase was comparatively small. The lava moved so slowly that everybody had plenty of time to escape from it, and the twenty persons who perished were killed by falling walls while trying to get furniture out of their houses. The lava stream was so uncertain and capricious in its movements—rivulets and offshoots from it frequently stopping abruptly at the very door of a house—that the people, in many cases, remained to the last and tried to save household goods, when prudence would have dictated flight. At the threshold of the door of a bakeshop, near the church of St. Anne, a lateral branch of the main current stopped suddenly, with a sloping front six or eight feet high, and left door and house intact.

Most, if not all, of the lava streams which flowed down the southern face of the mountain in the direction of Torre dell' Annunziata came from new vents and fissures far below the main crater. Vesuvius, for the most part, is only a loosely compacted cone of slag, cinders, and ashes, and when lava rises in the central chimney it is liable to burst out almost anywhere. The unfortunate town of Torre del Greco has been completely or partly destroyed by lava eleven times since 1631; but few, if any, of the streams that invaded it came from the summit crater. Molten rock has frequently burst out of the side of the volcano at heights less than a thousand feet above the level of the sea. When lava first issues in this way from a lateral vent or fissure, it is incandescent throughout, and looks and behaves like a thick, tenacious liquid; but as it runs slowly down the mountain side its surface gradually hardens into a crust and turns black. This rigid crust is then broken up by the movement of the flowing current underneath; the pieces, which are of all shapes and sizes, are rolled or pushed over one another, just as pieces of ice would be on the breaking up of a frozen river, and at a distance of two or three miles from its source the fluid part of the stream is completely covered and hidden by the rolled, squeezed, and battered fragments of its hardened and fractured crust. It then assumes the appearance of a slag-pile, and looks and behaves much more like a crawling avalanche than like a river. It is, however, a slowly freezing river, carrying down on its surface an immense load of broken lava ice. Its top is seldom level and always rough; its sides are frequently high and steep; and it moves down into the green vineyards, or invades the streets of the Vesuvian villages, like a crawling, tumbling mass of black stones, boulders, cinders, and slag. Its speed is determined by the inclination of the slope down which it flows, and by the extent to which it has cooled; but it seldom moves at the rate of more than a mile an hour, and at a distance from its source it advances much more slowly. In the course of eighteen hundred years no stream from Vesuvius has ever run to a greater distance than six miles, and as Naples is eight miles away, its citizens have little or nothing to fear from lava. The people of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, and the



THE FRONT OF A LAVA STREAM ON THE TRACK OF THE CIRCUMVESUVIAN RAILWAY

Observe the height and steepness of this stream at the point where it stopped three villages of Bosco Trecase, however, live, and have lived for centuries, under a fiery sword of Damocles, which is liable at any moment to fall upon their vineyards and homes.

After making as careful a survey as possible of the ruins of Trecase, we drove by a circuitous route to Bosco Trecase—a village situated on a plain lower down—where the lava had spread out over a wide area, overwhelming houses and vineyards, burning down large pine-trees, covering the road to a depth of twenty feet, and stopping just short of the village cemetery and chapel. A force of laborers was at work here making a new road over the lava field to Trecase; scores of visitors from Torre dell' Annunziata and Naples were looking with eager curiosity at the great area of smoking furnace-slag; and priests and villagers were selling photographs, or soliciting subscriptions for the benefit of the peasant farmers, whose houses had been destroyed and whose land had been covered with a deposit of slag and rock which would render it worthless for at least half a century. We bought a few photographs, made a few donations, and returned late in the afternoon to Naples.

On Tuesday, May 1, we made an excursion to the devastated area on the northeastern side of the volcano, where ten or twelve square miles of land had been ruined, and where the town of Ottajano and the village of San Giuseppe had been completely destroyed by stones, lapilli, and dust. Taking the same route as on the previous day, we alighted from the train at Torre dell' Annunziata, and drove first to Pompeii. By a singular chance, the famous Roman city, which was buried under ten or twelve feet of ashes in the first century of the Christian era, sustained no injury at all in the eruption of the present year. Every other place within ten miles of the crater had been more or less seriously damaged by lava, lapilli, or dust; but in Pompeii and its neighborhood there had been no volcanic precipitation at all. If Vesuvius were conscious and intelligent, one might almost imagine that it refrained from striking in 1906 the bones of a victim done to death in 79. For a distance of three or four miles there was not a trace of volcanic dust on the road, and the walled vineyards were as fresh and green as they could have been on the best and brightest sunshiny morning of the last eighteen hundred years.

At Tersiglio, a small village four and a half miles north of Pompeii, we noticed the first lapilli—black, roundish grains of lava ranging in size from a pinhead to a large pea. No volcanic products of this kind fell in Naples or its vicinity. All the matter that descended from the eruptive cloud there was in the shape of soft, gray, floury dust. As we proceeded northward toward Ottajano, the country assumed a grayer, more desolate appearance. The flanks of the mountain became more and more deeply covered with volcanic ejecta; the trees and vines gradually lost their leaves; and the duly and lapilli on the road increased steadist in depth from an inch to six inches, from six inches to a foot, and finally lay nearly three feet deep on a level. Through this gray mass of powder and pellets a narrow track had been made with shovels—as it might have been made through snow—and, in places, the banked-up walls on the sides were from six to eight feet in height. All foliage and vegetation disappeared; the landscape showed no colors except gray and black; and the great mountain over our heads, covered from base to summit with ashes, looked almost as dangerous and menacing as Mont Pelée.

When we finally rode into San Giuseppe, and, alighting from our carriage, walked through the ruined, dust-buried village to the wrecked church, we might easily have imagined that we were in one of the streets of Pompeii during a lull in the ash-storm that finally buried it. The accumulation of dust and lapilli on the roofs had caused them to give way, and in falling they had carried down all the floors, from top story to basement, and filled the shells of wall with heaps of wreckage and ashes. Some of them had been partly cleared out, and the inhabitants were living inside under such shelter as they could improvise, while others had apparently been abandoned altogether. The streets were filled with ashes, which had been shoveled up to heights of ten or twelve feet over the sidewalks so as to make a narrow passageway in the middle; but even in this ditch between ash-hills one had to wade laboriously through eight or ten inches of soft, yielding dust. The village church was roofless, and from the chaotic mass of beams, rafters, and ashes inside the walls there had been taken the bodies of 105 dead. Many corpses had also been removed from the ruined dwelling-houses, so that the total number of victims was probably 150. The greatest loss of life in any one place was in the church. The priest, ignorant, apparently, of both history and science, had urged the people to take refuge there, under the protection of St. Joseph, the patron saint of the village. The forces of nature, however, act without reference to priests, saints, or religious faith; and when two or three feet of volcanic dust had accumulated above the heads of the terrified worshipers, the roof gave way and crashed down into the auditorium, burying the little congregation under tons of ashes and débris. The priest, warned in time by the cracking of the beams, rushed out of a side door of the chancel, leaving his parishioners to perish. The only person, therefore, who escaped was the man who had persuaded the people to put their trust in the intercession of St. Joseph, the security of the church, and the mercy of the Lord.

Bread was being distributed to the homeless and destitute when we passed through the village, and on drifts of ashes in the square and other open places the Italian Red Cross had erected large tents for the shelter of the wounded, the aged, and the sick. I noticed also, here and there between the houses, the closely packed shelter-tents of soldiers, who had been sent to enforce police regulations and to assist the villagers in the work of recovering bodies and digging out furniture and household goods.

Leaving San Giuseppe shortly after noon, we waded through soft dust and between high ash-piles to Ottajano, a comparatively large and important town, which lay half a mile further north, and which a month ago had a population of about seven thousand. The destruction of buildings there was, if possible, even more general and complete than in San Giuseppe. Three churches were filled with wreckage and ashes; almost every dwelling-house was roofless; and the dust and lapilli lay more than four feet deep on a level. The streets were so blocked up that it was difficult to get through them even on foot, and the town presented a picture of ruin and gray desolation which I find it almost impossible to describe.

On the night of April 7–8, when the eruption of Vesuvius was at its height, Ottajano was the center of the dust storm, just as Precheur was during the later eruptions of Mont Pelée. A strong southwesterly wind carried the enormous vapor clouds from the crater directly over it, and in ten hours—between 10 P.M. on the 7th and 8 A.M. on the 8th—dust, lapilli, slag, and hot stones fell in its streets to a depth of one meter and twenty centimeters—a trifle less than four feet.[1] This deposit was increased by later showers, so that the total fall was about four feet and a quarter. Volcanic dust is so fine and heavy and its microscopic particles pack so closely that a cubic foot of it probably weighs more than a cubic foot of granite or marble. Professor Locry, of the University of Buda-Pesth, who was studying Vesuvius at the time when we climbed to the crater, and who met us on the mountain, told me that he estimated the weight of the dust that fell in Ottajano at 3,175 kilograms to the square meter, or nearly three tons to every square yard. No architect, of course, ever builds a roof to sustain such a weight as that, and few roofs in Ottajano did sustain it. The only one of which I have personal knowledge was a roof over a part of Mr. Galliano's liqueur and cordial distillery, and that had the support of steel beams and girders. Roofs and floors had gone down in every dwelling-house that we saw, and we were told that none escaped. Mr. Galliano, who was aware of the danger of allowing dust to accumulate on his roof, set men at work shoveling it off as soon as the eruption began; but hot stones and masses of slag weighing two or three pounds began to fall so thickly that the laborers were driven to shelter. Shortly after midnight the situation became so alarming that Mr. Galliano decided to abandon his house and face the danger in the open. He and his family therefore took lanterns, put empty wine-boxes over their heads, and fled through the darkness, the dust, and the hail of lapilli, in the direction of Pompeii. "We ran eight or ten kilometers," he said, laughingly, "with the volcano thundering above us and the hot stones playing 'rat-tat-tat' on the boxes over our heads." Before they had reached a place of safety the roof and floors of their house had gone down into the cellar and had been buried under tons of ashes. The masses of hot slag which fell in Ottajano were surprisingly large and heavy. I picked up one piece which had a volume of twenty-five cubic inches, and I saw scores that ranged in size from the bulk of a spool of thread to that of a sardine-tin. Most of the five hundred people killed on the slopes of the volcano during the eruption were crushed under the roofs or walls of houses; but more than half of the eight hundred wounded were probably injured by hot stones and falling masses of slag.

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[1] This measurement was given to me by Mr. Andrea Galliano, one of the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of Ottajano, who made it himself in a place where the depth could not have been increased by any fall from a roof.

Standing in the streets and looking at the wrecked houses and piled-up heaps of ashes in Ottajano and San Giuseppe, I could easily understand the destruction of Pompeii. If the storm of dust and lapilli which descended upon Ottajano on the night of April 7 had continued without abatement for a period of thirty-six hours instead of ten, the depth of ashes in the streets would have been fourteen feet instead of four, and the modern town would have been even more deeply buried than the Roman city was. It is hardly worth while to dig Ottajano and San Giuseppe out and rebuild their houses, even now; and it certainly would not be worth while if the depth of ashes were three times—or even twice—what it is.

But Ottajano and San Giuseppe throw light upon the destruction of Pompeii in several ways. It has always been regarded as rather remarkable that in the excavation of the Roman city so few bodies were found. Ottajano and San Giuseppe suggest an explanation. In the first place, most of the inhabitants of Pompeii probably fled from the city during the early stages of the eruption, just as the people of the two modern villages did. In the second place, it is more than likely that hundreds of bodies were taken out of the wrecked, dust-crushed houses of Pompeii in the first few weeks after the catastrophe. If Ottajano and San Giuseppe should be abandoned now, a digger a hundred years hence would find no bodies, because they have all been recovered; and yet the ashes and débris in the very houses from which these bodies have been taken show no signs of having been touched. One hundred and five corpses were removed from the San Giuseppe church; but the heap of ashes and wreckage inside the walls does not look as if it had been turned over, or even disturbed. To all appearance it is lying just as it fell.

One cannot help wondering at the recklessness or temerity of the people who continue to live in places that are almost certain to be invaded by lava or half buried in ashes every twenty-five or thirty years. Ottajano has been more or less damaged by lapilli and dust eight times, and Torre del Greco has been partly destroyed by lava eleven times since the beginning of the seventeenth century; and yet the inhabitants of both places go back to their homes and rebuild their houses after every eruption as if no further danger were to be apprehended. A partial explanation of this is to be found, perhaps, in the fact that the soil on the slopes of Vesuvius is very fertile. A fall of ashes may injure it for a time, but when the dust has been plowed under, or has been exposed for a time to air, sunshine, and rain, it undergoes a chemical change which makes it beneficial rather than injurious to the land on which it has fallen. Volcanic soil seems to be particularly well adapted to grape culture, and as long as vines will grow and thrive on the flanks of the mountain, Italians will continue to live there—eruptions or no eruptions.

THE PANAMA CANAL

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

Sixth Paper

Building a State

WHEN we came upon the Isthmus with the press and hurry of our great work, we found the old civilization in decay, and throughout a large part of the Zone reverting slowly to savagery. The progressive elements of society were dissolved and the destruction of Spain was everywhere. The larger commerce had fallen to foreigners; even the best of the small shops and the truck gardens were in the hands of Chinamen. Native enterprise was dead, and the life of Colon and Panama depended entirely on trans-Isthmian traffic, and their vulture-like preying upon the traveler. Yet Colon and Panama could boast of the larger intelligence of the Republic, while the 475 square miles of the Zone for which we had bargained were peopled largely with the duller negroes—thirty thousand of the worst of the shiftless Panamanians. With them we have conglomerated hordes of illiterate West Indians of all kinds. You would call it a hopeless task to attempt more than a strict and detailed police regulation of their common life, yet some three thousand white Americans are leavening the mass of them to such purpose that, in spite of the Spanish affinities of the natives, a great change, mental, moral, and social, is coming over the whole population of the Zone.

Panama itself has always been politically independent of both French and American canal-builders, but its character has varied with each. In the days of active work under de Lesseps the morals of Port Saïd prevailed in the city. The dissolute classes openly paraded the streets, and there was no part of the Cathedral Plaza where the clicking purr of roulette-wheels could not be heard. To-day vice is rarely seen or heard publicly, and on Sunday the city enjoys almost the quiet of a New England Sabbath. Full powers of government within the Zone have given us a great advantage over the French. Under Colombian rule the Panama Railroad and both canal companies were continually hampered by the interference of the authorities and the extortionate corruption of officials. The railroad paid the Government $5,000 each year for police protection; yet the Government made no pretense of keeping to its duty, and the railroad had to provide its own private police. Both canal companies were an even more profitable source of plunder. A revolutionary general in the exigencies of his poverty applied to the Colombian Governor for a pension. He was refused, but the friendly suggestion was made to him, "The French company bought some land of you last year. Sue them for taking more than the agreed amount and we will protect you in our courts."

The unjust suit was won by an award of $30,000 damages, though the boundary stones were in plain sight.

We tolerate no such brigandage, and our authority in the Zone is absolute. You would expect it to be sullenly challenged in the unessentials, for we are imposing our laws and customs on the native with no great sympathy for his prejudices. And, more than this, the average American has a frank contempt for the inhabitant of the tropics. He hates the relics of Spain. Blindly and illogically, when it comes to actual work, he ridicules the degenerating effects of climate and disease, and in his demands on the native acts as if even shiftlessness could be cured by honest, common-sense republican ways.

Here is handicap enough for co-operation, but the natives are no plastic clay in our hands. Like most Central and South Americans, they distrust us when they do not hate us. Universally among their educated men the Monroe Doctrine is still what Bismarck called it—an international impertinence. They loathe the restrictions that our Puritanism and our reforming ways put upon them. They know no national or communal spirit, and individual interest rules supreme. Yet, for all this, we are certainly accomplishing the impossible, harmonizing in this remarkable *imperium in imperio* the irreconcilable elements of Spanish-American life with Anglo-Saxon ideals. We are doing it quietly, authoritatively, and with little attempt to justify the procedure to the logical Latin mind, which revels in the eloquent theory though it leads, as everywhere in South America, to political chaos.

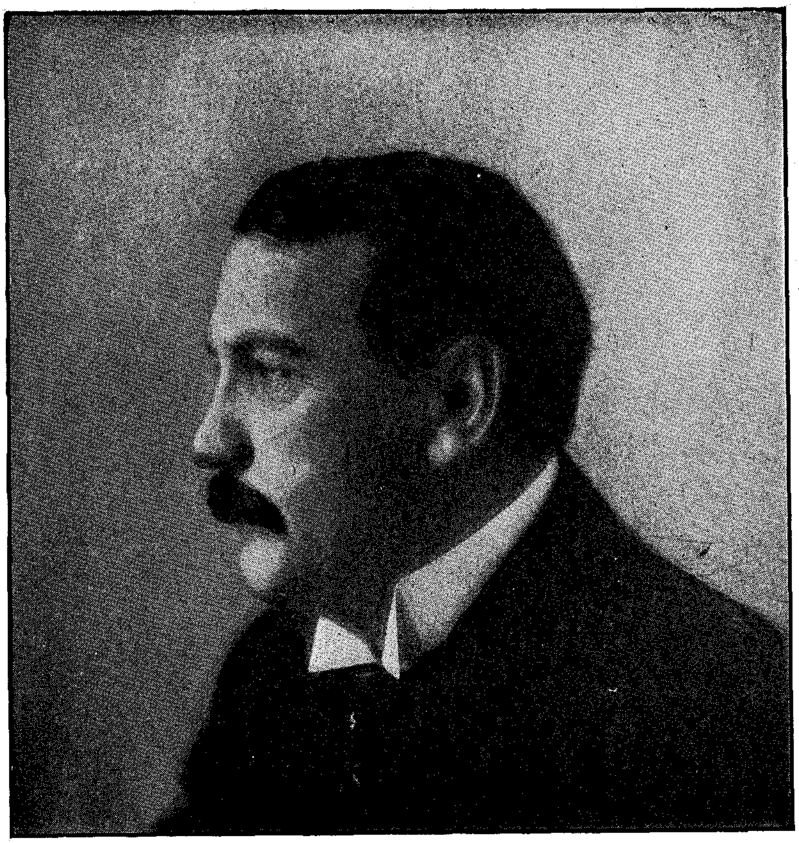
Our success is individualistic and spontaneous—the work of a restless, indomitable spirit. It comes perhaps from our unbending justice in small things; from the hard-working business ways and genuine good humor of our men; from a distinct National power of organization; from an ably devised scheme of government imposed almost as on a conquered province, but modified by an inexorable democratic practice. We are new at the imperial business of creating republics and dependencies, but our success here has been so great that, for all our mistakes and difficulties, and the poor human material, the most striking and significant work we are doing on the Isthmus is not the rapid completion of a vast and comprehensive scheme for canal digging, but the creation of a State.

It has been inevitable from the beginning, yet at the beginning we had no such plan. Our treaty with Panama grants us forever all the exclusive and unlimited rights and powers of sovereignty within the Zone; yet less than two years ago the President's letter of instructions to the Secretary of War declared:

"We have not the slightest intention of establishing an independent colony in the middle of the State of Panama, or of exercising any greater governmental functions than are necessary to enable us conveniently and safely to construct, maintain, and operate the Canal under the rights given us by the treaty."

But the foundations of a State were soon unwittingly laid, and civic progress begun. The story of that work is typical of the new expansion of the Republic. By the Spooner Law the President was empowered, through the Isthmian Canal Commission, to excavate, construct, and complete the Canal. By a special act of Congress in April, 1904, the government of the Zone, and all military, civil, and judicial powers there, were also vested within the control of the President. Immediately, in one of his most memorable and important State papers, the President deputed these powers to the Canal Commission, to be exercised under the supervision of the Secretary of War; he sketched in outline a scheme of preparation for the work of construction; he limited and defined the necessities and the spirit of needed legislation; he appointed General Davis the first Governor of the Zone, and gave him power to grant reprieves and pardons. In the matter of practical preparation for digging the Canal he made a single order, giving special and emphatic direction that the most improved and effective measures known to science be adopted to banish the diseases that had always caused most mortality on the Isthmus.

Directly on the transfer of the Zone



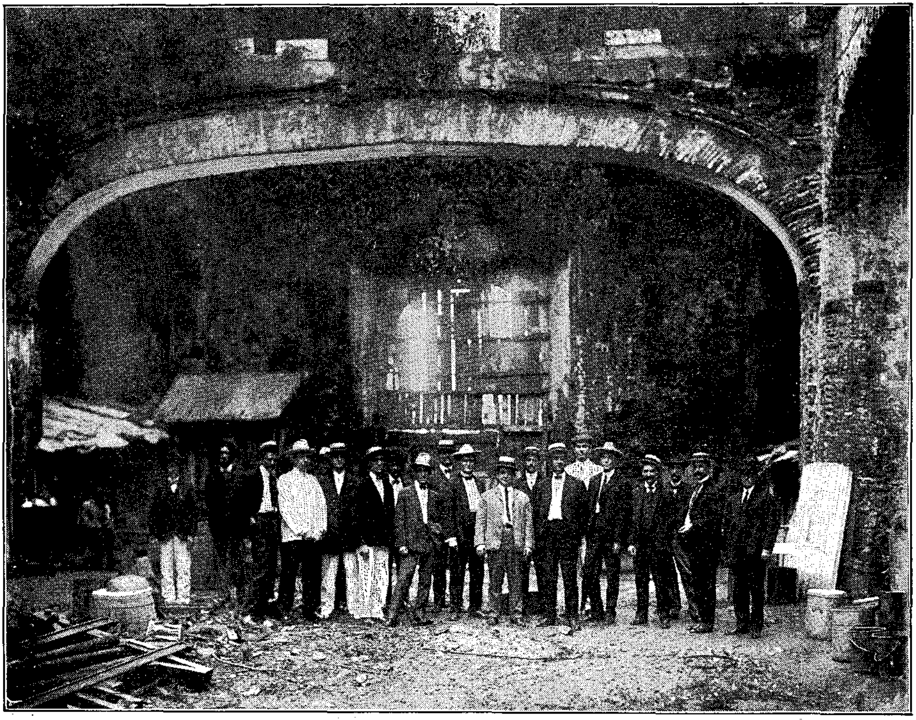
JOHN F. STEVENS
Chief Engineer

to the United States on May 4, 1904, governmental organization was the first imperative thing to be done. By the usual order, the laws of Colombia remained temporarily in vogue, but of governmental machinery there was nothing. The very day of the transfer a bag of mail arrived, and there was no post-office to receive it; a steamship was to sail from La Boca, and legal means of clearing it had to be hastily improvised. And for some time following government organization was very primitive. There was a political department, there was a post-office, and a judge. Heads for other departments were named, but it was mere idle designation. Within four months, however, the laws of the Canal Zone, drawn up by Governor Magoon, then General Counsel to the Commission, were enacted; and this was the most important step that had to be taken in the building of the new State.

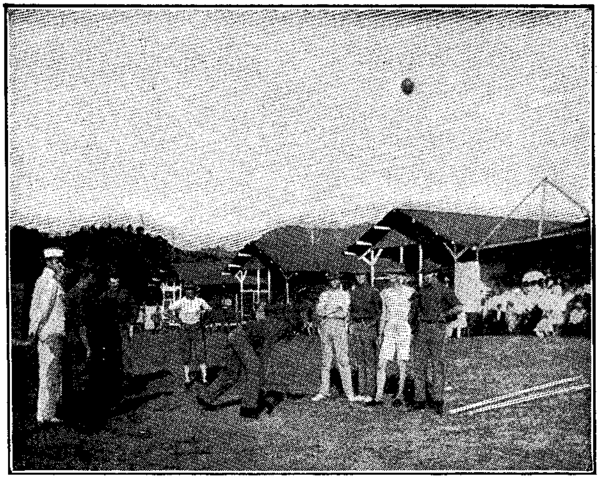
To provide for their enforcement, the first Act of the Commission was the organization of a judicial system. The Alcalde's Court was abolished, and ten municipal judges, with about the powers of justices of the peace, were appointed for the trial of minor offenses. The Zone was divided into three circuits, with three justices, each sitting in both civil and criminal cases, as a court of first instance, forming when sitting together a Supreme Court. On account of the conglomeration of races, the confusion of three tongues, and popular ignorance of our legal customs, the constitution of consular courts was followed and jury trials were renounced. In capital cases a judge of the Supreme Court and two municipal judges do duty for a jury and decide questions of fact, the Supreme Court judge alone deciding questions of law.

The civil code is often retained un-

THE FIRST TEACHERS' CONVENTION EVER HELD ON THE ISTHMUS, MARCH, 1906

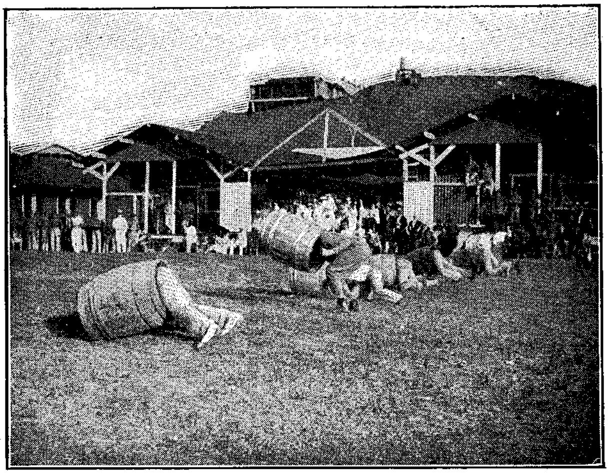


A FLAT ARCH SPANS THE NAVE IN THE RUINED CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL, PANAMA
It has held its place unshaken for more than two hundred years



PUTTING THE SHOT

TAKING A HURDLE



OBSTACLE RACE

THE MARINES' GAMES AT CAMP ELLIOTT

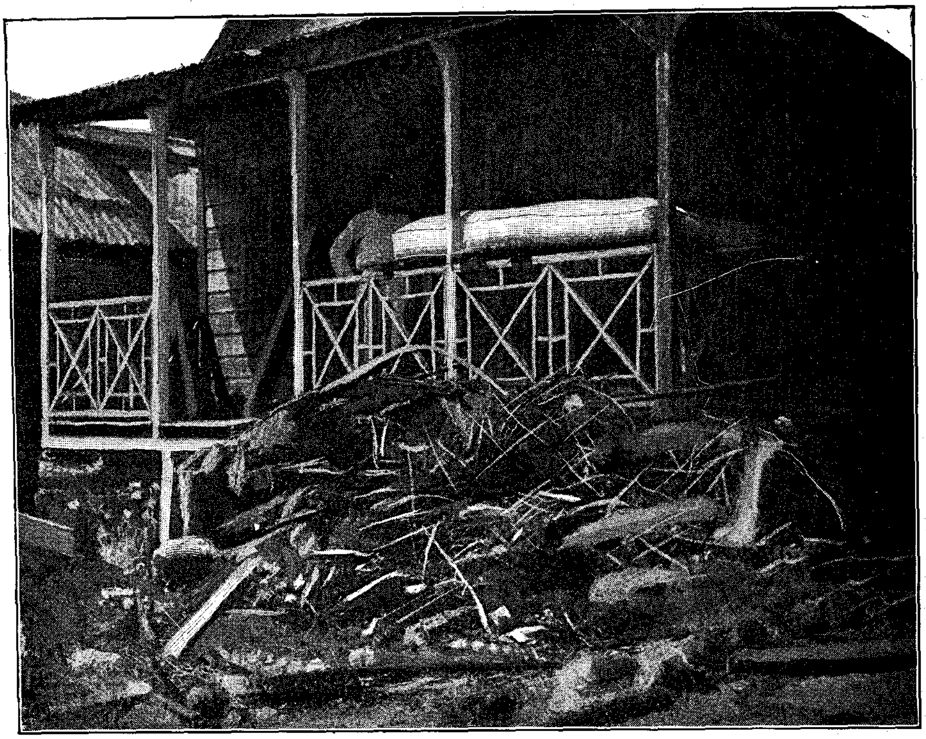
changed when territory is transferred from one power to another—in Louisiana the old civil code survived for some sixty years. The criminal code is almost invariably abolished at once, as happened both in Porto Rico and the Philippines, though in both places the civil code remained with its superannuated features improved. The same plan was followed in the Canal Zone in the case of both codes. "Is the defendant guilty of the act of which he stands charged?" is the question upon which our entire criminal law is based. The Colombian code, which permits a man to be indicted on a technical charge of assault, and committed to prison for burglary, was so revolting to our ideas of elemental justice that the substitution of criminal codes was the greatest reform accomplished by the enactment of the new laws.

The Colombian Civil Code is still in force, but it is antiquated and so cumbersome that its continuance almost amounts to a denial of justice. Certain provisions that are obnoxious to our principles of government have died through disuse. The executive no longer exercises judicial power; men do not rush to the Governor for an injunction, nor does he have the judicial decision of all questions involving the rights of the Government. But further reform is still desperately needed. Condemnation proceedings are difficult and expensive. Trespass is so severely punished that going on a man's land for surveying may invite a penalty of thousands of dollars. It is often impossible to compel the attendance of witnesses; and the method of taking testimony and the irrelevant nature of the evidence admitted would find a proper place on our comic opera stage. Important as reforms are in these matters, none can be effected until Congress restores its legislative powers to the Commission.

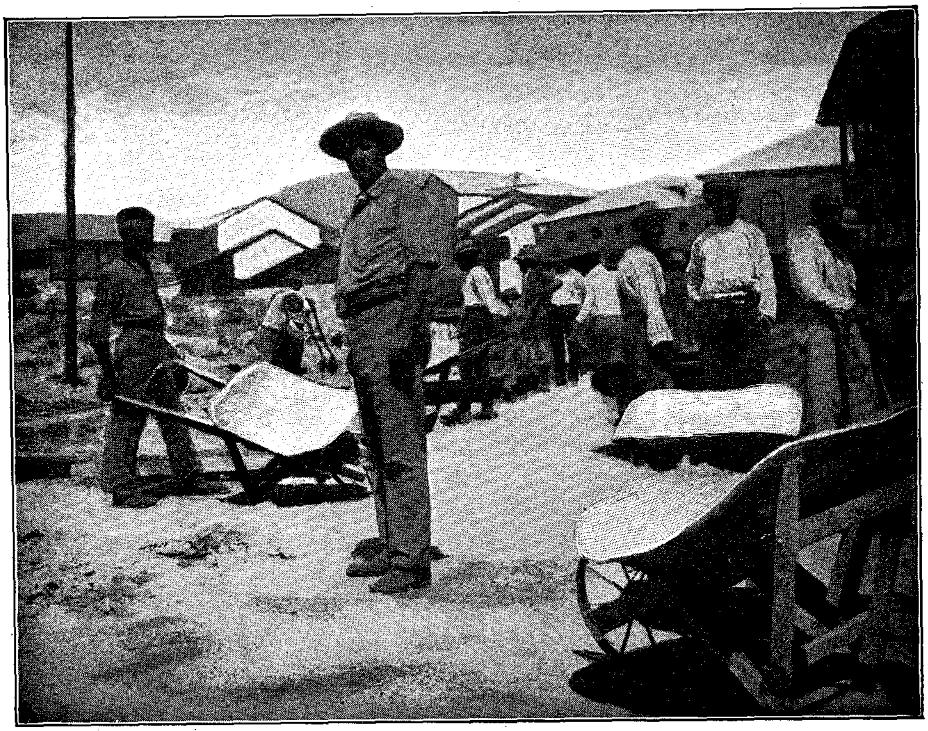
The new Laws of the Canal Zone gave a legal framework of government, but it was the efficient work of the new police that soon made life and property as safe within the Zone as in a Vermont village. Its organization is half military; most of its officers and petty officers come from the army and have seen active service in Cuba and the Philippines. They preserve the military tradition and discipline among the colored second-class officers, who are almost wholly drawn from the Jamaican constabulary. Except in cases of emergency, the work of these Jamaican officers is restricted to men of their own color. They have had from three to ten years' constabulary experience; they are not overbearing like the American officer, as the Chief of Police bluntly states in his last report; and they are so careful in making arrests that over seventy per cent. of those they take prisoners are actually convicted. Captain Shanton has made his police force possibly the most soldierly and efficient to be found on American territory, and its success was immediate. It is but little over a year since the Zone Police received their first uniforms. It is less than a year since the Panamanian Police were wholly withdrawn from the Zone.

The water supply for the entire Isthmus, the sanitation, the newly planned fire department, the completed system of post-offices—not a branch of the United States Postal Service, but guaranteed by our Government to the International Postal Union—are all such as might be provided by a progressive and strongly centralized European Government. But absolutist theory is often incompatible with republican practice, and changes required by popular necessities force themselves into effect. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the municipal governments, and nowhere else is the common sense and helpfulness of the American spirit so in evidence. The municipality of the Zone is something like a kindergarten of democracy and civics—something that must soon prepare the way for local home rule. The constitution of the scheme, with its unexpected growth and development, shows this clearly.

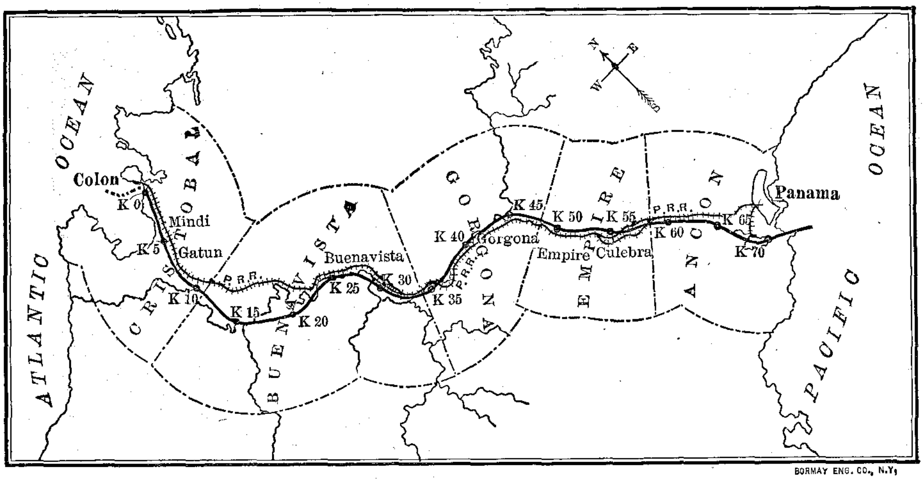
General Davis divided the entire Zone into five municipalities: Cristobal, Buena Vista, Gorgona, Empire, and Ancon. Each has a Mayor and Treasurer, each a Council of five—one and all appointed by the Governor. The Councils have general powers of local government, in-



RUBBISH FOR THE SANITARY DEPARTMENT TO TAKE AWAY



A TYPICAL AMERICAN FOREMAN AND HIS GANG OF LABORERS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CRISTOBAL
BUENAVISTA
Buenavista
GORGONA
Gorgona
EMPIRE
Empire
Culebra
ANCON
P.R.R.
Panama
PACIFIC
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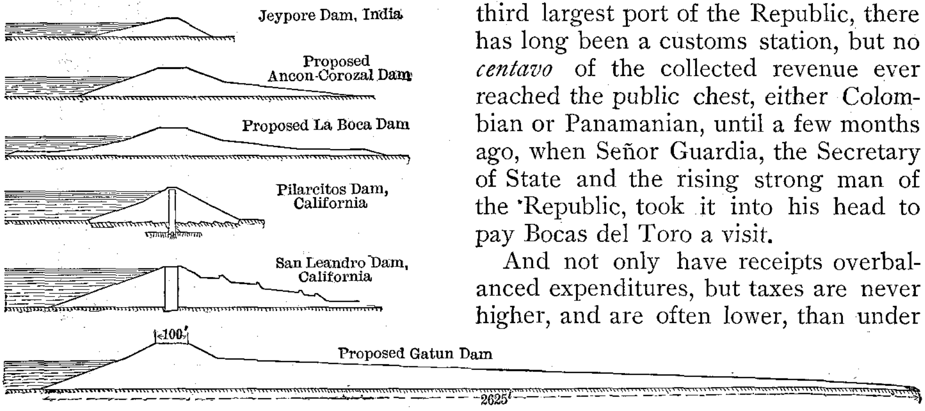
PANAMA ZONE, DIVIDED INTO FIVE MUNICIPALITIES

cluding the levying of their own taxes; but all their ordinances are subject to the approval of the Chief of the Bureau of Municipalities and of the Governor. This, in summary outline, is the scheme of municipal government. It was designed to meet the needs of a floating population of black illiterates. It is capable of abuse by authority, but our hesitation to infringe the old theory of American equality is a bar to autocratic rule, and it was applied liberally from the very first. Its provisions were made elastic to the demands of progress, and the result is significant.

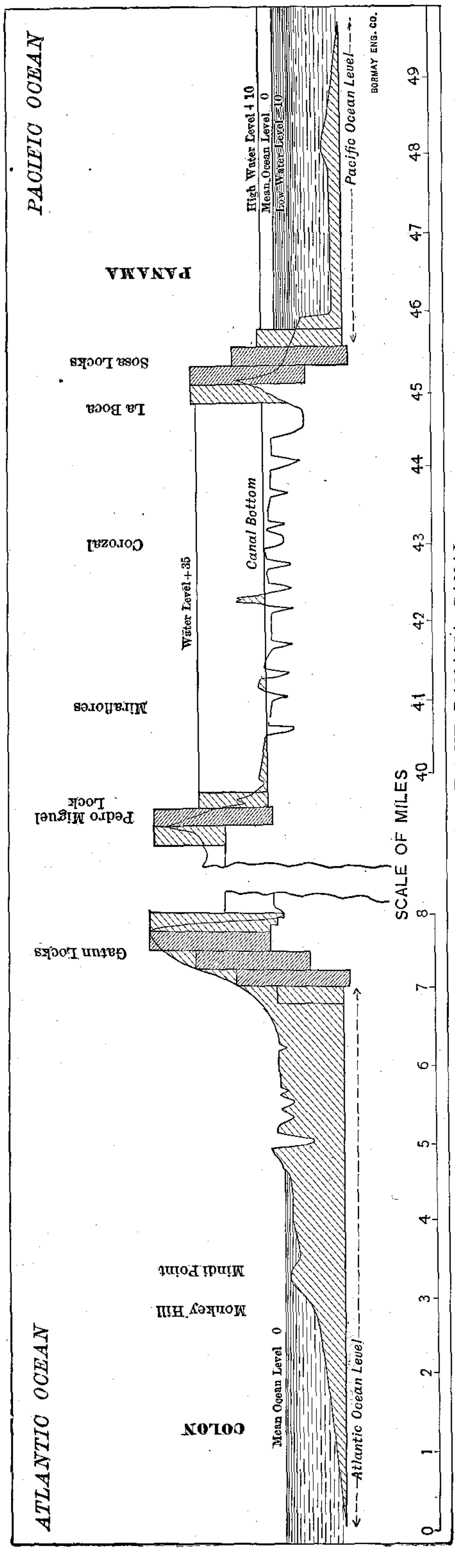
In his appointments to office the Governor always gives the preference of selection to intelligent natives of character. Of the present mayors three are American and two are Panamanian; of five municipal judges one is American and four Panamanian; of the five treasurers one is American, three Panamanian, and one Jamaican.

Take the administration of the revenues of the municipalities—one of the best object-lessons we have given to the Republic of Panama. The revenues are drawn from real estate taxes, rents and profits on municipal properties, licenses of a hundred kinds, court fines, and taxes on the sale of merchandise. The receipts during the last eighteen months have paid all municipal expenses, and have left a balance with the Zone Treasurer of $98,000. This is unprecedented in the history of Panama, and has excited the keen interest of the native. He has been accustomed to see the major part of public funds fall into the pockets of the politician. At Bocas del Toro, the third largest port of the Republic, there has long been a customs station, but no *centavo* of the collected revenue ever reached the public chest, either Colombian or Panamanian, until a few months ago, when Señor Guardia, the Secretary of State and the rising strong man of the Republic, took it into his head to pay Bocas del Toro a visit.

And not only have receipts overbalanced expenditures, but taxes are never higher, and are often lower, than under


Jeypore Dam, India
Proposed Ancon-Corozal Dam
Proposed La Boca Dam
Pilarcitos Dam, California
San Leandro Dam, California
100'
Proposed Gatun Dam
2625'

THE GATUN DAM COMPARED WITH OTHER DAMS


PACIFIC OCEAN
PANAMA
Sosa Locks
La Boca
Corozal
Miraflores
Pedro Miguel Lock
Gatun Locks
Mindi Point
Monkey Hill
COLON
ATLANTIC OCEAN
High Water Level +10
Mean Ocean Level 0
Low Water Level -10
Pacific Ocean Level
Canal Bottom
Water Level +35
Mean Ocean Level 0
Atlantic Ocean Level
SCALE OF MILES
0
1
2
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40
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BORMAY ENG. CO.

THE GREAT LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL

the Colombian régime. To this there are, however, two exceptions. One is the road tax: the law requires every able-bodied man to give two days' labor each year or pay a tax of two dollars. The other is the greatly increased liquor license, which has brought many benefits. A uniform monthly tax of one hundred dollars, in replacing a license graduated from ten to twenty-five dollars, has greatly increased the revenue, and at the same time decreased the number of saloons from 327 to 80, lowered the cost and burden of police regulation, and wiped out of existence the smaller and disorderly houses.

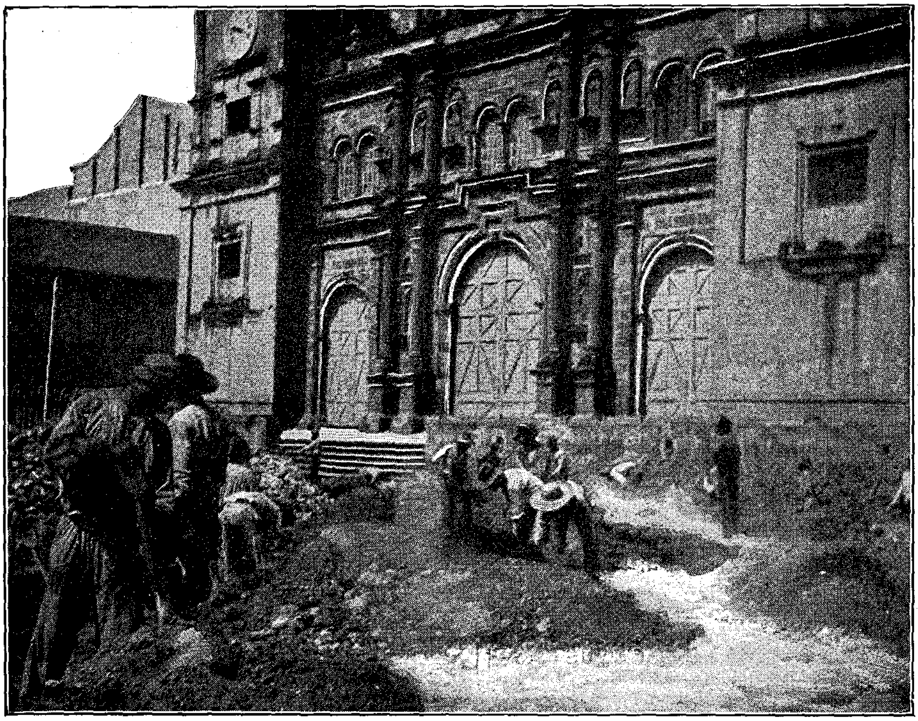
All the work undertaken by the municipality is open to public inspection. Every voucher and receipt in the Treasurer's office may be examined by any member of the municipality—a privilege which is widely understood. After nearly a year of honest and sensible spending of money for public improvements, a genuine civic pride has been awakened. If a street lamp is broken and remains unrepaired for a single day, a deputation is certain to visit the Mayor. Gorgona has started with a public park, which is exciting a very creditable envy in at least one other municipality. Nothing is more appreciated than the roads. Before our advent there was not a mile of road anywhere on the Isthmus outside of the towns. As late as last January there was not a mile of road but the railway between Colon and Panama. Now more than twenty miles are under construction—most of it finished, and finished at the expense of the municipalities and not at the expense of our Government.

And so it is with other public works that you might expect to be a legitimate charge upon the Commission. Jails, municipal buildings, slaughter-houses, markets, are either completed or in construction in all the municipalities. In every one of them public latrines have been provided. Five of the towns have street lamps, and lamps for four others have been ordered. Money is being spent in repairing bridges, street-cleaning, and tree-planting. Each municipality supports its poor sick in the hospitals, as well as its prisoners, who are, however, soon to be made self-supporting. Police, sewers, and water are paid for by the Commission, but before the end of the year the water used is to be charged to the actual consumer.

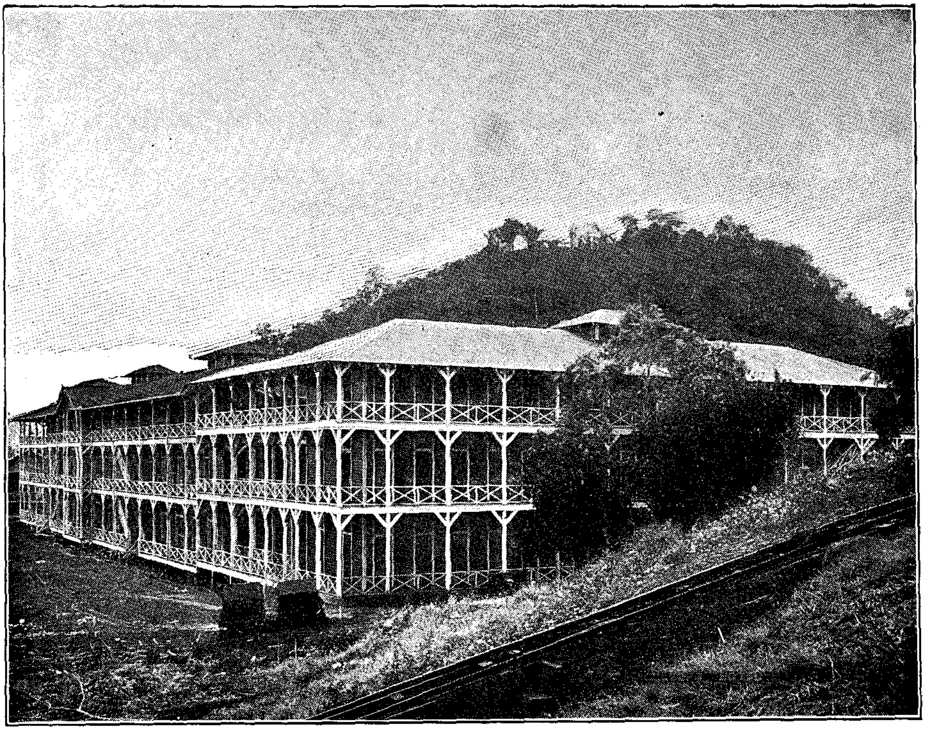
Growing municipal independence appears in a number of ways. Each municipality shows a constant willingness to undertake its own business without appealing for help to the Commission. All the supplies used for construction and repairs have been bought for cash from merchants in Panama and Colon, without requisitioning the Isthmian Canal Commission for material, labor, or superintendence in a single instance. The municipalities started to create their own schools before the Commission took up the work of education. Their importance has developed, grammar and high schools are a necessity of the immediate future, and the duty of maintaining all the schools has returned again to the municipalities.

Or take the work of the Councils. Until the present they have been busy with organizing and with initiating and carrying on a great variety of public improvements. Their eager work shows the zest of vital interest. Ordinances without number have been debated and passed, to be vetoed or approved by the Governor. Many of those I have examined relate to subjects that have probably never before been broached in a South American municipal council. Some of them concern vaccination, the purity of milk, building permits, unlawful cohabitation, the use of common lands, location of saloons, carrying firearms, gambling, and opium-smoking. And these ordinances are generally the outcome of independent discussion. Two of the Councils have flatly refused to pass ordinances submitted to them to provide uniformity of law throughout the Zone.

The unforeseen importance of municipal life has developed with surprising rapidity. Within a month the Division of Municipalities has been transformed into one of the most important Bureaus of the Executive Department. The next step will probably be the introduction of the representative principle of government, for in his last report Mr. Lane, the Chief of the Bureau, has suggested that the



GRADING IN THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA



THE NEW HOTEL AT THE GREAT CUT

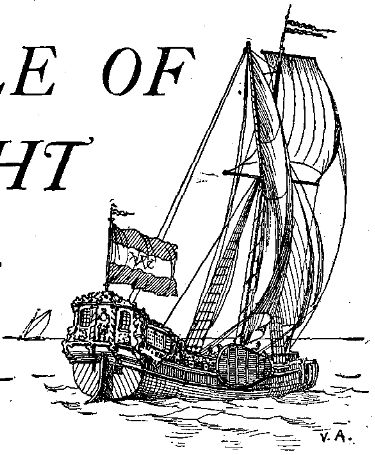
taxpayers of each municipality be allowed to elect their own councilmen. Social and civic organization of the canal workers appeared a very minor thing at the outset, when it was almost lost sight of in the rush to begin the actual digging, a rush that was undreamed of even in the enthusiastic days of the first French company. De Lesseps started work with one thousand men; by the end of the second year he had only two thousand laborers on the Isthmus; not until the end of the fifth year was his force raised to nineteen thousand. We took hold of the task with a thousand men, and before a second year had passed there were twenty-two thousand of them toiling like ants at the most ambitious constructive scheme ever imagined by man. Any great nation might have undertaken the task and done it well, but our national building of a State is a matter of deeper significance than this. And we may be proud that we are building it well. The work has already attracted wide attention throughout South America. Venezuela and Peru have both instructed their Ministers to submit full reports upon the organization of the new State. Series of important articles on the subject have appeared in the papers of Ecuador, Costa Rica, and Argentina.

All this work of ours is a part of the modern industrial conquest of the world—the wider production of tea, coffee, and silk rather than the plundering of silver and gold. We are accomplishing our great labor with little political theorizing, and with as little emotion as the Romans showed in building their aqueducts, but it is instinct with idealism—an idealism greater than that of the men who are doing the work, because it has its origins in the very life and traditions of our Republic.

THE CRADLE OF THE YACHT

BY A. VAN ANROOY

WITH DRAWINGS
BY THE AUTHOR

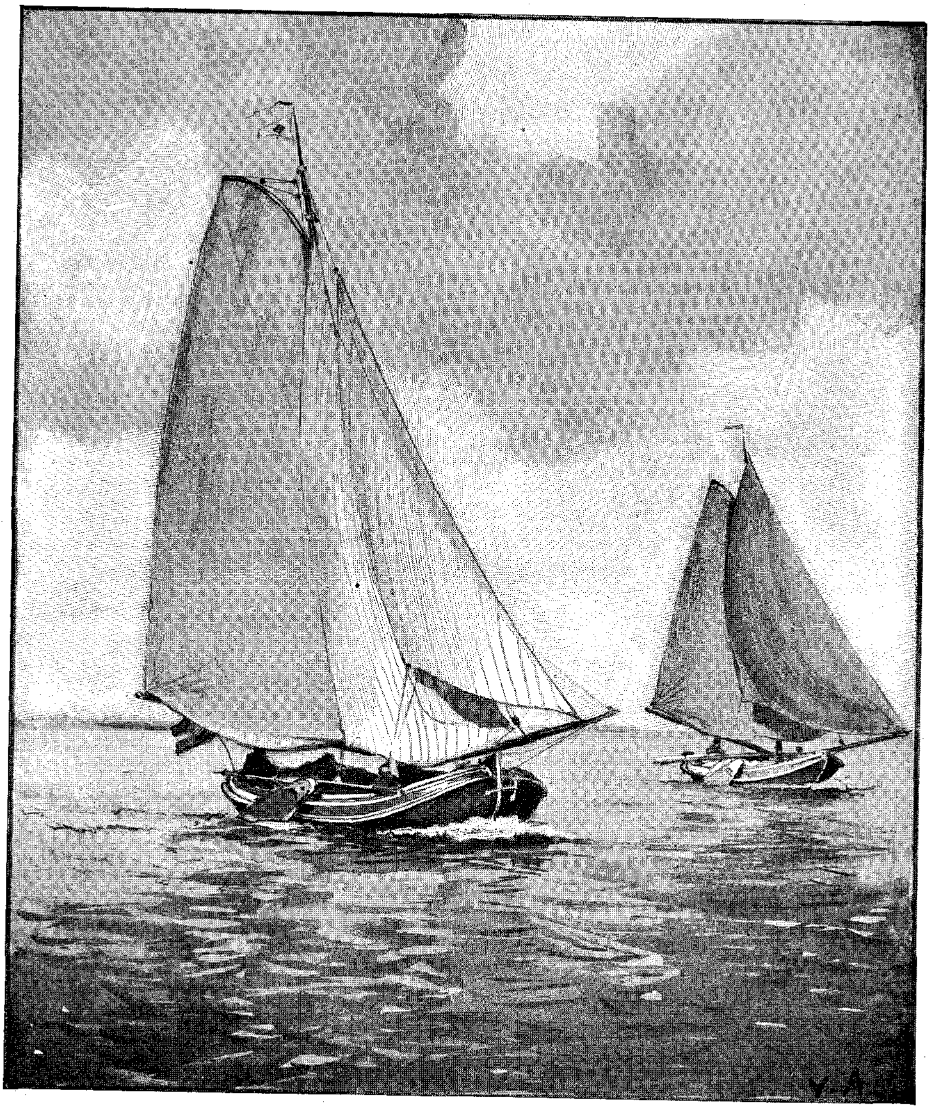


A YACHT OF THE DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY

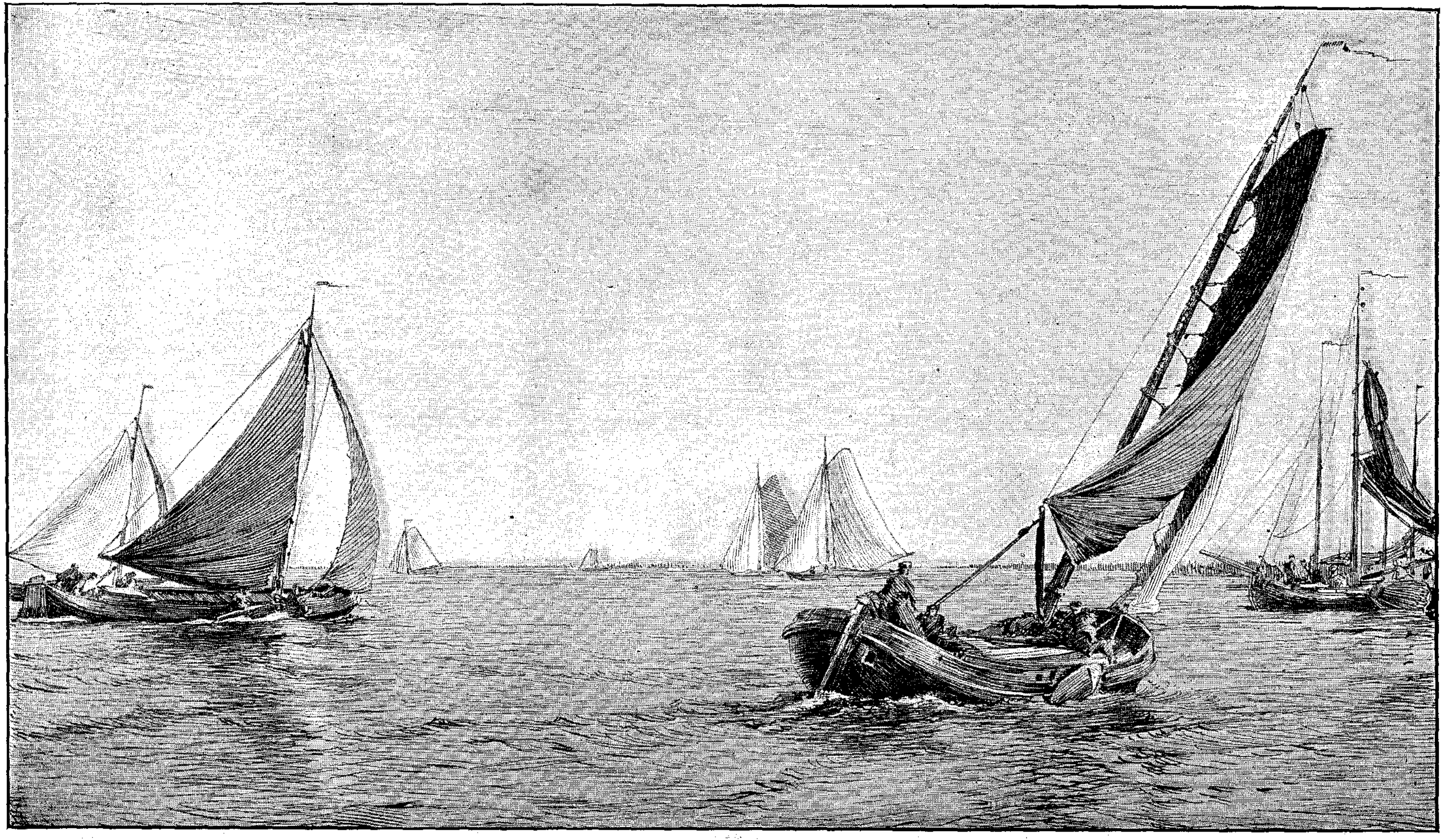
"YACHT" is one of many marine terms imported into English (and indeed every European language) from the Dutch. It is derived from the verb "jachten, jagen," to hurry, to chase, to hunt. And, like the word, so the sport of yachting—that is, taking up sailing for its own sake as a manly exercise—originated in Holland. The Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans had their pleasure craft; propelled by the galley-slave, however, these floating barges had merely some ornamental sail. There is no evidence that even those superb shipwrights of Venice and Genoa were ever employed by the amateur sailor of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, it is quite certain that before 1600 the "jacht," a ship not for purposes of either commerce or war, was known in Holland. The absolute flatness of the country, its great network of inland waterways, the proximity of many flourishing towns, had always favored navigation. In their life-and-death struggle with Spain the Dutch made the waters their bulwarks, on the water they wrested the scepter of colonial empire from Philip's hand, and in the flush of victory it became the favorite scene of their recreations.

Especial mention is made by the chroniclers of yachts belonging to the Earl of Leicester during his stay in the Netherlands (1585–1588) and to Maurice of Orange. We know their inventories, but unfortunately no pictures have been preserved. The growing popularity of the sport is testified to by the fact that in 1622 a harbor for yachts was laid out in Amsterdam, and it was soon followed by two others. These harbors were undoubtedly the first of their kind in the world. The yacht-owners formed three chartered guilds, with regular constitutions and officers, after the manner of the time, and once a year they kept holiday. Those were the palmy days of magnificent processions, glittering groups, living pictures, of the guilds of rhetoric in which Motley is eloquent. They had their counterpart on the River Y before Amsterdam. Every year on two consecutive days in July the guilds' squadrons sailed forth to hold their grand parades, mimic fights, and concerted maneuvering. This "Admiraal-zeilen," as it was called, dates from the fifteenth century. The merchantmen engaged in the Baltic trade combined in large fleets, and had to arrange for their own defense against enemies. With this end in view, they were annually drilled by an admiral. In later times the duty of protection devolved on the regular navy, but the name and practice of Admiraal-zeilen was retained, and survives till this day.

King Charles II. may be said to have introduced the sailing sport in England. During his long exile in the Netherlands he acquired a good knowledge of ships, and he had, moreover, all the instincts of a yachtsman. At Breda, where he happened to be when restored to the throne, he received a special embassy from the Dutch States General. A flotilla of yachts was put at the disposal of the King and his suite. Charles traveled to The Hague in a yacht built for the Prince of Orange, and expressed himself so delighted with it that the States then begged to present him with one like it. It is this yacht Mary which Samuel Pepys mentions in his Diary as making its appearance on the Thames in 1660. It was fifty-two feet long, had nineteen feet beam, and drew ten feet of water. In 1661 another yacht from Holland, the Bezan, followed. All the first English yachts were close copies of these boats. Indeed, when in 1720 the first English yacht club was founded, the Cork Harbor Water Club, the Skerry-Hooker was the popular yacht, and a very Dutch-looking craft it was. The presentation of a yacht to Charles II. does not stand by itself, as we find it recorded that in 1657 the Elector of Brandenburg was

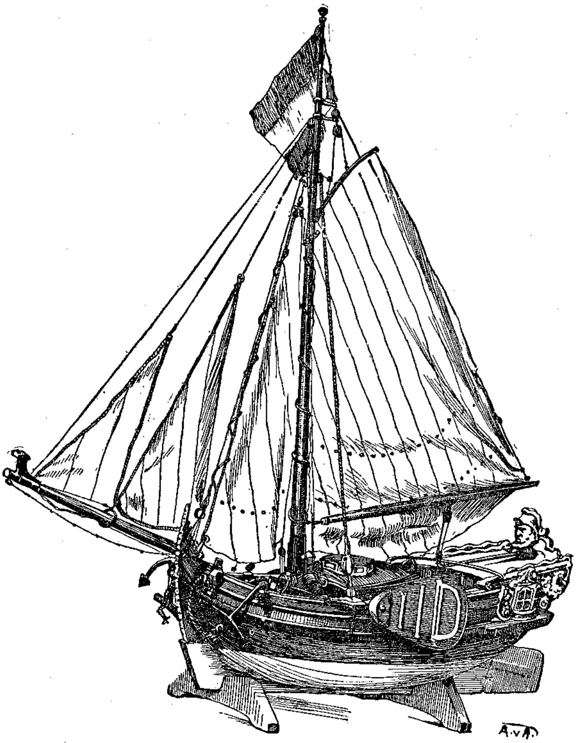


BOEIER AND TJOTTER



TJALKS RACING ON SNEEKER MERE

presented with one. In 1704 a yacht was built in Holland for the first King of Prussia, at a cost of 100,000 thalers. This Liburnica had a checkered career. With infinite difficulty it was hauled to Berlin; canals were widened, rivers deepened, to afford it passage. Friedrich Wilhelm soon parted with it, giving it to Peter the Great. After a terrible passage of the Baltic, the Liburnica arrived in St. Petersburg little more than a wreck.

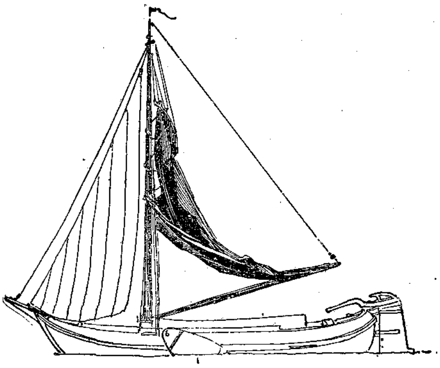


18TH CENTURY YACHT
Model in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam

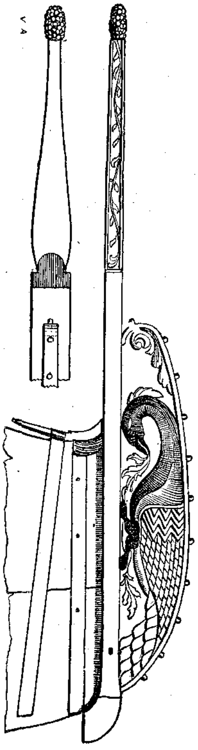
The marine painters of the seventeenth century, the Van de Veldes, Bakhuyzen, Capelle, show us many of these yachts, gorgeous, gaudy, and elaborate even for those days. Several carry guns, and were, no doubt, used as despatch-boats. Their build and rigging, too, are those of a seagoing ship. The more general type, however, closely resembles the trading craft plying the inland waterways. Then, as now, the shallowness of these rivers, estuaries, lakes, and canals conditioned the main characteristics of the "tjalk." No greater contrast to the modern yacht, the "plank on edge," plowing through the seas, could exist than the broad-beamed, flat-bottomed boats crowding the Dutch waterways. In a small way, Holland is touched by the evolution of the deep-keel yacht. There are some four harbors now giving access to ships of the greatest draught, but they are separated by long, monotonous stretches of low sand dunes. The shores of the North Sea are distinctly uninviting, and cruising along them can have no great fascination. On the other hand, there are many inducements to the cultivation of inland water sport. Its limitations, though perhaps not its opportunities, have always been fully understood by the Dutch. Tradition has ruled very strongly. We think a unique and somewhat sentimental interest attaches to the latter-day pleasure-boats, showing as they do in so many respects the genius of the seventeenth century. Yet the old pictures show us several types that have gone out. A yacht of the Dutch West

India Company, of which we give a picture, is an instance of these. Noticeable features are the leeboards, flat stern, ornamental poop, and, as regards rigging, a high peaked mainsail without beam (known as trysail). A square topsail set in addition to foresail and jib has an incongruous effect.

A very popular rig was the spritsail—that is, a very high peaked sail on a short mast, without gaff or boom, extended by a long diagonal sprit. The spritsail is still much used in England, the Thames barge, which dates back for centuries, being a fine example. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the boom came into general use. By abandoning the high poop it could be placed to better advantage and project beyond the stern. The typical Dutch yacht was and still is the "boeier." Bows and stern are full and round; there is no keel, or hardly any. The leeboards take its place in giving stability and stopping leeway. When running before the wind both are raised, but in beating to windward and backing the lee one is lowered. The polemast is fitted in what sailors call a tabernacle, a strong case with pivot; it can easily be lowered. The forestay is carried to the end of a short fixed steel bowsprit. The boom of the mainsail projects over the stern; the gaff is short and curved. This curve is purely a matter of taste and not defended or defensible on any ground of utility. To the exceptional shortness we shall refer again presently. In addition to mainsail and foresail, we have a jib set from a bowsprit that can slide in and out like a cutter's. In running before the wind a spinnaker can be set on the side opposite to the mainsail. The Dutch name for spinnaker is *jager*, another derivative from the verb *jachten*. Only the smaller boats can carry a topsail, but there never is a topmast. The space on board is divided between the well, a spacious cabin abaft, and the forecastle, accommodating the crew (generally two) and kitchen. A boeier thirty-three feet long will have a beam of as much as thirteen feet and only draw three and a half feet of water. The very broad beam, while insuring comfort even on so small a boat, is, of course, opposed to speed, and the shallow draught of the boat makes it impossible to sail her as close to the wind as a deep-keel boat. The nature of the waterways makes it difficult to have even a compromise between the two extreme types.

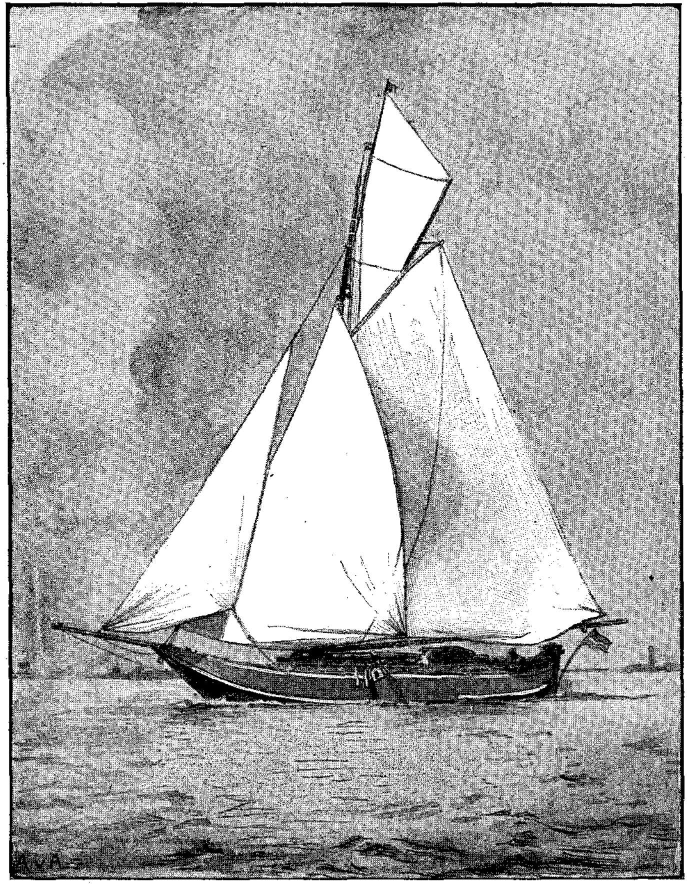


TJALK WITH MAINSAIL DRAWN UP



RUDDERHEAD AND TILLER OF A TJOTTER

A widespread prejudice exists against leeboards in England, where they are considered "unyachty." The centerboard moving up and down in a trunk in the middle of a boat serves the same purpose of giving additional stability and stopping leeway. It is more apt, however, to bend or to strain the boat when run aground, and its case undeniably takes up valuable space in the interior. It is also more difficult to clear a centerboard when fouled with weeds. Leeboards may be very valuable in correcting defective balance of sails. If, for instance, a boat has a strong tendency to run up in the wind (carries too much "weatherhelm"), the leeboards can be shifted more aft, thereby giving more drag behind the mast. Exceptional care is given in Holland to their con-



THE HOOGAART'S "VELSA" UNDER RACING SAIL

struction. Wood of the highest quality only is used, and it must be thoroughly "pickled." The oak logs must be immersed for a year at least before being sawn up. The planks are dried in lofts, one year for every inch of thickness being thought necessary. Five planks tapering towards the head of the leeboard are joined together; the head which holds the pivot is strengthened by a stout piece of oak, and a sharp-edged steel rim is fastened round the sides and bottom. Boards for small boats are nearly as wide as they are long. The larger ones have a more elongated shape. There is a firm belief among skippers that the outer side should be slightly hollow; a properly made leeboard has to stand the test of holding about a quart of water when laid perfectly horizontal. When in position, the plane of the leeboard inclines towards the mast, and therefore approximates to a vertical position when the boat is heeling over.

We must now consider again the high and narrow mainsail, so queer-looking to foreign eyes, with its short, curved gaff. A distinct sacrifice has been made by substituting it for the high peaked sail. In the crowded waterways, the town canals lined with trees and spanned by innumerable bridges (that can be raised but only afford a narrow passage), the long gaff is an encumbrance and source of danger; it is further desirable to stop a vessel's way at a moment's notice without lowering sail, in order to get quickly under way again after the obstacle has been passed. This can be effected by a simple maneuver. The end of the boom is lifted by the topping-lift to relieve the sail of its weight, the peak of the gaff lowered, and the sail drawn up by the back tricing-line, so that it is greatly reduced in area and practically out of action. This maneuver is constantly resorted to, and only possible where the foot of the mainsail is not laced to the boom. The boeier and the smaller "tjotter" are always carvel-built; that is, the planks do not overlap. In the construction oak is used throughout. The planking is from one inch to one and a half inches in thickness. Hull and deck are not painted, but varnished. Such paint as there is, is severely traditional as to place and color. All round the outside above the water-line runs the so-called "barghout." It gives additional stiffness, and at the same time protects the exquisiteness of the varnished hull. This barghout itself gets unavoidably scratched now and then, and is therefore painted black or dark green (no other color), with narrow white stripes to set it off. Ever since the glory of the poop has departed, the rudder has come in for a great deal of the decorator's attention. To begin with, it carries the large-sized flag or club ensign. The rudder-head frequently displays some grotesque animal—a bear, a lion, or some bird seemingly crawling out of the water—the carving being often beautiful. The colors permissible here are white, red, and gold. The tiller must be green. The effect is heightened by the burnished brass and polished steel. Galvanized iron, by the way, is looked upon as the sign of decadence. It will be understood that, apart from sailing, the task of a boeier's crew is an arduous one. "Spick and span" only feebly suggests the appearance of the ship when considered really presentable.

Tradition ruling so strongly in the construction of these craft, scope for the inventive genius of the ship-builder must needs be small. It is contended that all attempts to apply modern notions of "lines," center of gravity, etc., have resulted in failure, and that in this direction for the boeier at any rate the last word has been said long ago. Yet Holland, as regards ship-building generally, has not lagged behind the times. A constant evolution is taking place in her North Sea fishing fleet; the navy is entirely built in home yards, and very well, it is said. Modernity, however, has not touched the canal and river craft except in the occasional substitution of iron for wood with the larger "tjalks." The best boeiers were and are made in Friesland, the northern province so admirably adapted for inland sailing. Ship-building is carried on in certain families from father to son. Old Mr. van der Zee in Joure enjoys the reputation of making the best-built and at the same time fastest boeiers and tjotters. No more striking contrast could be imagined between his methods and those of, say, George Steers or Herreshoff. Routine, instinct, and "feel" are his guides. Sheer plans, body plans, he disdains and dispenses with. If a fifty-foot boat is ordered, he will not guarantee that it will not turn out either forty-seven or fifty-two feet. And as to cost, he is supposed to be no more precise. After the keel has been laid down, Mr. van der Zee has himself hoisted to a good height above the stocks, and, suspended mid-air, directs the placing of the ribs and planking: "A little more to the right," "Half an inch lower," and so on.

Mention has already been made of the tjotter. In lines and rig it is exactly like a boeier, but it is only half-decked, about eighteen feet long, and has no cabin. This boat being an open one, extra washboards can be fitted on her gunwales to guard against shipping water. Neither the boeier nor the tjotter can be rowed. To their equipment belongs a pair of long punting-poles with iron-shod spike and wooden shoulder at their ends—the Norfolk quants.

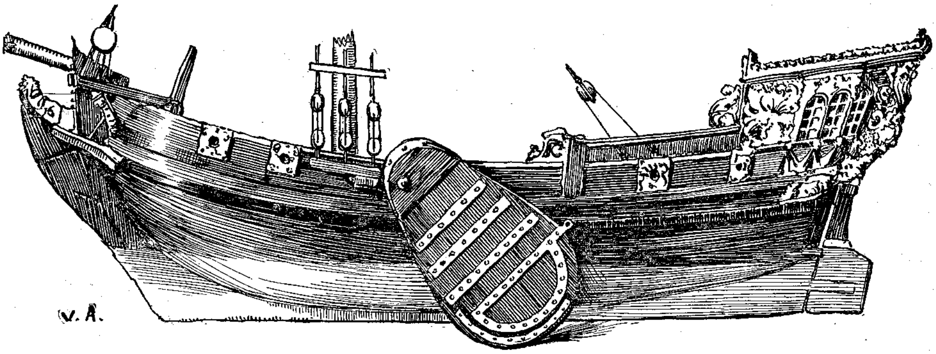
It is not safe to venture out in the open sea on a boeier, and still less on a tjotter. They are ballasted heavily enough, but, being so shallow, the leverage of the ballast does not increase when they heel over, as is the case with the deep-keel boat. Once heeled beyond a certain angle, they will capsize.

There are several types of cruising yachts of greater dimensions and better seagoing qualities, adaptations of various fishing boats. Such are the "botters," "schokkers," "Lemsteraken," all Zuyder Zee types, and the "hoogaarts," which hails from Zealand.

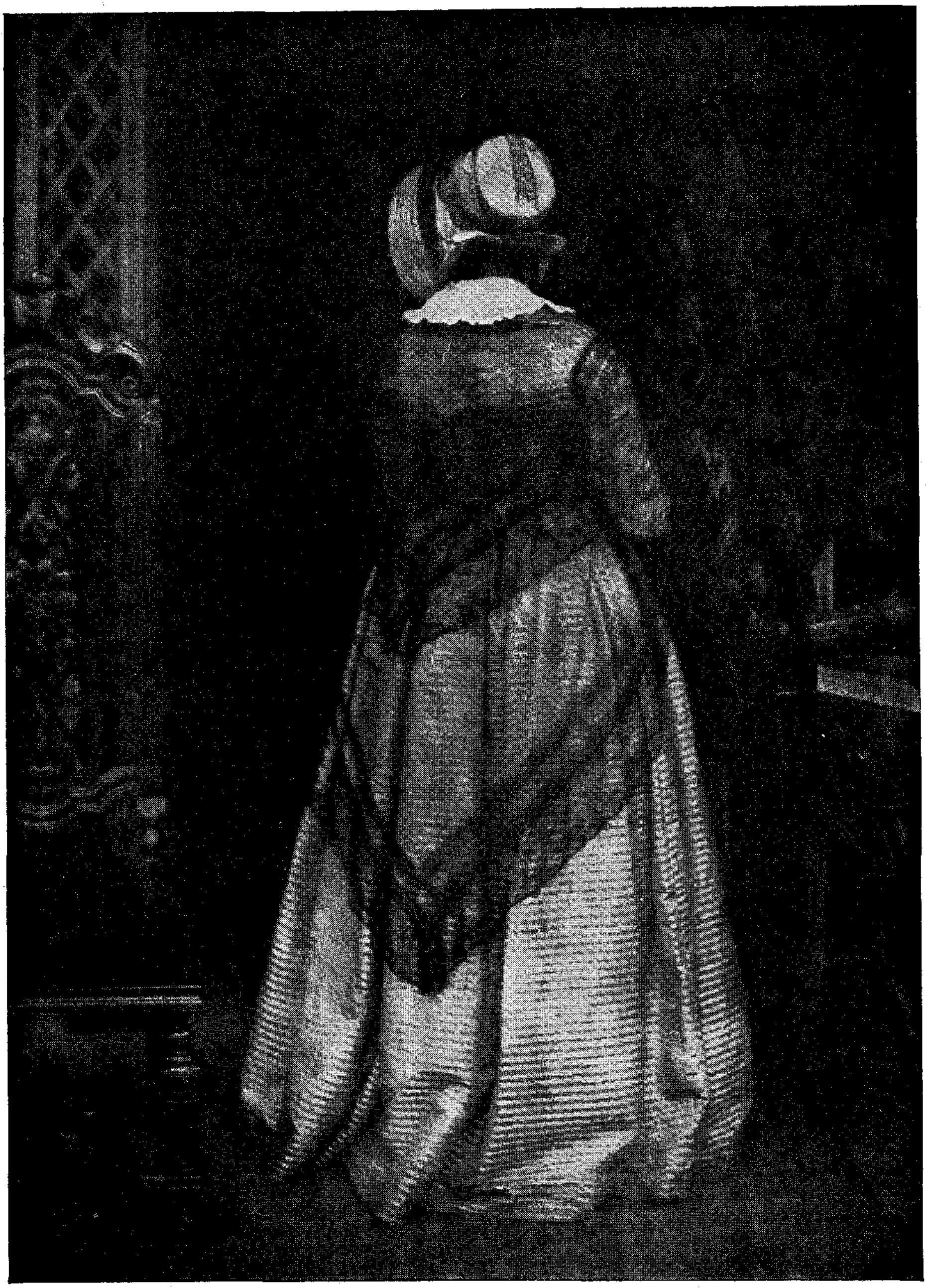
There is a good deal of yacht-racing

in Holland. The more important regattas are held on the Zuyder Zee under the auspices of the Royal Dutch Sailing and Rowing Club, and on the River Maas by the Maas Club of Rotterdam. Many boats of the deep-keel type, be they of modest dimensions, enter for these races. For measurement the rules laid down at the recent conference in London apply. For the specifically Dutch craft different formulæ for measurement and time allowance are made, and have also been adopted by the Belgian clubs.

Friesland, with its string of fine lakes, is the real home of water frolics. The Frisians are undoubtedly the nearest blood relations of the Anglo-Saxons. Of all the Germanic tribes mentioned by Tacitus, they alone still occupy the domain of their forefathers and retain their name. Though at last subjugated by Charlemagne, they never accepted feudalism, but remained "free Frisians." "The Frisians," says their statute-book, "shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands." The terrific inundations of the thirteenth century that created the Zuyder Zee separated Friesland from Holland proper, geographically and otherwise. The vernacular spoken in Friesland to-day is not a Dutch dialect, but a separate language very like the Saxon of Alfred the Great. Much of the old freedom-loving sturdiness is alive to-day, and may account for the popularity of all forms of aquatic sport. No annual fair (and there are many) is complete without a regatta. The one held on the Sneeker Mere about the middle of August has of late years attracted the attention of the American tourist. The popular interest is of the keenest, owing, no doubt, greatly to the fact that races for ordinary trading craft are important items on the programme. And how insipid, after all, the trim and immaculate toy ships look beside the large, workmanlike tjalks, with their rich sails, brown, red, yellow, white, dashing along in a stiff breeze and plowing up foam with their bluff bows



HULL OF AN OLD YACHT
From a model in the possession of M. 't Hooft



LADY RUTHVEN

By David Octavius Hill

An example of the " new photography " made sixty years ago

English

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE PHOTO-SECESSION

PHOTOGRAPHY has generally been regarded as a mechanical art, if indeed the term art in any sense has not been begrudged it. The average man thinks of photography as a matter of plates and lenses, of brilliant-surfaced papers and of burnishers to make the print still more brilliant. The sun and the lens are supposed to do the work, with the incidental help of the man who presses the button and the other man who develops the plate. The popular comment on this class of work, "Isn't that a splendid photograph! You could count every hair on that dog's back!" is a fair example of the way in which excellence in photography is often judged. For a certain class of work this mechanical excellence is indeed a proper standard. Where a clear and accurate record is needed for scientific or legal purposes, fineness of definition and the absolute reproduction of every detail is desirable and to be commended.

But the artists in photography who have of late years risen to prominence among us have abandoned all this. They contend that photography may be used as an art; that it is not necessarily mechanical; that where the traditional artist uses a brush and paint to reproduce his impression of a scene, the photographic artist may, if he will, use rays of light and solutions of chemicals as the media with which to record his individual impression of a face or a landscape; and that it is the feeling and the skill which a man puts into his transcript of nature that should be the criteria of art, and not the material with which he works.

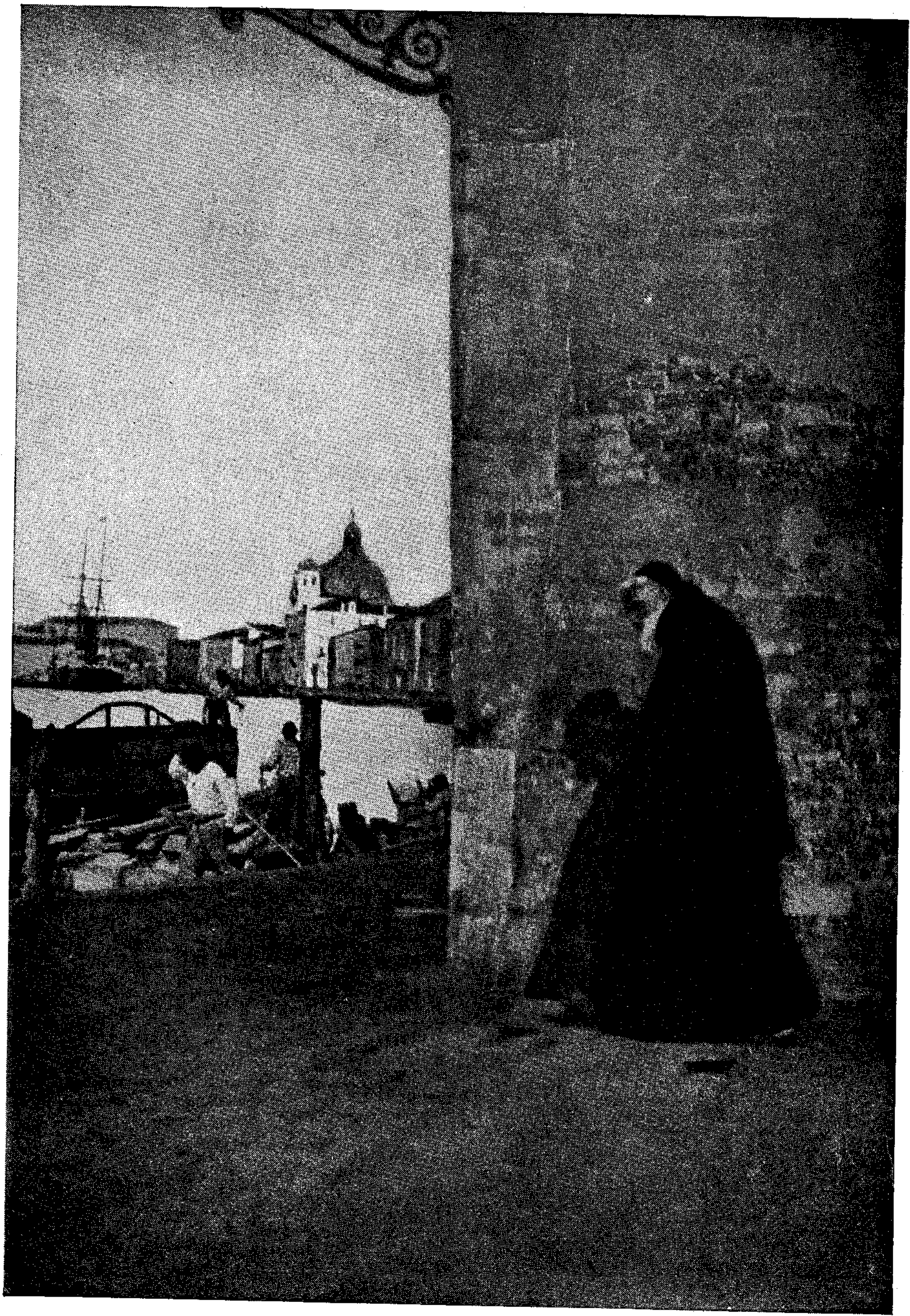
In developing this idea of putting individualism into photography various means have been employed. There has been a general recognition of the ideas which the impressionistic school in art has sought to realize. The new school of photography desires to get "atmosphere" into the photograph, and to avoid the hard effects of blank skies and naked high lights. It seeks to eliminate the unimportant features of a subject and to emphasize the salient ones. It studies moods in the sitter for a portrait, and elusive effects of light and shade in its landscapes. It cares little about "records," but everything about the pictorial quality of a photograph. And in its endeavor to work out pictorial quality it is not satisfied with the ordinary result of the development of a photographic dry plate or the appearance of a "straight" print from a negative. The advanced worker in art photography may purposely underdevelop his plate, so that instead of strong high lights the resultant print will be in a low-toned key throughout. With acids and brushes he may reduce or intensify different portions of his plate. He masks his negative so that only certain portions will print, or he makes a photograph from two or three different negatives or printings. Some workers show marvelous dexterity in this manipulation, so that the average amateur feels that he is really in competition with painters and etchers when he comes to compare his efforts in straight photography with the productions of wizards such as Stieglitz, Steichen, Demachy, and some others.

Again, the clever manipulator of plates and paper mayget a soft effect by printing the photograph through the glass side of the negative instead of the film side, or he may use old platinum paper which his inexperienced rival would throw away as useless, and get a prize-winner for an exhibition. He may use the glycerine method of development, which holds back anything that he does not wish to appear. He is ready to experiment, and has been known to soak his photograph in a tea or coffee solution in order to give it an antique flavor. He may throw his lens out of focus to avoid the unthinkable wiry sharpness which is the delight of the kodak user, or he may discard his hundred-dollar lens and use a cheap one for this very purpose. The writer knows one maker of photographs that always suggest the Barbizon school in their soft diffusion as well as the admirable posing of their subjects, and on asking him once, "How do you get that beautifully soft definition in your pictures?" was told, "Why, I use an old three-dollar lens with brass stops. I picked it up a number of years ago, before these fine high-priced anastigmats were manufactured." So we see again that it is the man and not the camera that counts—unless it be a very old camera.

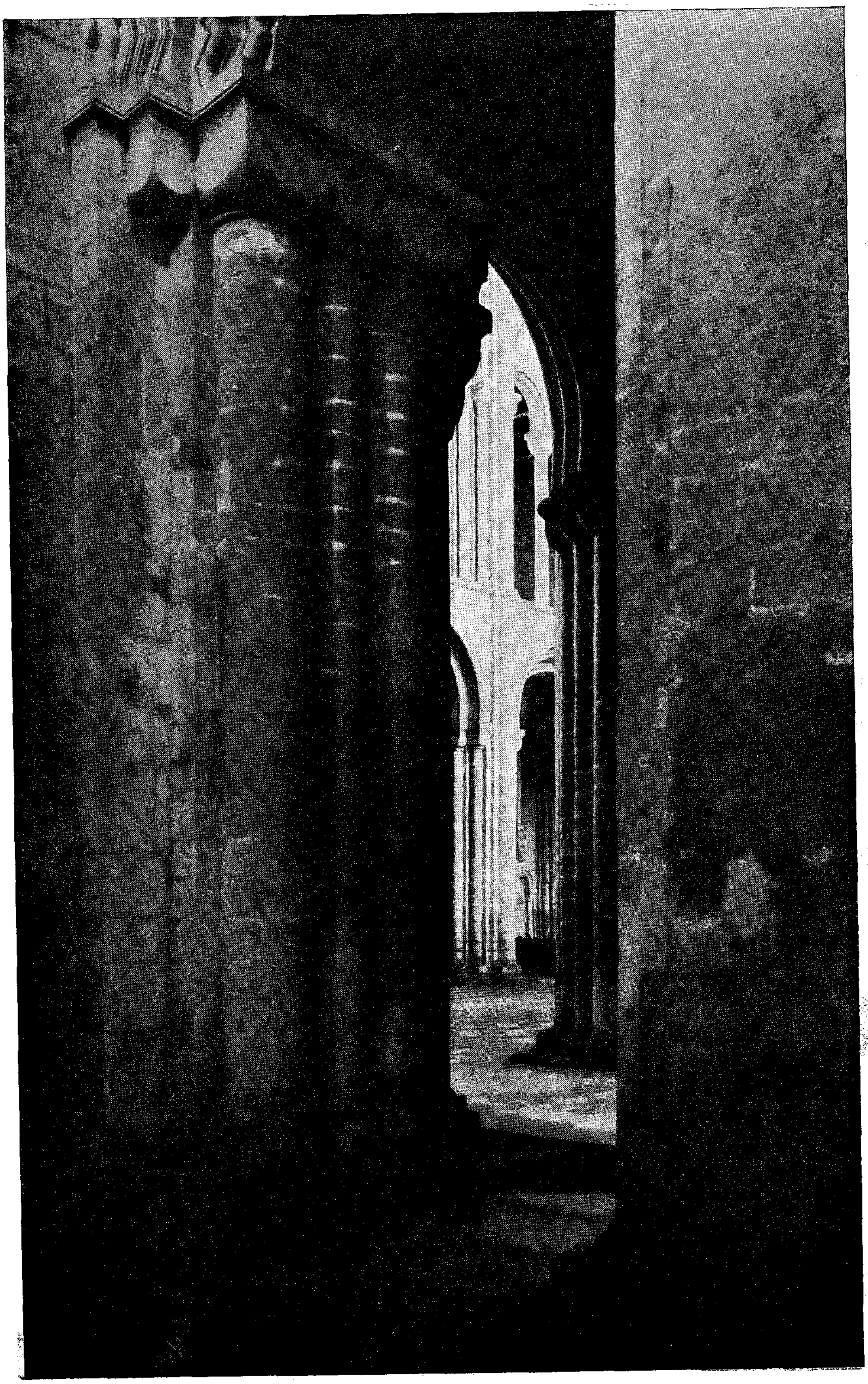
The medium in which the most characteristic work of the new photography is done is perhaps that of the "gum print." This is a very simple process, and by it can be produced results which are either among the worst or the best in photography. It is *par excellence* the easiest way of making a "smudge," but in the hands of a skillful manipulator it may produce most beautiful results. The work of some of the best French and American users of this method, for instance, shows the delicacy of a fine platinum photograph with the freer effects that are so characteristically those of the gum process. A gum photograph is of all processes most peculiarly the individual work of its maker. The process has for its *rationale* the action of light upon the chemical known as bichromate of potash. When this is mixed with gum, it becomes sensitive to light. The parts acted upon by light become insoluble; the rest can be washed away. The worker mixes his bichromate with gum or mucilage, spreads the solution on paper, lets it dry in the dark, puts it under his negative, and exposes it to the sun. The light acts on the paper that is under the clear glass, but is stopped by the denser portions of the negative. When the paper is removed, all the soluble parts of the gum can be immediately washed away, to just the depth desired by the worker. He can thus have a sky with heavy storm-clouds, or one flooded with sunlight. He can leave his trees masses of black, or he can wash them out till every leaf shows. He has complete command of his material, and in just so far as he is an artist can he produce a picture.

The new photography, however, is not specially wedded to any process. It has successful exponents who work in carbon, in platinum, in bromide, in kallitype, in the so-called sepia papers, and even in velox—in anything, in short, except the highly burnished glossy papers which are so popular. These are taboo in the exhibitions, however dear to the heart of the beginner. They lack the softness, the impressionism, the suggestiveness, which are the soul of the new photography.

For a while, after the discovery of "artistic" photography, the reaction from sharp lens work led to some aberrations in the direction of fuzziness. Photographs were put on exhibition that were painful to the eye in their lack of focus. Smudges of black were allowed to pass for moonlight scenes, and underexposures, overexposures, overprintings, underprintings, and all sorts of failures in the developing or printing room were seized upon as artistic, framed, and hung up in the galleries. The story is told of a visitor, seeing one of these creations, turning to the exhibitor, who happened to be present, and saying, "My dear sir, don't you know that the sun never appears as large as that in a landscape," to be met with the explanation, "But, sir, that is a portrait of a lady." This sort of thing has largely ceased. In the best examples of the new photography there is a delicacy of handling that is altogether charming. The accuracy of the older school is combined with the softness of outline which is really more truth-telling than hard definition. Fuzziness and smudginess are done away with, but there remain the atmospheric quality, the subtle charm, and the appeal to the imagination which were lacking in the hard and fast lines of the old photography which was once so admired.



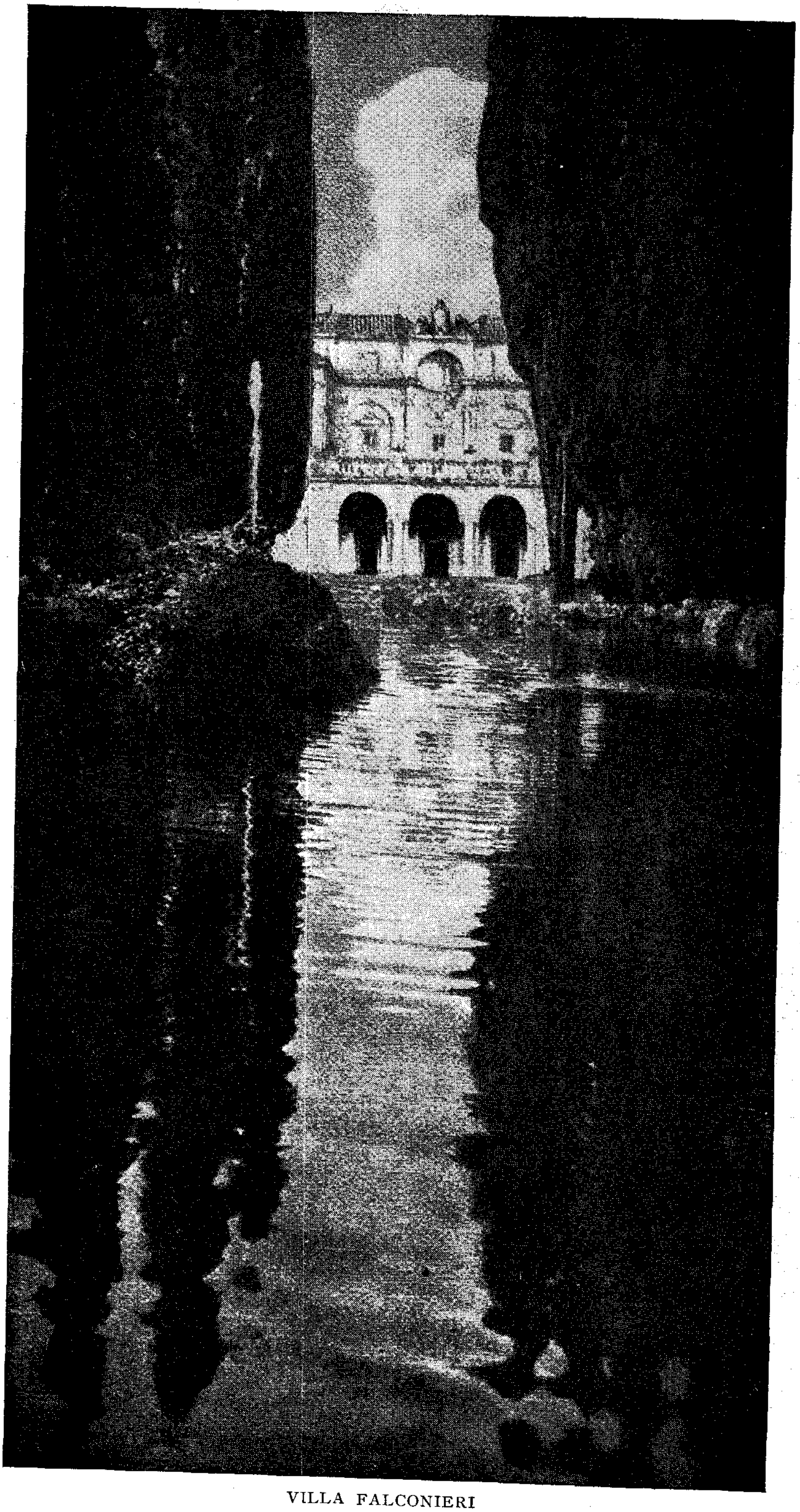
VENETIAN MONK
By J. Craig Annan
English



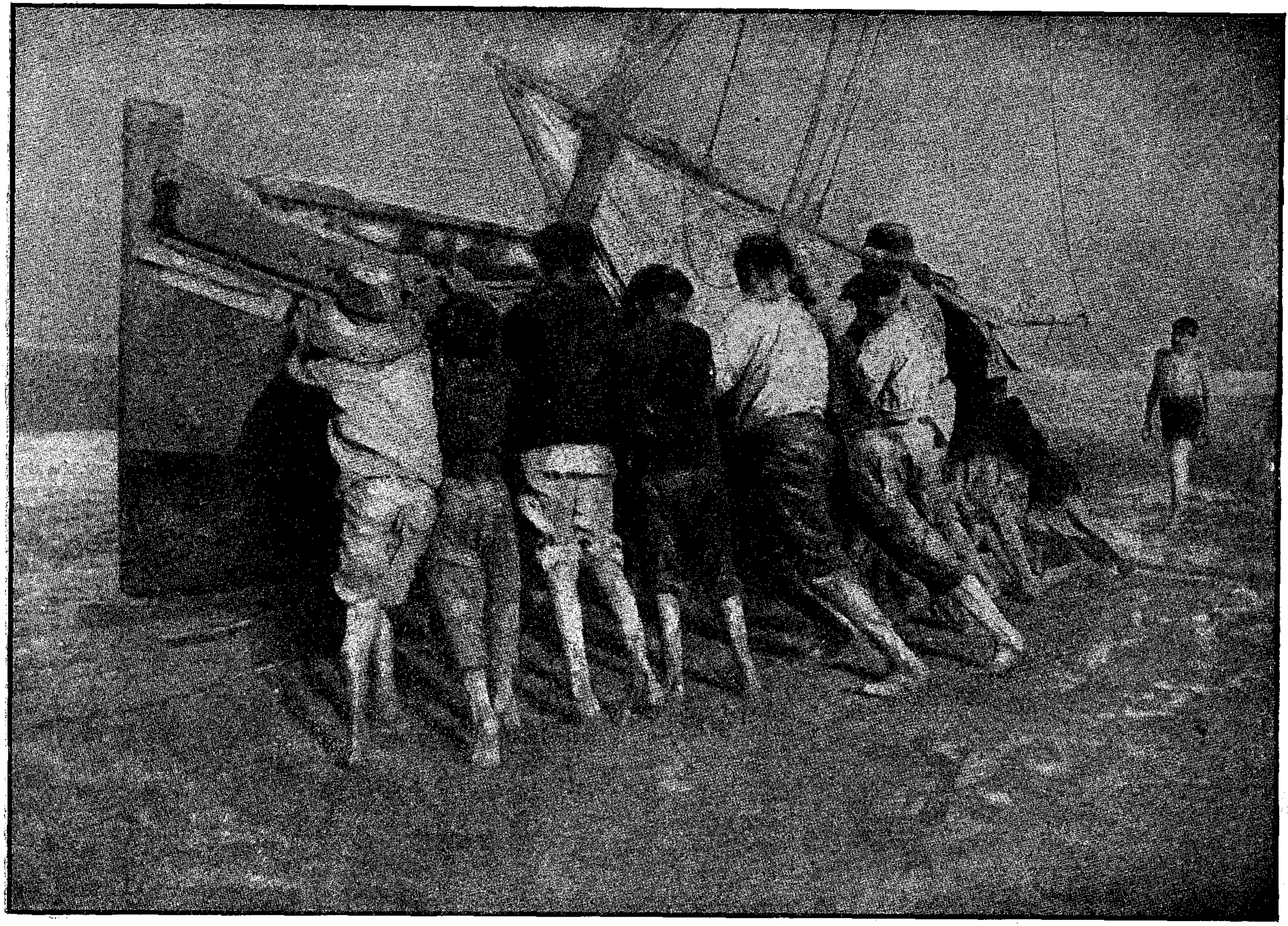
ELY CATHEDRAL

By Frederick H. Evans

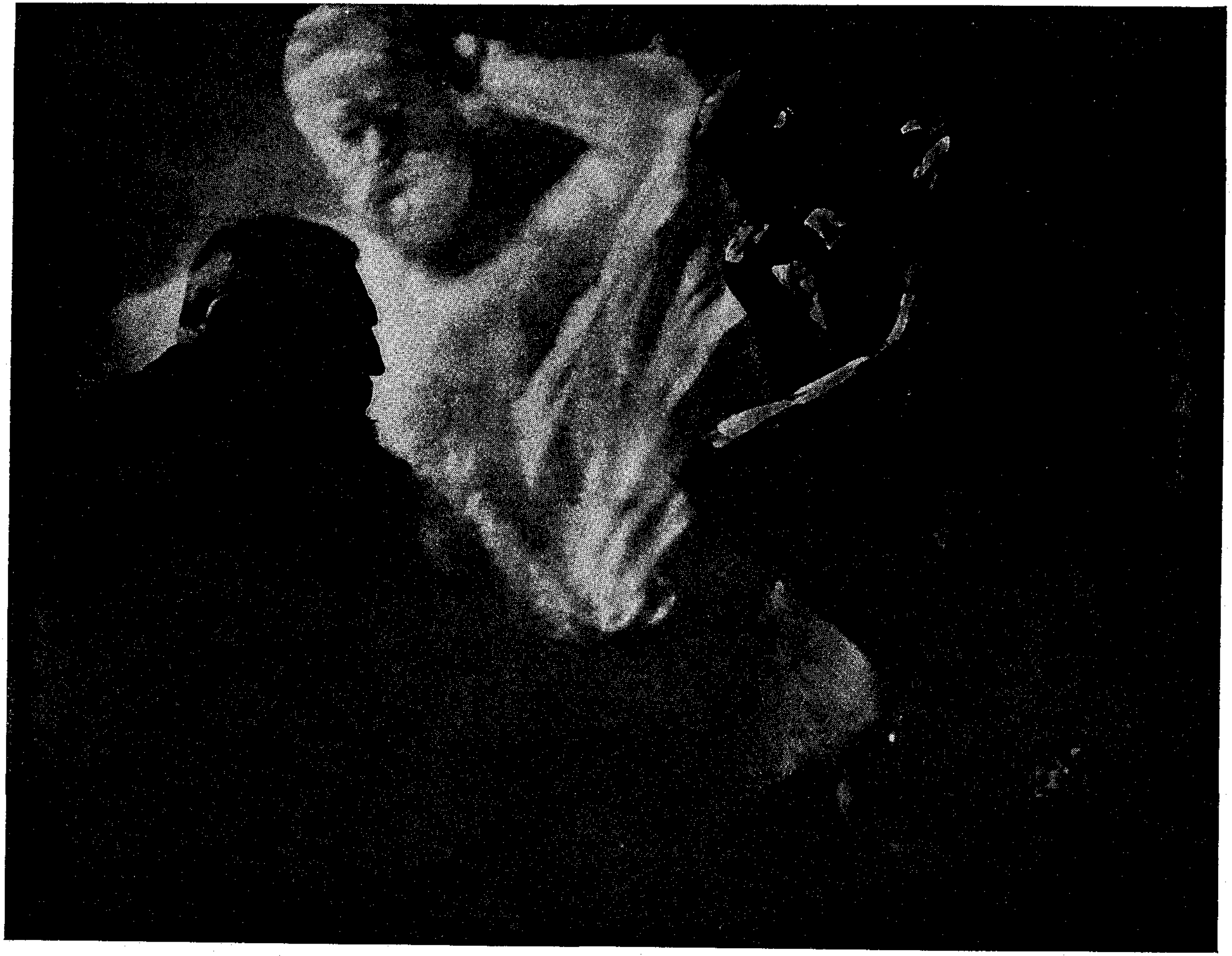
English



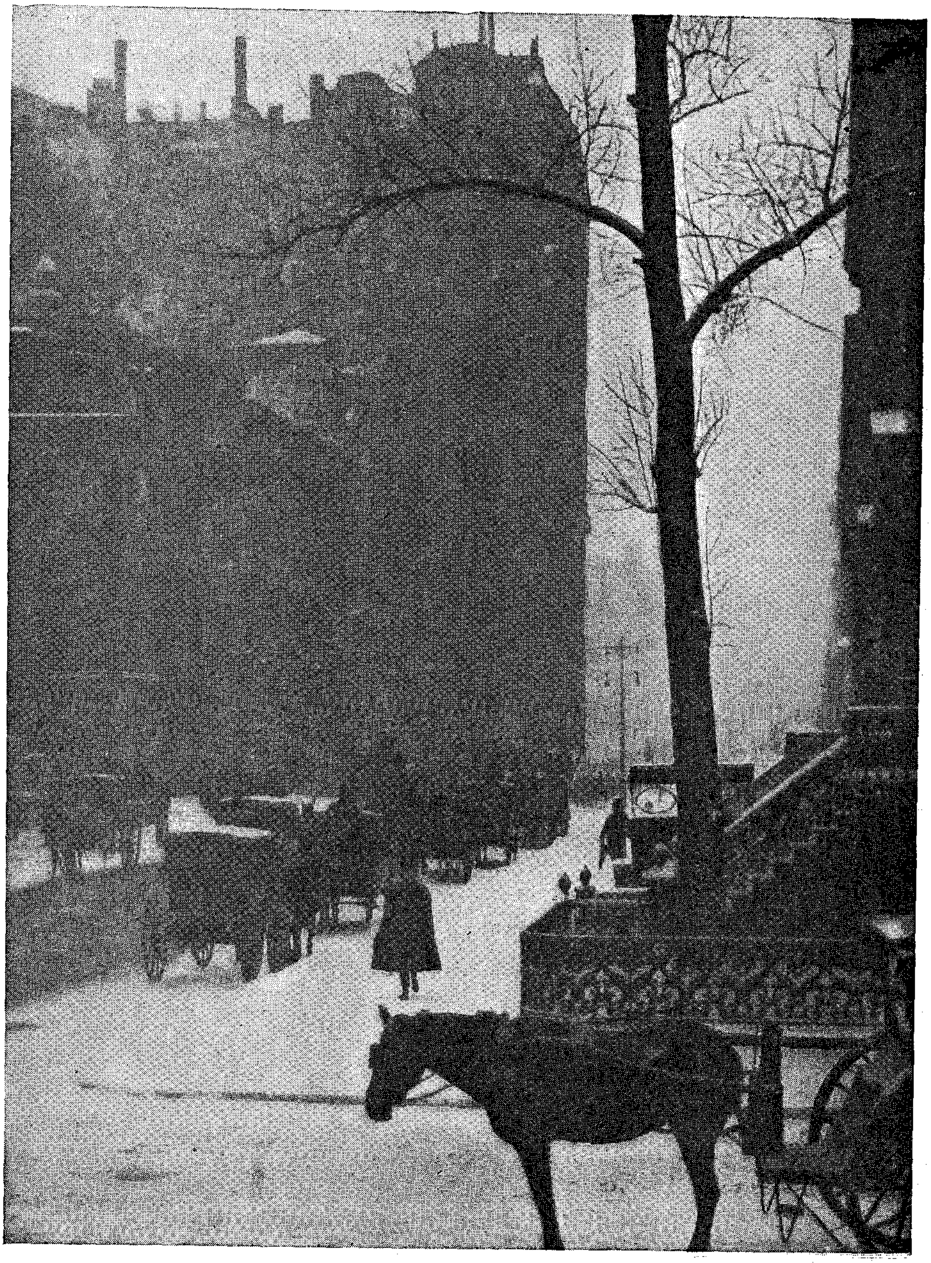
VILLA FALCONIERI
By Hugo Henneberg
Viennese



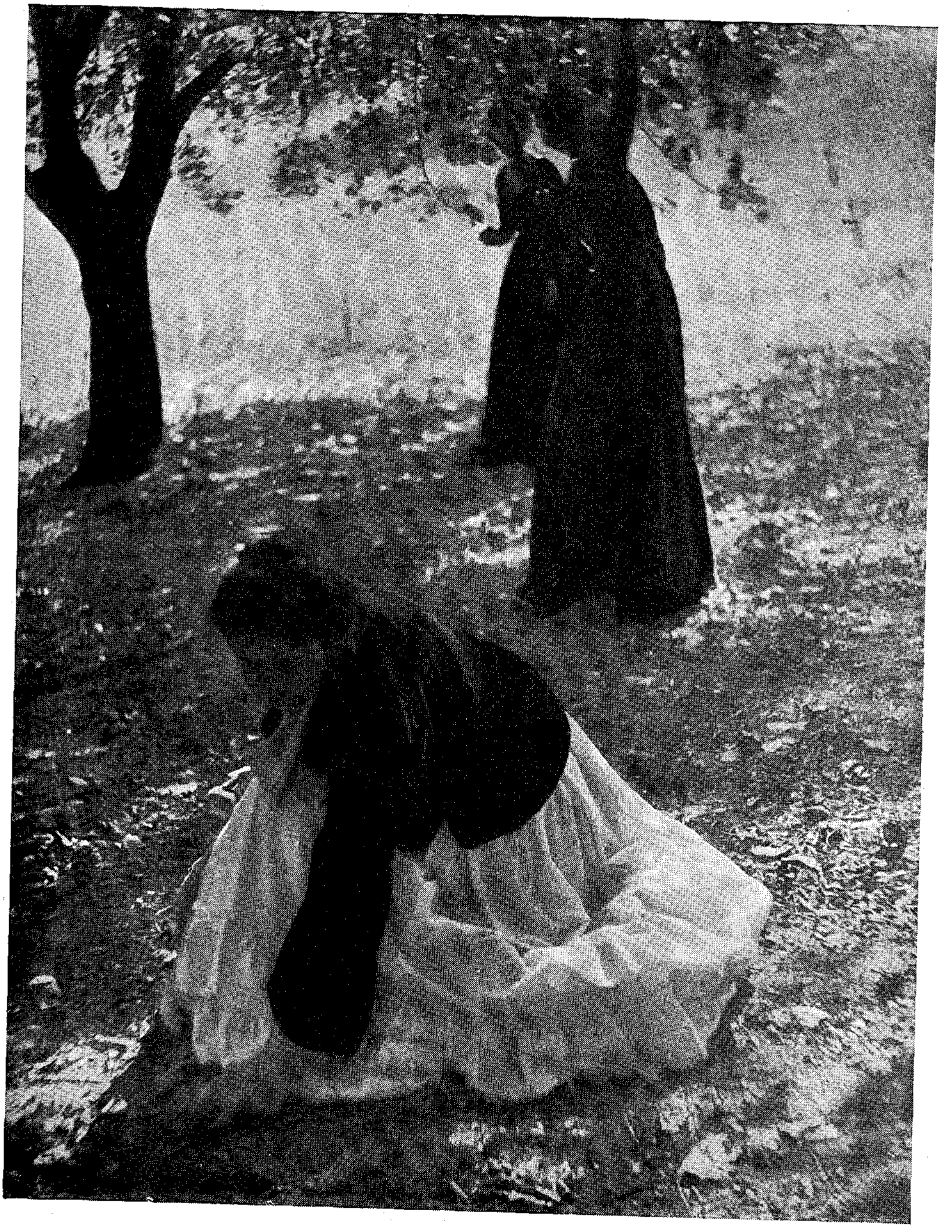
L'EFFORT
By Robert Demachy
French



RODIN—LE PENSEUR
By Eduard J. Steichen
American



THE STREET—WINTER
By Alfred Stieglitz
American

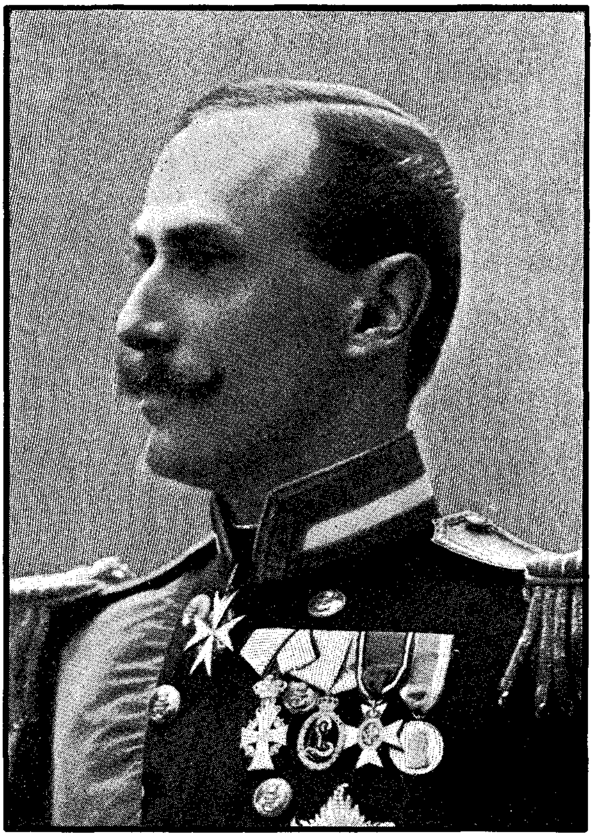


THE ORCHARD
By Clarence H. White
American

HAAKON VII., THE NEW KING OF NORWAY

BY MARY BRONSON HARTT

THERE is something essentially, almost ludicrously, modern about the creation of Norway's new King. Not that it is the first time a sovereign has been—so to speak—" custom-made." An eligible foreign prince is tendered a seat upon an ancient throne; the form is old, but the spirit, how new! Republican though she is to the backbone, Norway has elected to be governed by monarchical methods, fearing, with her isolated and primitive peasantry, to put the machinery of control into the hands of the people themselves. She will have a king, but he shall be of a new variety; in short, a republican king. She will not even have him addressed as were the monarchs of old, by the Norwegian equivalent of " Your Majesty." He shall be just " Herre Konge," plain " Mister the King."



HAAKON VII.

Even as the Norwegians welcomed Haakon VII. to their shores, they took pains to show him clearly his rightful place. In his address delivered to the newly arrived sovereign on board the battle-ship Heimdal, Herr Michelsen, President of Council, and for six months virtual President of Norway, used these significant words: " For nearly six centuries the Norwegian people have had no king of their own. To-day a King of Norway comes to make his home in the Norwegian capital, elected by a free people to occupy, conjointly with free men, the first place in the land. The Norwegian people love their liberty, their independence, and their autonomous government, which they themselves have won. It will be the glory of the King and his highest pleasure to protect this sentiment, finding his support in the people themselves. This is why the Norwegian people hail you to-day with profound joy and cry, 'Long live the King and Queen of Norway!' "

Was ever so frank a bargain driven with a king before? "Behold," says Norway in effect, "you may sit on a throne; but beware how you attempt to king it over us. We will give you a salary to transact our official business and act as official figurehead. But you must never overlook the fact that it was we who made you and not you yourself."

Is it any wonder that when asked to undertake to govern a people so independent, so proud-spirited as this, Prince Karl of Denmark took time to think? Or that he asked for a popular vote that he might know how large a proportion of the "frei" people of Norway really wanted him for King?

This was not the only reason why he hesitated. Being himself on his mother's side a Bernadotte, he could scarcely afford to ascend the Norwegian throne without the friendly sanction of Sweden. Moreover, his wife, Princess Maud of England, was more than reluctant to undertake life in Christiania and the duties of queenship. Lastly, Prince Karl himself ran a shrewd risk in assuming the crown, lest, should his relations with Norway become difficult, he might be forced to resign, and find himself—having abandoned his naval career for the throne—in a state of abject poverty.

All three objections have been finally overruled. Sweden, fearing lest an empty throne in Norway should give impetus to the movement for a republic, and that such a movement might afterward spread to her own borders, was as much in haste to see Norwegian affairs settled as the Norwegians themselves. So she swallowed her grievances. Most amicable correspondence passed between Prince Karl and the Crown Prince of Sweden, the latter expressing himself anxious to be the first to welcome Haakon VII. into his capital. What became of Princess Maud's reluctance is not definitely known. It is understood that she has never found life at the Danish court very amusing, and probably the prospect of exchanging Copenhagen for a city less than half its size did not allure her. She must have realized that if she accepted a share of the Norwegian throne she would be forced to abandon her favorite cure for *ennui*—frequent flights to the court of England—for Norway has had quite enough of absentee royalty. The English papers assert that King Edward used his parental authority to overcome his daughter's scruples. At all events, she gave in. As for Prince Karl's reasonable fear of dethronement and penury, the Norwegian Government has quieted that by promising a respectable pension in case the King should find it expedient to abdicate.

So, then, the affair is comfortably arranged. The King has a salary of £42,000, a crown when he had no hope of ever feeling one on his brow, and the problems of a court without a nobility.

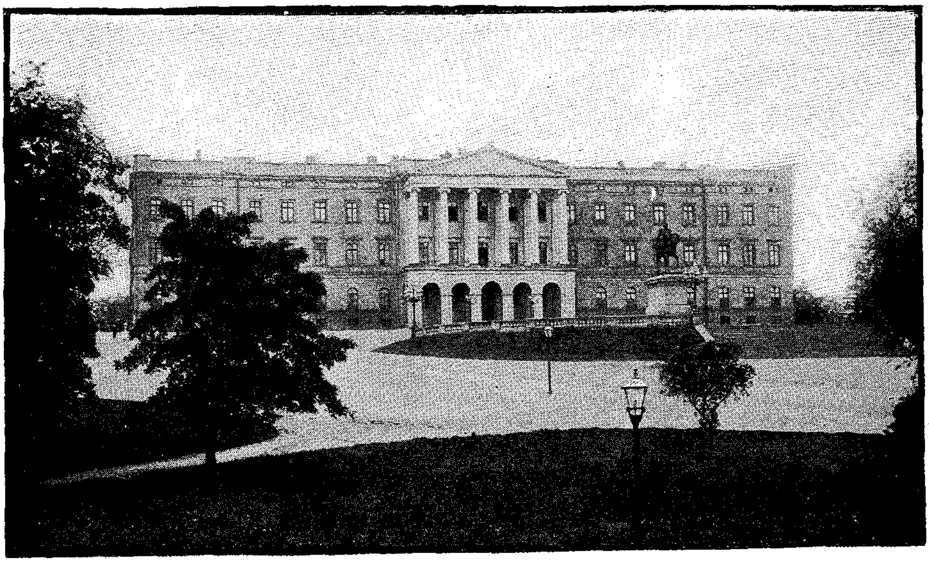
And now the world is asking, "Has Norway done well for herself?" Certainly she has done well in putting a Scandinavian prince on the throne. No alien would ever understand Norway, or be understood. If reports are credible, the Kaiser made the most of his friendship with the country in support of the claims of a son of his own. Had a German secured the throne, there would have been sown fresh seeds of discord on a peninsula which can raise a sufficient crop of dissensions without any aid from the rest of Europe. For Denmark, still nursing the rankling grievance of the Schleswig-Holstein affair, detests the thought of everything German.

King Haakon combines the advantages of Scandinavian birth with the very positive political asset of blood relation ship to half the courts of Europe. Grandson of the late King Christian of Denmark, the young monarch is also nephew to King George of Greece, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and Alexandra of England, great-nephew to Oscar of Sweden, son-in-law to Edward VII., and cousin to the Czar. To a relatively defenseless country like Norway this means a good deal.

In himself the new King is a clean-lived, healthy young man of thirty-three, in personality quite fit to represent a nation which thinks well of itself. Tall, though not quite so tall as his uncle, Prince Christian, whose mark on the famous old royal measuring-column at Roskilde comes just under that of the giant Peter the Great, King Haakon is slight, yet vigorous-looking, and splendidly well set up. The face, while scarcely so handsome as the profile pictures lead us to think, is a distinguished one, and has for Norway this charm, that it is markedly not of the Bernadotte type. Those who know him describe him as an extremely intelligent and sensible young man, easy and tolerant without being weak, and capable of strenuous devotion to hard work. These things bespeak an industrious, efficient, and tractable king such as the Norwegians, who would equally resent either vacillation or tyranny, will know how to appreciate.

It has been said in France that King Haakon abandons tiller and compass for crown and scepter without one hour's training in politics or diplomacy. "It is extremely difficult," says "L'Illustration," "to predict his governmental capacity."

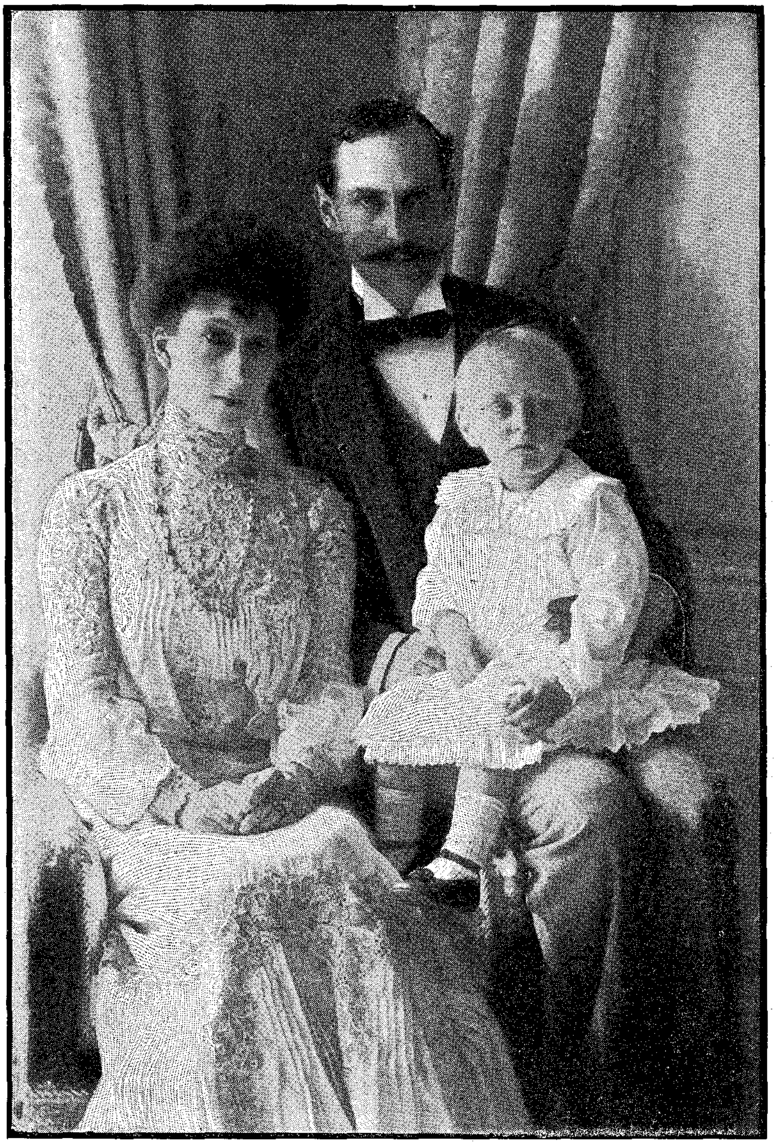
The statement appears incontestable. In view of the remarkable longevity of the late King of Denmark, and the excellent health and prospects of the Crown Prince and his immediate heir, this younger son of a royal house was not brought up to look for a crown. Instead he was destined from the outset for a naval career. For all that, it is not safe to say that he has had no training in politics or diplomacy. One can scarcely grow up in the family of the "father-in-law of Europe" and not learn the principles of the great game of world affairs. King Haakon is no stranger to the queer old palace among the beeches at Fredensborg, where every summer King Christian gathered together his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren from the courts of England, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Greece; and where conversations took place which, if reported, would vitally interest the whole round world. In his lifetime the Czar Alexander III. was particularly fond of holding


THE ROYAL PALACE AT CHRISTIANIA

long talks at Fredensborg with his nephew Karl, then a lieutenant of the navy, whom he found especially intelligent and open-minded.

It is thought in Copenhagen that King Haakon may even during the last years of his father's life have had some active experience in the government of Denmark, since his father, the Crown Prince, was called upon to perform a good many of the venerable old King's duties. At least, if he has not actually transacted royal business, he has acquired no small acquaintance with the working of governmental machinery.

Nothing, certainly, could have been more fitting than that a ruler of Viking-land should be educated for the sea. Nor could anything have been devised better calculated to knock the nonsense out of a princeling than apprenticeship in the Danish navy. Hrolf Wisby, who messed with Prince Karl when he was a naval cadet, says that the lad was at first



QUEEN MAUD, KING HAAKON VII., AND PRINCE OLAF little more than a piece of court furniture. Any one who is familiar with the appalling frankness and unvarnished brusquerie of grown-up Danes can judge whether the hazing and horse-play on a Danish man-of-war was agreeable, and whether it was medicinal in a case of congenital self-esteem. Prince Karl lived the life of an ordinary middy, scrubbed decks, mended his own clothes, slept in a hammock, and ate provender which was anything but fit to set before a king. It is recorded of him that he was an expert in the polishing of a certain brass binnacle-lantern. I wonder if he ever thinks now of a line from Pinafore, "I polished that handle so care-ful-lee, that now—"

As ensign, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and finally captain of a frigate, the young prince acquitted himself well, earning the reputation of a capital officer, hard-working, careful, no martinet toward his men, though by no means to be trifled with. In practical seamanship he excels any other prince of his age. Says Hrolf Wisby, "Charles can command any kind of naval craft, from torpedo-boat to battle-ship, and lead it into actual battle."

On the theoretical side, too, King Haakon devotes himself to the sea, being an amateur oceanographer of no mean attainments. "Le Figaro" suggests that the new King will make short work of the ancient geological secrets of the Norwegian fjords.

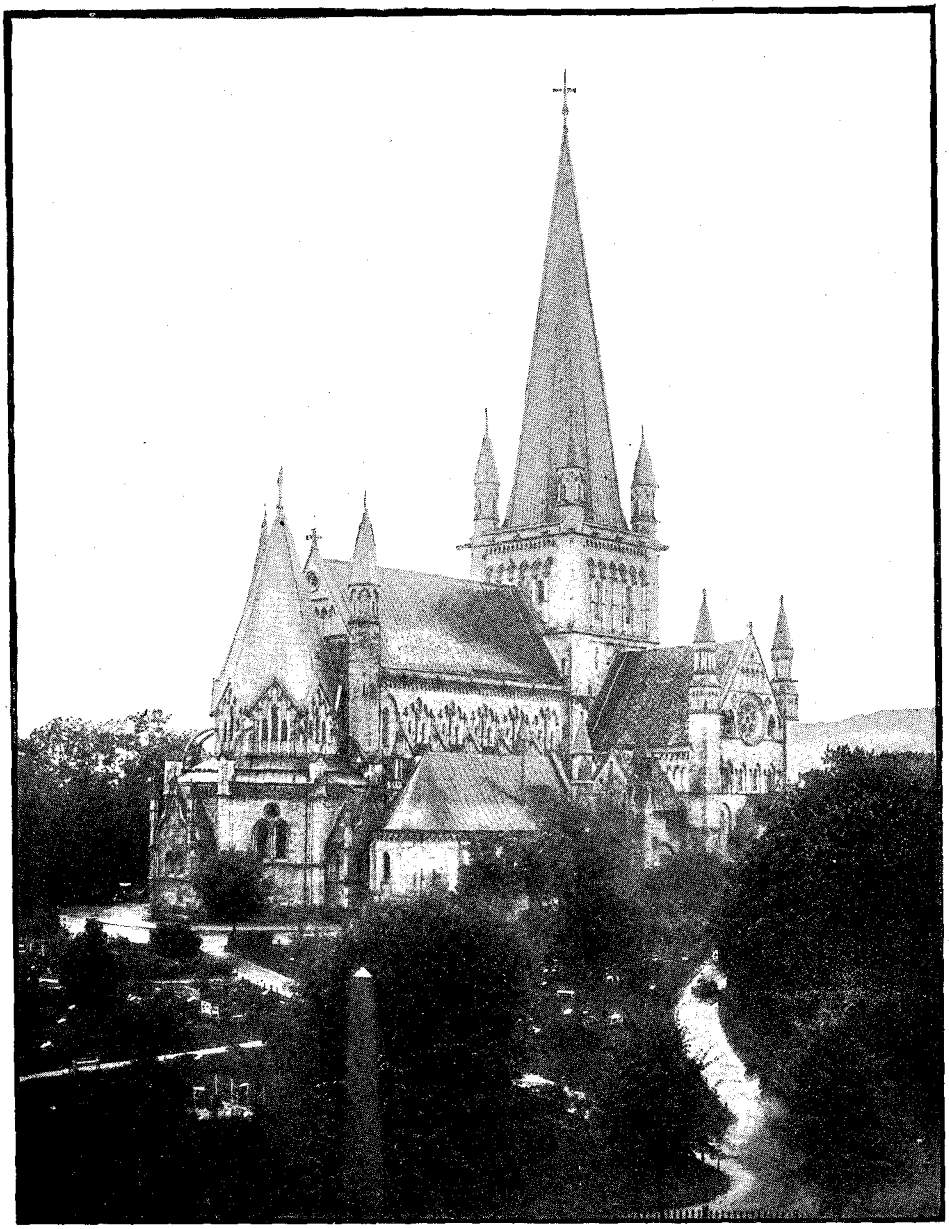
There are practical as well as sentimental reasons why a sailor-king is appropriate for Norway. She wants a navy; though, except for defense against Sweden, it is hard to see what she will do with it; and she wants to see an immediate impetus given to her shipping and her foreign trade. Haakon VII. can help her here.

More than this, a sea life has prepared him temperamentally to get on in Norway. The man who rules the Norwegians, "occupying conjointly with free men the first place in the land," must know how to be gracious without condescension, how to sustain the dignity recognized even by Norwegians as pertaining to government, without too great pretensions to personal importance. This is precisely what his experience in the navy has fitted him to do. There it was not the prince of the house of Denmark, but the king's officer, who compelled obedience and respect.

Both because of and in spite of the example of his grandfather, King Haakon is inclined to a frankly democratic attitude toward his people. King Christian always used the utmost informality with his subjects, going about among them freely and permitting them to address him on the street. But in the palace it has been another story. There the strictest kind of observance of formal etiquette has been rigidly enforced, so that members of the household lived in constant terror of drawing down wrathful criticism for small neglects. The late Queen Louise was, if possible, more exacting than the King. She has been known to send away from court a princess who had done nothing more heinous than to indulge in too great vivacity and freedom of manner.

When, last summer, it was my good fortune to see the younger members of the Danish royal family at the theater, it was remarked all about me that "the royals," and especially Prince Karl, applauded with great heartiness. In the days of the old Queen her family did not dare, for fear of her severe displeasure, to mark approval of a play by more than one or two feeble hand-pats.

Released from such teasing restrictions as this, King Haakon no doubt revels in the opportunity, nay the necessity, of free and cordial and human deportment in his own capital of Christiania. It has been already noted with approval that he shook hands, man-fashion, with Herr Michelsen on the Heimdal, and also with the clergy of St. Saviour's Church, as they waited to receive him on the first Sunday he attended service; that he speaks oftenest of Queen Maud simply as "my wife;" and that he does not scorn to walk down Karl Johans Gaden with the heir apparent in his arms. He has given out that his court, when once established, is to be extremely simple in its arrangements. His military household is to be appointed by the Government for short fixed terms. Dignitaries are no longer to wear uniforms, and even the Ministers of State



TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL

The Norwegian Kings are crowned in this cathedral

will cease to be addressed as "Your Excellency." Surely, with all these formidable preparations for a republican reign, the "Saturday Review" might relinquish its dread lest the Norwegian Storthing re-invest the disinherited nobility.

As for the Queen, although she has been stigmatized in some quarters as a "mere court personage," no one will enter more heartily into the abolition of formalities than she. As a young girl she loved to escape from the restrictions of her semi-public life, and, hidden behind the name "Miss Mills," to travel with ordinary people in ordinary railway carriages. When Prince Karl courted her, as her father before him had courted

Alexandra, under the beeches at Fredensborg, her pet name was "Harry." The youngest and most vivacious, Princess Maud was considered also the prettiest of King Edward's daughters, though, were she not a queen, no one would think of calling her beautiful now. She looks, however, unmistakably like her mother, and has thus far kept her freshness—she is thirty-six, three years the senior of the King—in a way that promises that she may have the invincible youthfulness of the young-old Queen of England. Already she has won the hearts of the Norwegians by her simplicity, graciousness, and a vein of individual humor.

In forming their court, King Haakon and Queen Maud will undoubtedly gather round them the literary, artistic, and musical people of their realm, for they are devoted to the companionship of gifted folk. The Queen has herself written plays under the pseudonym "Graham Irving," and the King paints a little in aquarelles, and plays the piano almost too well to be termed an amateur. Both are accomplished linguists, speaking with discrimination French, German, Russian, English, Norwegian, Swedish, and, naturally, Danish. There will be no barrier of speech in their intercourse with members of the diplomatic corps.

The little heir apparent, Alexander, rechristened Olaf, has already done toward ingratiating himself with the Norwegian people all that could be expected of his two and a half years. On the day of his entry into Christiania he displayed the liveliest interest in the decorations, and even spontaneously waved to the cheering crowd from the balcony of the palace where he was held up in his nurse's arms. In counting up the merits of the King, the promising little heir must by no means be left out.

One wonders how Christiania looks to the new King and Queen. Unquestionably, after the gray impressiveness of Copenhagen, it looks modern and raw. To be appreciated, Christiania should be taken after large doses of Norwegian solitude; then it is positively imposing. There are three charming spots in the city; the rest of the featureless brick-and-mortar may be ignored. One is the western reach of Karl Johans Gaden, a broad, shop-flanked avenue with a park down the center, and a severely classic University and an exuberant Renaissance National Theater staring at each other across it midway. Beginning at one end with the odd but by no means ineffective swelling front of the Storthings-Bygning, the street sweeps in one long, splendid upward curve to the palace, closing the vista to the west. That Palace Hill puts one in mind of Ruskin's sneer about the National Gallery—"The finest site in Europe and nothing to show on it!" For though, with its graceful portico, the stuccoed "Slot," as they call it, looks well at the end of a vista, especially in the enchanting glow of the long northern twilight, it is actually one of the meanest palaces in Europe.

A second satisfying spot in Christiania is the age-old fortress, the Akershus, perched on a bluff overlooking the fjord. A third is the Christiania Fjord itself. Seen from St. John's Hill in the city, or from the heights of Holmenkollen, the quiet, island-studded basin, girt round by purple mountains and nearer ranges of wooded hills, is Christiania's supreme scenic asset.

For six hundred years a kingdom without a court, Norway is poor in those palace treasures so conspicuous in Stockholm and Copenhagen. King Haakon will have nothing to replace the splendor of that historic trio of life-sized silver lions which have presided over every ceremony in his grandfather's court. In historic traditions, however, no king in Scandinavia will be richer than he. When he goes to Trondhjem next July to be crowned, and stands before the altar of the venerable cathedral, he will feel that he is linking himself back a thousand years into the beginnings of Christian Norway. For Trondhjem Cathedral stands on the site of what was undoubtedly the first Christian church in the country—that erected by Olaf Trygvason in 996. Within its confines bubbles the sacred spring which sprang from the tomb of that later Olaf who is the patron saint of Norway, and somewhere under its walls lie moldering the bones of mediæval kings, four of whom accepted their consecration before the altar where King Haakon received his crown. It is a thousand pities that hammer and chisel should have exorcised the spirits which ought to haunt this venerable shrine. It is as if England's Abbey had been scrubbed and resurfaced and new noses had been provided for all the crumbling stone kings and queens. Trondhjem Cathedral has burned down so many times, and the work of restoration has been so sweeping, that it takes an active imagination to invest it with the proper glamour of romance.

Trondhjem itself is an odd place for festivities. The people say that it is fear of fire which makes them separate their insignificant wooden houses by such disproportionately broad streets. Certainly it gives to the town a low look anything but imposing. The Stiftsgaard, or Governor's residence, where the King and Queen will be housed while they await coronation, is a queer, low, battened building flush with the street, and truly Norwegian in its wooden plainness.

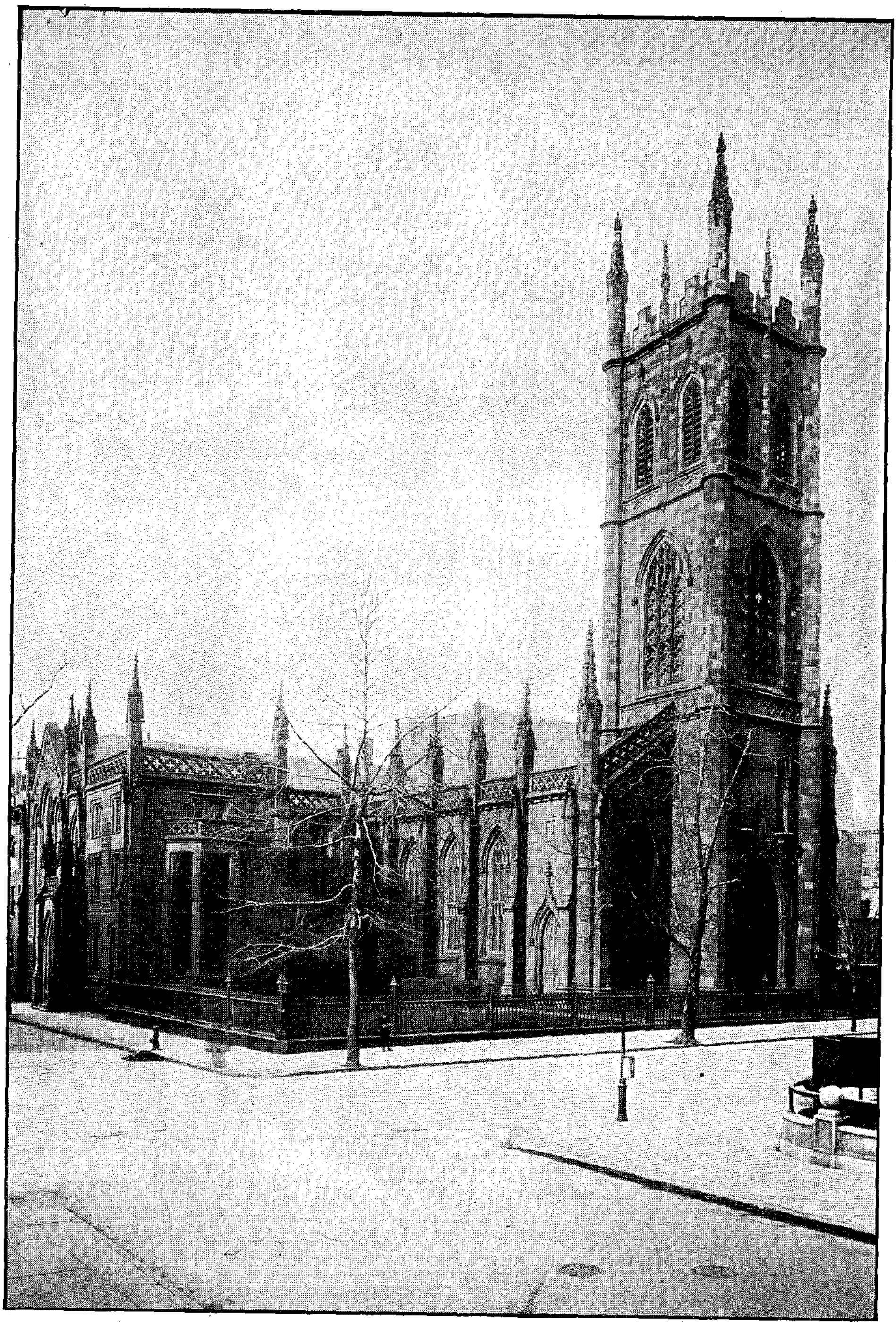
Whatever may be the æsthetic shortcomings of King Haakon's coronation city, it will be liberally atoned for by the enthusiasm and whole-souled devotion of his new people. The King and Queen are in very truth "the father and mother of the land." Even toward the rulers they shared with Sweden they cherished warm affection until their grievances waxed too sore. When Sophie of Nassau was on her way to Trondhjem to be crowned in 1873, she drove herself in a carriole from the Romsdal, stopping perforce at humble posting-stations by the way. And everywhere the peasants came with flowers, greeting their Queen by the affectionate and familiar "Du." More than once, when the press was thick about her, and those on the outskirts could not see, the Queen was urged to mount upon the house-top that the eyes of all might be gladdened by the sight of the dear land-mother.

There was a significant demonstration of this sort of heart-loyalty when Haakon VII. and Queen Maud entered Christiania. The crowds which waited in the steadily falling snow, and shouted themselves hoarse, might be accounted for by curiosity and mob enthusiasm. Triumphal arches, flags, and even the rain of flowers which descended on the royal carriage, might be classed as perfunctory, an essential part of the occasion. But at night the spirit of the people showed beyond mistake. Not only were the streets arched and bordered with festoons of colored incandescent lights, not only were the battle-ships in the harbor strung with fiery beads to the topmost spar, but every window in every house in the city bore its light. Fine houses had candelabra behind the glass, and the poorest mere tapers. But everywhere the same fire of welcome burned.

Haakon VII. has the privilege of ruling over the most united people on the face of the earth. Last summer, before the plebiscite, Sweden declared that the desire for separation was confined to a party who were poisoning the minds of the common people. When the plebiscite had shown that only 164 men out of 368,000 could be found to uphold the union, Sweden protested that the peasants had been intimidated and dared not vote as they thought!

Now, it was just at this stirring time that I was driving through Norway, or cruising through her fjords, and talking with graduates of her university, with sea-captains, hotel proprietors, traveling men, porters, drivers, serving-maids—all, in short, who spoke English enough to make themselves clear. It was as if all Norway spoke with one voice. From Hammerfest to Stavanger there was the same complaint of the same wrongs, the same quiet insistence upon the same remedy. Nor was it only the subjects of King Oscar who spoke; Norwegians settled in England, in France, or in America either hurried home to vote or sent their vigorous indorsement of the revolutionary proceedings. A window in Christiania was completely filled by the mingled flags of Norway and the United States, crossed by a banner bearing the words, "For Disunion." It was the voice of Norway in America.

It was a modest desire they expressed. In the words of Olaf Sprachehaug, our humble-minded *skydsgut*, the whole country was saying, "And now I t'ink we get a king of our own." They have their own king now, and all the world wishes them joy in him.



THE OLD FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A CHURCH WORTH SAVING

THE Old First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue at Twelfth Street is one of New York City's most notable possessions.

The architectural stateliness of the edifice, enhanced by the quiet beauty of its surrounding lawn, ranks it among the art treasures of the metropolis. The entire group of buildings is in the Perpendicular Gothic. The tower is a copy of the Magdalen Tower at Oxford, while the main body of the building is a replica of the Church of St. Saviour at Bath. About ten years ago several slips of the ivy with which the old English tower is mantled were obtained, and these are now climbing the buttresses of its architectural counterpart on this side of the sea. Passing through the imposing doorway, the visitor is at once attracted by the generous roominess of the vestibule, its tiled floor, its vaulted roof, and its double row of triple arches, through the central one of which stairways ascend to the galleries. Upon the vestibule wall is one of the few pre-Revolutionary relics which New York still possesses. It is a large mural tablet of black slate beautifully inscribed with a Latin legend, of which the following is a translation:

> Under the favor of God this edifice, sacred to the perpetual celebration of the Divine worship, first erected in 1719, was thoroughly repaired and built larger and more beautiful in 1748. The Presbyterians of New York, founding it for their own and their children's use, in this votive tablet dedicate it to the God who gave it. May it be yet more illustriously adorned by Religion, by Concord, by Love, by Purity of Faith, of Worship and Discipline. May it, by the favor of Christ, endure throughout many generations.

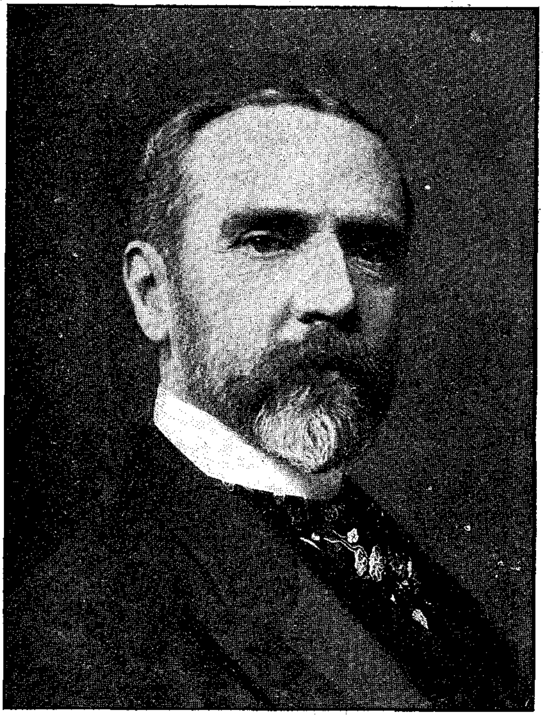
A corresponding tablet of white marble to the left of the entrance door is blazoned with lists of the church officers at the time of the erection of the present building. Among them are to be noted the names of John Broome (whose family name was given to Broome Street), David L. Dodge (father of William E. Dodge, Sr.), Daniel H. Wickham (so honorably associated with the Mayoralty), Brockholst Livingstone, J. Kearney Rodgers, Milton St. John, Maltby Gelston, James Boyd, and others—a cluster of personalities whose character and influence are not only the heirlooms of the "Old First," but who have enriched the entire community with the wealth of their example and the fruits of their achievement.

At the rear of the church a beautiful screen of wood and glass crosses the entire building immediately behind the pews, spanning the aisles with low arches, which produce an imposing effect. The graceful spring of the ceiling, with its rare and effective groining; the noble and chancel-like pulpit, with its rich accompaniment of harmonious furnishings; the cathedral chairs for the clergy, the stall seats for the elders, and the communion-table; the fine Gothic design of the gallery front and the lancet windows, arrest attention and are full of interest and charm.

Among the unique memorial tablets with which the church is adorned is one of striking design to the memory of General Alexander McDougall, of whom Washington said: "He was a brave soldier and a disinterested patriot." He was an elder of the church, was one of the leaders of the "Sons of Liberty," served with distinction in the Revolutionary War, and became equally prominent in political and commercial affairs. His name has been perpetuated in one of the city streets.

The stained-glass windows upon the north side of the church present in symbol the Holy Scriptures by means of a series of figures emblematic of the various literary elements which enter into its composition. The window nearest the entrance contains a figure of Moses—a symbol of the legal element with which the Bible opens. The next window enshrines a representation of David as the type of Holy Poetry. Beyond stands Isaiah, the embodiment of the Prophetic Spirit. Following him are seen St. John as the representation of the Gospel, and St. Paul as the instrument of its Proclamation to the whole world. In the windows upon the south side are to be portrayed in similar fashion the forces which have created and molded historic Presbyterianism, as embodied in the Puritan, the Covenanter, the Huguenot, and the Waldensian. The only window in this series which has been occupied as yet is that nearest the pulpit, in which is pictured a striking figure of the Puritan. As this window-space is overlapped by the lecture-room, it is lighted by an ingenious electrical device. The makers of the "Standard Dictionary" copied this window to illustrate their definition of the word "Puritan."

During the past fourteen years the church has made a notable record. When the present pastor, the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, was called in 1891, the Old First seemed upon the verge of extinction. Its assets were an enrolled membership of about two hundred persons, and a bankrupt treasury. A complete transformation has taken place. The lost prestige of the church has been regained, its ministry to the community has been patiently and steadily developed along large and progressive lines, and to-day over seven hundred names are upon its rolls. Sabbath-school organizations, young people's societies, clubs for young men and women, prayer-meetings and missionary meetings, a class in physical culture, a glee club, a mandolin club, an industrial school for sewing and basketry, and a kindergarten, have become well established and are doing effective work. The noble chapel, built in 1893, not only adds a crowning beauty to the monumental church of which it forms a part, but furnishes an equipment for an extension of such activities which can hardly be surpassed. Besides lecture-room and Bible school, it contains attractive and commodious rooms for club meetings and social gatherings. The basement is fitted up as a gymnasium, with bath and toilet room attached. There is a kitchen also, with a well-stocked china closet and a dumb-waiter communicating with every floor.


DR. HOWARD DUFFIELD

The Old First Church is in commission the year round and the week through. Sunday services are maintained without interruption both summer and winter, and the prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school continue during the entire year. The doors of the church are open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. every day, and upon an average over 6,000 people every twelve months visit the church between Sundays for rest and for devotion.

But this very development of the work, in connection with the rapid changes in the financial status of the neighborhood and the pressure of commercial interests, create for the church a grave problem. Either its work must be seriously curtailed, or it must abandon its present location, sacrifice its monumental building, and retreat from one of the most strategic centers for Christian work that the city affords, on account of financial inability to remain.

A generous endowment is needed at once, the interest of which will so supplement the amounts which it is possible for the present constituency of the church to raise that this superb property can be preserved to the city intact and the unique and inspiring possibilities of this center of work can be realized. With free pews, with an increased clerical force, with a band of visitors, with daily services, with a sympathetic touch upon every side of the ever-changing life of the thronging community with which it is environed, the Old First would become a great ideal Church of the People. To translate such a vision into a reality, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, is laboring to secure a permanent fund. It should not be a difficult task to collect the amount required for such an object. There are many in the city whose heart's desire it is to see just such results realized, and who control the means to achieve their wishes. If the crisis were appreciated, other appeal would be superfluous.

In 1916 the Old First Church will celebrate its bicentennial. Shall the appeal of its history, of its beauty, of its ministry of blessing, fall upon unheeding ears? Shall not the lovers of art, the benefactors of the city, the friends of faith, by quick and generous and united action, lift this ancient church beyond the mischance of change, and send it into the third century of its life a great cathedral-like institution, for the glory of God, for the honor of the town, and for the good of many souls? The situation is serious. The opportunity is glorious. Any who are moved to give financial expression to their sympathetic interest should communicate promptly with Dr. Duffield, at 12 West Twelfth Street, New York City.

NOBODY'S ARTHUR

BY LARREY BOWMAN

> "*Up jumped the little lady, she began to cry:*
> '*Lack o' mercy on us, this is none of I!*'"

THREE days I had known the poetry of motion as illustrated by a wooden velocipede, when the diminishing perspective of Our Street called to me in a voice not to be resisted. It was not till dark that, pedaling home, sated with travel and adventure, I recalled a standing regulation in our household against my going beyond the second block.

Now, my father was a man of importance, who owned a sword you could kill a man with, and on the top shelf of the closet in his room were two japanned boxes from which, on stated occasions, he took a beaver and gilt hat with a plume and a pair of tasseled glories known as epaulets. He was a beneficent and, as far as I understood him, a well-intending Titan; but a connection with the United States navy made him read matters of discipline strictly. Mentally I prefigured the impending interview between us.

"Where have you been?" I almost heard him say. "You understood, didn't you, when I told you not to go beyond the second block? Then why did you do so if you understood? You have disobeyed me. Boys who disobey will never be able to have ships of their own when they grow up. And your mother has been worried. Come into the library with me." Such was the scene I was ready for. In reality nothing of the kind occurred.

I dragged my belated feet up the steps of our house, tried the door, and found it locked. I rang the bell.

My father appeared almost at once. To my astonishment, he did not look displeased. He merely inspected me from head to toe with the most extraordinary impersonal curiosity. Presently he said, "Whose little boy are you?"

Such was the way my father greeted me. "What do you want here, little boy?" he added. And now my father's eyes met mine squarely and they were devoid of the light of recognition, so that it was as if he did not know his son.

In my whole life of six and a half years here was a situation without parallel. It caused me to doubt the evidence of my senses. The thing was incredible, preposterous. How the change had come I could not say. Merely, my father looked at me and he did not know me. He *said* he did not, and his manner proved it.

In one of those panics peculiar to childhood I began asserting my identity. At this he raised his eyebrows slightly. "Oh, no," he said; "you are quite mistaken. My little boy went away, and so I haven't any little boy."

"But I'm *back*. *I'm* your little boy. Don't you know me?" I cried. "I'm Arthur."

"No," judicially; "Arthur went away."

My mother appeared in the open doorway. "Mother," he said to her, "here's a strange little boy that's lost and doesn't know where he lives or what his name is."

"Poor little chap!" was all my mother said.

The big hall lamp seemed to swell to enormous bulk, and my parents' faces blurred before my eyes.

"If you'll pil-*lease* let me come in," I prayed.

"Oh, you want to come in," said my father. He turned to his fellow-conspirator. "I suppose it wouldn't do any harm to let him come in? And, since our own little boy won't ever be back any more, this one can sleep in his bed to-night. And if he's good, maybe we'll let him stay with us. You can come in, Little Boy," he said.

On my life, that was all there was of it. They let me into the house, asking me when I had eaten last. And it was brought out that their own little boy had gone away without eating his dinner, and I was taken into the dining-room, where there were a glass of milk and a slice of cold meat and some bread and butter and a piece of cake, and these two administrators of the Extreme Question sat down on either side of the table and watched me choke on the bread and the meat.

Something had occurred inside of me inexplicable in the terms of grown-up logic. Not my father alone, my mother too, had denied me; there was no mistake, they were together in this; and who were this man and woman if not the pillars of my little world; in their hands authority, in their mouths all knowledge?

And I—this identity which was me—in previous times I knew it had not been. A stork had found me; I didn't exist, but he found me—no, he found me and then I existed; and he brought me to these people here, and I became Arthur because they called me that. Suppose they had not called me Arthur. I, the Arthur-person, the identity bearing that name, would not have existed. My very being, in short, would appear to rest on matters outside myself. I was Me because They said I was. And to-night they told me I was some one else.

In a confusion materially expressed by a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach, I ate my supper in a wretched silence, my reason subdued, the heart quite gone from me. Towards the pillars of my world, on rising, I threw a last look, in a sort of forlorn hope of recognition. It was useless. My father himself came over to me. "Come along with me," he said, "and I'll take you to our little boy's bedroom."

There was an old lady, according to a nursery book of mine, who went to sleep on a roadside; and a rascal with a pair of shears, happening by, cut off her petticoats up to her knees. Waking presently in her denuded condition, the little old lady refused to believe herself to be herself. She had gone to sleep in long petticoats; she was not to be fooled, this was not herself.

I had always felt sorry for the old lady; and to-night, left alone in my room, I found a similarity between her case and mine. I had set out on an adventure in my proper person, and I returned from it as it were a changeling. My face, reflected in the bureau mirror, was, so far as I could see, the same as old. Could it be my parents had changed, not I? Granted, the assumption did me little help; to my parents I must remain the changeling; the old relations between us were over.

Mine was a situation not to be examined without some mental effort. I strove to arrange my impressions, and out of bewilderment drew these facts.

My identity has been brought into question. That is, my parents deny I am me.

Against this what have I to set but the inherent conviction that I am myself?

But why? Because I am. No, because in the past my parents have allowed me to consider myself Arthur. This, it would seem, was a mistake of theirs.

Right here are numerous inconsistencies.

But the world is full of inconsistencies. Without pretending to explain the thing, let me assume that I am not myself.

At the same time I exist. That is, the forlorn bundle of wretchedness whose brain grapples with this problem is a being endowed with life and the desire to belong to somebody, and convinced of the necessity of doing something (for my present position is intolerable).

Boys whose positions are intolerable usually go West or run away to sea.

I would seem to have no choice in the matter. . . .

The house was dark when I opened my door; only in the hall a jet of gas burned low. I was determined; I was going to begin life anew, but not on nothing, if I could reach the bread-box. Furtive by instinct, I entered the pantry; it was full of a vast suffocating darkness and a silence punctuated with the drip, drip, drip of a leaking faucet. I found what I wanted—also something else, that fell with a crash of broken china, loud as the peal of doom, it seemed to me.

There followed confusion, the sound of bare feet in the hall, and my father calling in a great voice, "Whoever you are, come out of that!"

I opened the swing door and stepped out into the dining-room, and confronted my father. He was in a single garment, yet a more formidable figure I have seldom seen. Almost at once he seemed to comprehend. He went over to the mantel, and found a match and lighted the gas. Pointing to a chair, he said, courteously, "Will you sit down?"

I sat down.

At once my father began to question me. Presently he knew all there was to tell. And now to us, there, in the dining-room, came my mother in a kind of fluffy robe, and I think she would have gone to me at once but that my father spoke to her in French – a language they sometimes used in my presence—and my mother replied with a little laugh that had a catch in it. I understood myself to be under discussion, but not with a view to punishment. "Poor lad!" my mother said in English; "you must make him understand."

My father turned to me; since his ship came in two years before, and I made his acquaintance, he had never looked *at* me more kindly. "Arthur," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you understand what a joke is?"

"Yes, sir. A joke is something very funny."

"Er, well. . . . Do you remember the other day, when Captain Bayless was here to call, and you had been playing pirate, and had painted a mustache on your face with shoe-blacking, and then forgotten about it; but Captain Bayless saw you with your mustache, and he pretended it was real, and that you were a real pirate, and that he was afraid of you. Now, what was that?"

"Sir?"

"What did he do?"

"Afterwards?" I asked.

"No, then," said my father. "That was a joke of his, wasn't it?"

"Which, sir?"

"Oh, pshaw!—pretending that you were a real pirate and all."

"Yes, sir?"

"Why, don't you *see* it was a joke?"

I replied, "I don't think it was so dreadful funny."

Father seemed a little taken aback by this. "See here, son"—changing the form of his argument—"whose son are you?"

This was an old formula, and the answer was, Your son. I said my part.

"Now, then"—my father looked relieved—"you understand I was joking with you when I said you weren't my little boy?"

This was going ahead altogether too fast. I had not understood anything of the sort. I expressed my inability to follow him.

Hereat he exclaimed, "Botheration! I knew you all the time; your mother knew you. I was worried because you went away and stayed so long, and I wanted to punish you a little, and so I pretended I didn't know you—that was just a little joke of mine. You understand?"

"No, sir; I mean—"

"What is it you don't understand?"

"*Why* you said—"

"Oh, Lord, it's perfectly simple. Can't you see—"

My mother spoke to him. What she said I have no way of telling, but, so to speak, he gave the floor to her.

I have heard that women are not proficient in argument, and that the mind of a child is a murky puddle. It must have been in acceptance of these facts that my mother simply took me in her arms. She may have said things—I do not know it. I know the fluffy gown was soft on my cheek, and that my eyes grew moist because her own were so.

There was this about my mother; the great confusing world, with its unanswerable problems, could not reach you through the barrier of her arms; she held you, and everything seemed different, somehow.

So to-night. If I did not understand some things, they ceased to matter. Nothing matters, when a fellow has his mother.

LAW THE INTERPRETATION OF THE NATIONAL WILL[1]

THE first of these works, in one volume, is composed of six lectures by Professors in the Boston University Law School—two by Brooks Adams, two by Melville M. Bigelow, and one each by Edward A. Harriman and Henry S. Haines. The other work is sufficiently described by its title-page. The decisions of Chief Justice Marshall are accompanied by explanatory historical notes.

Two very different, not to say antagonistic, conceptions of law have been common in our courts, but we do not recall having seen the difference more clearly and effectively stated than in "Centralization and the Law." One conception underlies Blackstone's definition: "Law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a State, commanding what is right and forbidding what is wrong." This definition assumes that law is something fixed and determined; that it is imposed on the community from without; that the function of the courts is to ascertain what is this external rule of conduct, and that for this purpose it goes first to the statutes and second to the previous decisions of the courts, and in these finds the will of the sovereign. Law is regarded as an external rule of conduct which the court is simply to interpret and apply.

The other conception of law is that it is the will of the community. The State is itself a Person; it has an opinion:

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[1] *Centralization and the Law: Scientific Legal Education.* By Melville M. Bigelow. Little, Brown, & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.
The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall. Edited by John P. Cotton, Jr. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $10, net.

this is Public Opinion. It has a dominating purpose: this is the Public Will. To apprehend this dominating purpose undeceived by temporary departures from it under the influence of popular passion, and to interpret that purpose and apply it to all the complex and varying conditions of social life—this is the function of both courts and legislature, and this expressed and interpreted will of the community is law. According to this conception law is not fixed and determined, but ever changing with changing circumstances; it is not to be ascertained by a mere interpretation of hard and fast rules or black-letter precedents; it is an inductive science to be developed out of a study of social conditions, by an attempt to understand what the spirit of justice requires in those conditions, and by interpreting the public will and the public conscience, so far as it is formed, and by aiding to form it so far as it is unformed, in accordance with the spirit of justice. In doing this precedents are a guide because they indicate both what our fathers have thought and purposed and in what direction the public conscience and will are moving; but they are not final authorities. To quote from Brooks Adams: "The railroad is not a regular development of the highway and the wagon. The locomotive differs from the horse or ox not in degree but in kind. It is a new energy. . . . But if the energy is new, there must be a new envelope for the energy, for you can no more reason from the highway precedents to railway problems than you can reason from the ox to the electric battery."

With this fundamental conception of law as the product of an inductive study, and therefore a mobile and adaptable force, The Outlook heartily agrees. It is the only rational conception for a democratic nation. It does not dispense with the study of precedents, but it relegates that study to its subordinate place. It does not destroy the conservatism of the courts, but, if accepted, it prevents them from being reactionary, or even stationary. It would make the courts guides and interpreters of the public will, and it would prevent that resistance to the public will which, when persisted in, has always led to revolution. As an exposition of law regarded as a progressive science, "Centralization and Law" is a valuable contribution to real progress, and in a department where that contribution is greatly needed.

Of this principle, that law is the expression of the dominating will of a great people, the two volumes containing the Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall afford a striking historical illustration. Concerning Chief Justice Marshall Professor James B. Thayer has said: "As regards most of the more familiar titles of the law, it would be too much to claim for him the very first rank. In that region he is, in many respects, equaled or surpassed by men more deeply versed in the learning and technicalities of the law."[1] What made him great was not his knowledge of precedents; it was his understanding of those deeper currents of the National life, that lie far beneath all the froth and fume of party politics, an understanding which enabled him to see both the trend of thought and the unconscious purpose of the American people, and to interpret that purpose for them. It is said that when Marshall adjudged that a law of Georgia, under which a missionary laboring among the churches had been committed to prison for four years, was unconstitutional, President Jackson contemptuously said, "Mr. Marshall has made the decision, now let him execute it." In fact, Mr. Worcester remained in prison till the expiration of his sentence. But later, when the issue whether a State might annul the will of the people was raised in a different form, the doctrine of Marshall was maintained by a gigantic *posse comitatus*, though it took four years and a terrible expenditure of life to do it. It has been well said that Chief Justice Marshall contributed as much to make the United States Constitution what it really is as did any of its framers. He did this, not because there was at his command a military force to impose his judgments upon the people, but because he rightly interpreted to themselves their developing purpose to make out of a Confederacy a great Nation. We have not time here to trace the course of his judicial decisions in detail; we can only allude to three illustrations of this his characteristic greatness.

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[1] John Bradley Thayer, "John Marshall," the Riverside Biographical Series No. 9.

In Marburg vs. Madison he laid down the two principles that a law enacted by the Congress and receiving the approval of the President is null and void if it is in violation of the Constitution, and that the Supreme Court has the authority to pronounce it unconstitutional. This principle is now universally recognized as correct; it is the will of the people both guided to a sound conclusion and authoritatively expressed for them. But when the decision was rendered, it was received with an outburst of indignation by organs of the Republican or Jeffersonian party, and, as Professor Thayer has shown, there was much solid reasoning which, from a purely legal and traditional point of view, could be brought against it.

In the case of McCulloch vs. Maynard, Chief Justice Marshall laid down, first, the general principle that the Constitution is not to be construed as articles of partnership between different States, but as the organic act of a people who by it created a Nation; and, second, that while the government created by this Constitution is one of enumerated powers, among these is implied power to grant acts of incorporation, because that necessarily inheres in a sovereign nation, and is "necessary and proper" for carrying the other powers of the Constitution into effect. By this decision the Constitution was lifted out of a mere series of rules and regulations incapable of development, by which very limited powers were granted to the Federal Government, and was construed as an instrument containing in itself capacity for development in order to suit the needs of a developing nation. This also interpreted the growing will of a people who were gradually coming into a national consciousness, and were not to be fettered by conceptions of nationality which existed in 1787.

The third case to which we refer was the famous Dartmouth College case, in which it was decided that a legislative grant of incorporation is a contract which cannot be set aside subsequently by the legislature. This case and the subsequent decisions of the United States Supreme Court on this subject illustrate the truth that law in a democratic community is the dominating will of the people, and that the greatest judges are those who apprehend, interpret, define, and guide that will to just and reasonable conclusions. On the one hand, this decision in the Dartmouth College case gave to corporations a stability which in the earlier history of the Republic was necessary to guard property rights against sudden ebullitions of popular feeling, and so did much to give security to property and consequent commercial prosperity to the Nation. On the other hand, as it began to be apparent that corporations could not be allowed to claim to be superior to the will of the people expressed in their Legislatures, there arose another series of decisions, of which Professor Brooks Adams, in Lecture II., gives an interesting account. These were to the effect that no Legislature can deprive the people of their inalienable rights, under the police powers of the State, to impose on the chartered corporations such regulations as the public welfare may require, or to forbid the continuance of a business altogether, if the State adjudges it to be injurious to the public health or the public morals.

This is not the place in which to apply the principle concerning law and courts of law here elucidated to current questions. It must suffice to say, in conclusion, two things: First, that those who fear that the courts will prove an obstacle to public reform which only revolution can remove have small ground for their fears; the history of the Nation shows that the judiciary have on the whole regarded law as the expression of the Nation's will, and have with signal ability frequently acted as both guides and interpreters of that will. Second, if the time should ever come when the courts, instead of guiding the public will, should set themselves to thwart it, the fears of a revolution would no longer be groundless. Brooks Adams well says, "In a society moving with unprecedented rapidity unintelligent conservatism is dangerous. No explosion is more terrible than that which shatters an unyielding law." The protection of society against such a revolution is an interpretation of law as an expression of the public will, such as has been given by no one more notably than by Chief Justice Marshall.

Comment on Current Books

The Court of Love

It is quite impossible for Alice Brown to fail in offering entertainment to her readers. The Court of Love was the outcome of a whimsical idea developed by a charming girl escaped from restraining poverty and confinement into the joys of great wealth and freedom. The plot is merry and farcical, quite absurd, in fact, but some of the characters are cleverly amusing. On the whole, however, the little play is not up to the author's usual high standard. (The Court of Love. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.)

The Forgotten Secret

The Rev. W. J. Dawson, known widely in America as a vigorous evangelical preacher and a writer of acceptable literary criticism, offers in this tiny book a meditation upon prayer. The especial point he makes is the necessity of following exactly the rule laid down by Christ, that effective communion with the Father is best attained in secret, apart from the "unmannerly distractions" which good Faber mourned. The clear definitions and common-sense piety of this little treatise will recommend it to many readers. (The Forgotten Secret. By W. J. Dawson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

A Friend of Marie Antoinette

Although M. Victorien Sardou lends his name to the published results of an investigation of the correspondence of Lady Atkyns in relation to her efforts to free the Royal family of France, the ordinary judicial reader will find a perusal of this lengthy volume rather irritating. It seems a case of "much ado about nothing." Lady Atkyns, an English actress, lived in France long enough to acquire violent Royalist sentiments, and to be presented to the lovely Queen Marie Antoinette, to whose cause she forever swore allegiance. Her recently discovered correspondence reopens the puzzle of the disappearance of the Dauphin. However, the case remains as completely unsolved as ever. Nothing is decided; there are more exclamatory passages by the author than authentic quotations from Lady Atkyns's letters. One cannot escape imagining the author as dashing his pen aside to grasp his fevered brow with icy hands and glare into the past, vainly trying to force elusive facts into existence. As to Lady Atkyns, she seems to have been a monomaniac of very generous impulses, who was the dupe of excited French Royalists, and they appeared as eager for English gold as for the rescue of their King. (A Friend of Marie Antoinette [Lady Atkyns]. Translated from the French of Frédéric Barbey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.)

From College Windows

These short essays blend very happily ripeness of judgment, knowledge of books, and the aroma of a leisurely life in the atmosphere of Oxford. Mr. Benson lives in Magdalen College, at Oxford, but he is not a dry-as-dust student, nor has he been provincialized by that form of mental and moral anæmia which sometimes attacks those who live continually under academic influences. There is nothing musty about these essays. They are characterized by good sense, clear discrimination, and sane judgment, but they were written with scholarly ease, and they are invested with the atmosphere of well-bred leisure. Mr. Benson combines serious thinking with pleasant humor and a very attractive use of the English language. He writes without strain and in a very informal fashion, but he thinks clearly, and he has many fresh things to say by the way. His comments on growing old are distinctly consoling, because they are out of the ordinary rut of consolatory remarks on this subject. What he has to say about books is both fresh and wise, and his attitude throughout is stamped by a certain naïve frankness and sincerity which give the reader the impression that he is dealing with a friend. This is a very pleasant book to have at hand. It has not the weight of pedantry, but it has the substance of sound thinking and the form of good writing. (From a College Window. By Arthur Christopher Benson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.)

In the Shadow of the Alamo

Prefaced by a brief history which develops uneasily into a little romance, Miss Driscoll's stories of the San Antonio Valley follow the lines of tradition. Old Texas was a place of adventure, and it is well to recall the stirring events that crowded the early years of Spanish and American occupation.

A lack of literary finish and artistic proportion makes the reading somewhat tedious. The volume is appropriately illustrated, with but moderate merit. (In the Shadow of the Alamo. By Clara Driscoll. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

Morgan's Cavalry

One of the most spectacular features of the Civil War consisted of the audacious operations of General John H. Morgan in Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. Time and again, with a comparatively small command, he made daring raids into territory held by Union troops, doing considerable damage, and even, when ultimately captured and placed in prison, making his escape with characteristic boldness. Perhaps because his campaigns were usually linked only indirectly with those of the main army, they have attracted comparatively little attention from military and general historians. But they comprise an exceptionally interesting chapter in the history of the war, and there is thus ample room for the account that has now been written by Morgan's lieutenant, General Basil W. Duke, who succeeded to the command after Morgan's death in 1864. His is a well-written narrative, direct, simple, aglow with human interest, rich in anecdote, and free from animosity against those who brought his leader's and his own efforts to naught. As a military history it is somewhat open to criticism, but corrective readings can easily be obtained, and it is undoubtedly deserving of a wide audience. Morgan's qualities are finely portrayed, his feats related with frank but not undiscriminating admiration, and the conditions under which he made his successive raids described with a detail that throws new light on the operations of both the Union and the Confederate armies in the West. (Morgan's Cavalry. By Basil W. Duke. The Neale Publishing Company, New York. $2.)

Peasant Life in the Holy Land

Peasant life in Palestine was cast in stereotype plates centuries ago, long before the Christian era, and the present life is printed from the old plates. Therefore to see how peasants live and what they think and feel now is to understand how they lived and what they thought in the time of Christ, not to say in the time of Abraham. That fact gives to a portrait of modern life by one who has been a long-time resident of the Holy Land value as well as interest. But this alone constitutes the value and interest of Mr. Wilson's book. It is without judicial quality or literary charm. It is not illuminated by reference to Biblical passages, nor are the facts narrated used to illuminate such passages. And it contains not a great deal which will be fresh to one who is familiar with Dr. Thomson's "Land and the Book" or Professor Curtiss's "Primitive Semitic Religion To-Day." (Peasant Life in the Holy Land. By Rev. C. T. Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.)

A Pocket Meredith

Whatever criticism may be made on George Meredith's construction and style, and of the soundness of some of his work, there is no question about the richness of his fiction in ideas, in its penetrating insight into character, and the force and beauty of much of his portraiture. His novels have a tonic quality when one puts them beside most of the novels of the day; and the publication of his works in a pocket edition, in books tastefully made, printed from clear type, and of a size which makes it possible to slip one in the pocket, is a thing to be grateful for. The publishers have done well by the novels and by the reader; and the sixteen little volumes which will eventually contain the work of Mr. Meredith in this form will constitute a body of reading not lightly to be undertaken, but once undertaken never to be regretted. At seventy-eight Mr. Meredith is the dean of contemporary English novelists in intellectual quality, and in the case of two or three of his stories it is safe to predict a long life. The four initial volumes recently published include "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria." The volumes are to be sold separately. (The Works of George Meredith. Pocket Edition. Revised Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 per volume.)

The Story of Paul Jones

The exploits of John Paul Jones have long furnished material for the story-teller, almost every phase of his career from his earliest youth in Scotland to his untimely death in France being packed with romantic episodes. Consequently, Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has experienced little difficulty in making an intensely interesting narrative out of the story of this great naval fighter's life, which he presents, not in the form of a conventional biography, but under the guise of a historical romance. From first to last his book is quick with action, is enlivened by dialogue in which the atmosphere of the period is preserved, and is written in a vigorous, pleasing vein. Of course the emphasis is on Jones's services to the Colonies during the War of the Revolution, but all aspects of his many-sided personality are explored; and, if historical exactitude is not always obtained, the book will serve not merely for entertainment, but to stimulate a livelier interest in the serious study of history. (The Story of Paul Jones. By Alfred Henry Lewis. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. $1.50.)

Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. These five volumes complete the publication in a uniform edition of Swinburne's poetical work; the earlier volumes, which presented his lyrical poetry, were commented upon at length in these columns. The dramatic work includes "Atalanta and Calydon," with its beautiful choruses, the "Queen Mother," and "Rosamund," behind which there is an immense amount of research and knowledge in detail of the period; the trilogy of plays, "Chastelard," "Bothwell," and "Mary Stuart." To these must be added Swinburne's single modern drama, "The Sisters." The Outlook has already expressed at length its judgment of the value of this work from the literary point of view and its significance in the history of the last generation. (The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In Five Volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Under the Sunset The latest volume in the series of "Harper's Novelettes" contains ten stories of Western and Far Western life, including Mr. Janvier's "The Sage Brush Hen," Mr. Eastman's "The Gray Chieftain," Mr. Flynt's "Jamie the Kid," and Mrs. Peattie's "A Madonna of the Desert." (Under the Sunset. Edited by William Dean Howells and Henry Mills Alden. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.)

Letters to The Outlook

DRUNKENNESS

Would it be permissible to raise in your columns a query concerning the laws dealing with drunkenness? It is at the suggestion of a well known sociologist that the opportunity is sought.

The writer is not a so-called temperance woman, but one who deplores the inadequacy of present legislation respecting this evil, which in the legal world is regarded as a crime punishable by arrest and imprisonment or fine, and an early release, with the usual repetition of the same offense sooner or later; whereas the medical profession recognize in inebriety a disease, curable by proper treatment. Considering the moral, if not physical, contagion of this disease, and the quarantine maintained over all persons with other contagious diseases, is it not time to alter present statutes, by which a person can only be sent to a "cure" or sanitarium as insane, or as he signs an agreement which commits him to an institution, and thus takes away his freedom for a certain period of time. We do not permit the insane to decide such questions, yet surely the risk to society would be no greater. In view of all the crimes directly due to drunkenness, as well as the indirect results, and in these days when we are learning to prevent crime rather than to wait and punish it, should not the laws be modified, giving the court the right of commitment after repeated arrest, or, at the instance of a commission, as in lunacy cases, to "cures" under State control? Could not such institutions be supported by higher license, and empowered to discharge their patients as cured or incurable? Further laws should then protect such individuals, making the selling of liquor to them a crime incurring heavy penalties. This suggestion is not given as a sure cure for all the ills of man from this cause. It *is* offered as a possible remedy for a grave condition. Do our physicians stand by in indifference when they are unable to cure a patient? Do they not use every means to relieve the suffering? Shall we not demand of our legislators a more comprehensive treatment of this problem, even experimental reforms? Certainly one does not need to consult statistics to appreciate how vital is this question to the twentieth century. J. W. M.

Athens, Pennsylvania.

THE MONEY-MAKING POWER OF NIAGARA

When reading, in your issue of May 19, the article on "Niagara from the Economic Standpoint," by H. W. Buck, and also your reply to it, I was impressed with an important omission on his and your part. That was: May not the maintenance of Niagara Falls even as an object of natural scenic beauty have its economic as well as its æsthetic value? The fact which gave the greatest weight to Mr. Buck's argument was that the utilization of Niagara Falls for commercial purposes was an immense saving of the industrial energy of the country, and hence an enormous addition to its wealth, which saving represents the "cost to the people of this continent of maintaining Niagara Falls as a spectacle."

But does not Niagara Falls, even as an attraction of scenic beauty, contribute somewhat to the wealth of the Nation? In your editorial you speak of it as "a spectacle of natural beauty known and admired all over the world." Does not a compensation for the loss sustained by its power not being used spring out of its very attractiveness? Does it not do its share towards bringing travelers to this country? Does it not do its share toward keeping American tourists in their own land? Were the Falls, then, reduced to a great water-power plant, all the wealth created through enlarged railroad and other receipts would be diverted into other channels away from this country—the Europeans would stay at home, the Americans would go abroad. And would not the loss of these receipts represent the economic cost to this country of that reduction?

I throw these questions out simply as suggestions, and would like to have some one of Mr. Buck's ability reduce this phase of the question to its numerical economic worth as he has done the other phase.

T. N. S.

Akeley, Minnesota.

I have just finished Mr. Buck's article on Niagara and your editorial on the same subject, and cannot resist the temptation to put in a word. It is really superfluous for me to do so, as your editorial expressed nearly all I have to say; but I would like to add a word as to the cost of producing power by steam—or rather from fuel—as I believe Mr. Buck's figures to be very much exaggerated. He says that it takes about thirteen tons of coal to generate one horse-power continuously for a year. As a matter of fact, it takes very much less, either by steam or by gas (the latter undoubtedly the coming source of power from fuel). Steam engines in large units, and gas-produced power plants even in quite moderate sizes, generate one horse-power on but little more than one pound of fuel per hour—roughly equivalent to only four tons of fuel per horse-power year—which is approximately only one-third of Mr. Buck's figures. In large sizes, we may expect to see in a very few years these figures very much lowered (as the gas-produced power plant is to-day still far from being perfected), and the difference in cost between water power and power from fuel very much less than the $35 mentioned by Mr. Buck.

Another point: I understand that the bulk of the water flowing over the Falls flows through a comparatively narrow and deep channel. If this is the case, the diverting of one-third of the water might very readily narrow the present flow into this narrow channel.

Apropos of the subject of power for the world, and of the exhaustion of the coal-beds of the world, I would like to say that there is enough fuel in sight to last us many generations. When the fuel is gone, who can doubt that the inventive ingenuity of man will cope with the problem? From the sun we receive constantly a stupendous sum of energy, which may even to-day be recovered and utilized—from the radiations direct, from the winds, and from the waves of the sea. When the time comes when we shall need this energy, means will surely be found.

Assoc. Am. Soc. M. E.

Colorado Springs.

Noting the article by Mr. H. W. Buck in The Outlook for May 19 on the subject of Niagara Falls from the economic standpoint, wherein he states that the electric power generated from steam costs $50 per horse-power per annum, and that the same power generated from the Falls costs $15 per annum—$35 less per horse-power—I note that he at once assumes that this is the proper figure to use in estimating the benefit to the country of the commercial employment of the power of the Falls in figuring the annual saving at $35 per horse-power for the three and one half million horse-power that the Falls are supposed to contain.

I have taken pains to get the facts of the case, and I find that the gentleman's figures are fallacious. I find no case where the power is sold so cheaply. My advices are to the effect that $24 per horse-power is the customary price, and there are instances of the price being as high as $36 per horse-power. This would materially alter the figures used by Mr. Buck; and, at any rate, the cost of the Falls to the country is in no sense too great, it seems to me, for it is no more inconsistent to maintain this scenic wonder than to maintain Central Park in this city, or to have constructed the dome on the Capitol at Washington, or to have erected the beautiful Congressional Library, for the purpose of which a building at one-fortieth of the cost, no doubt, could have been secured.

New York City. R. J. Caldwell.

[We would call attention to the fact that one correspondent raises Mr. Buck's figures for the cost of water power, while another lowers his figures for power by fuel.—The Editors.]

BUILDING A GIRL'S CHARACTER AT SCHOOL

BY MILES B. HILLY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY FUERMANN

THE strength of a nation is to be measured rather by the character of its women than by the physical power of its army or the greatness of its statesmen. One is the cause, the other the effect. For is not the very foundation of man's physical and mental greatness grounded in the character of the mother who has nurtured his body and developed his mind from birth? All that man has, he has from woman. Her weakness is her strength. Her more complex sensitiveness, her love, refinement, chastity, and truth, are reflected in the young men and women she gives to the world to do its work, and these are *real* strength. There is nothing more important, therefore, than the proper physical, mental, and moral training of these recruits before they assume their responsibilities in the world's great army. And no question so puzzling confronts parents as the proper education of their children. Most girls, to-day, are destined to take their places in the conduct of the home, assuming the responsibilities of motherhood, and moulding the characters of the generations to come. Hence the greatest care should be exercised by parents in selecting a school for daughters in which a wholesome moral training is an essential. The years of a girl's school life are the most plastic in her career. Then is her character formed and her future forecasted. Grave misgivings as to what school is best for a girl's education haunt the minds of her parents; more because of the considerations of moral training and environment in schools than for those of a purely mind-developing character. Justification for this attitude is readily understood by those who are familiar with present-day methods in many schools.

ON THE CAMPUS

Liberty in institutions of learning is but a stepping-stone to license, and the line is only too loosely drawn. Constant chaperonage, with due regard for the liberty and independence of the student, is necessary at school age, particularly where girls are denied the influence of their own home and family. Away from home, a girl is not under the requisite and constant parental discipline and guidance, and the influence of home environment, which make for truth and virtue and gentleness. Her nature seeks some one in whom she can confide the innermost secrets of her heart. She needs a mother's love and affection; and these she must have in some form if she is to develop a well-rounded, noble womanhood.

Moral, mental, and physical training are her due in a more or less complete degree. Being in the world, and part of it, ambitious to learn of the mysteries of life, her zeal for knowledge is keenly whetted, and to impart knowledge of rightful character is the grave responsibility devolving upon those into whose hands she is placed. Right knowledge is a thing not to be found in a moment, but to be *acquired.* One possesses it not by an act, but by a process. To leave its impress indelibly upon the mind of the young, there must be preparation for it. Like a flower, it will thrive in one climate and not in another. Slow degrees and orderly development mark its course to the fullness of its bloom.

Right knowledge and right training in a spiritual atmosphere are the things that make noble womanhood. It is a mistake to think that a development can come solely from within, which cannot be wrought by influences from without. The thermometer does not change without external influence. It is something outside that works a moral change in a girl's life. She cannot transform herself. It is an unseen pressure of moral forces that elevates a girl to a higher stature. Failure to reach this sphere of life is the result of neglect on the part of parents to put their daughters in the way of these impressing forces and to absent them from opposing influences. Shall we liken a girl to a lump of clay which, though of superior quality, is still a disordered mass without the moulding hand of the potter and his wheel? Mortals are merely mosaics of other men. Our being becomes like those whom we habitually admire. Hence this law of Influence, operating with so much more precision in the formative period of youth, is sufficient reason for great care in surrounding a girl with the highest influences, that her development may be of the highest.

These she may have at St. Mary's College and Academy (Notre Dame, Indiana), with no lack of

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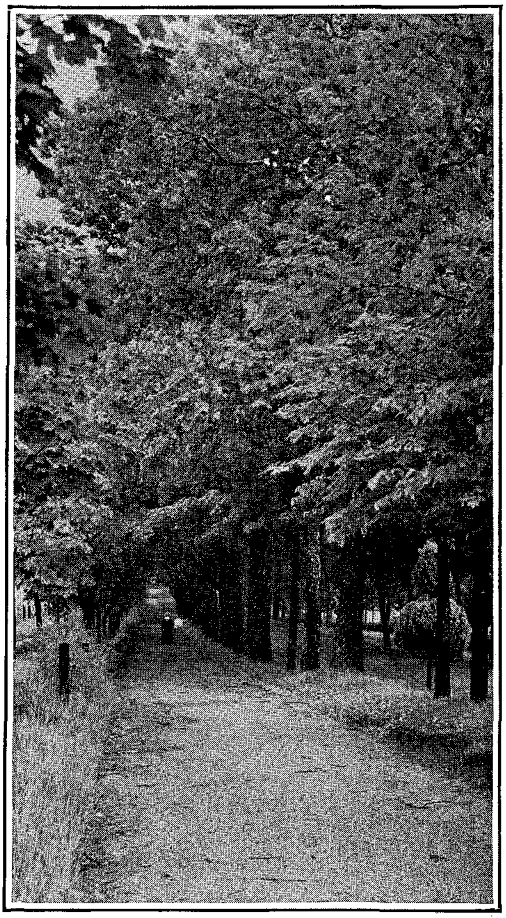


ONE OF THE SHADED WALKS AT ST. MARY'S

mental and physical training. The chaste atmosphere of convent life here does not fail to leave its impress on the future of any girl fortunate enough to breathe its purifying influences. Her best impulses are brought forward. Her heart, her soul, and her mind will, under its protecting care, progress in harmonious unison, fitting her for the exalted place which Providence in His wisdom sets apart for her.

Next to the moral atmosphere of the home, no greater safeguard can be thrown about a young girl than constant and intimate association with the noble, refined women of the Holy Cross, who have left behind them the pleasures of the world for a life of unselfish devotion to humanity. They have not forsaken the world. Rather have they forsaken all else for the uplifting of it. Their labor is a labor of love, and their constant aim is to promote, by precept and example, the most exalted ideals of life. The mission of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at St. Mary's College and Academy, at Notre Dame, is to mould the characters and to develop the minds and bodies of girls of all ages. The St. Mary's idea of education is distinguished from that of many schools by its strict adherence to the principle of a joint development of mind, soul, and body. As educational methods go, it is new; yet it is as old as the Institution—founded over half a century ago. It is with much satisfaction, therefore, that the faculty at St. Mary's now view the indorsement of their principles in movements already begun by educators in leading American institutions of learning. Although St. Mary's is conducted by a sisterhood of the Catholic Church, over one-third of its pupils are not Catholics;—certainly a tribute to the spirit of religious tolerance of the time, as well as to the educational attractions at the College. Its alumnæ number hundreds of pupils of other creeds who, with their parents, are enthusiastic friends of St. Mary's. Not the slightest attempt is made to influence the religious convictions of non-Catholic students. In fact, non-Catholic pupils are not even permitted, through their own initiative, to study Catholic Doctrine without full permission in writing from their parents. Therefore, non-Catholics who may be attracted by the educational advantages of St. Mary's will find no justifiable prejudice on the matter of religion. Obviously, children of Catholic parents are instructed fully in the tenets of their faith. To promote discipline, all pupils are required to attend public religious exercises, as is the custom in most schools and colleges, and these exercises are not such as may be objected to by non-Catholic parents or pupils.

Under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Mary's College and Academy was chartered February 28, 1855, by an Act of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, whereby the Institution was empowered "to confer such degrees upon scholars as are usual in Academies of the highest standing." The College is situated two miles from South Bend, Indiana, one mile west of the University of Notre Dame, and eighty miles east of Chicago. It is easily reached by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the Grand Trunk, the Vandalia, the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa, and the Michigan Central Railways. It is near the center of population of the United States, and is easily accessible to any section of the country.

The buildings of St. Mary's are located in the country in a section noted for its beautiful scenery. They stand on an eminence overlooking the St. Joseph River, are grouped so as to secure the advantages of isolation, yet without marring the harmony of an architectural unity.

Very few girls' schools enjoy such a wide expanse of grounds as are found at St. Mary's; nor do they approach them in natural scenic beauty. The grounds comprise more than seven hundred acres, far removed from urban influence. The air is pure and bracing, and the influence of nature is enjoyed in its fullest degree. The natural scenery, together with the artistic touch of the landscape gardener, presents a veritable paradise. Noble towering oaks, willows, and other trees are marked by the growth of centuries, and with their thick garments of green foliage, kissed by the sun, produce an ever-changing kaleidoscope of light and shade on the well-kept lawns. The long winding walks and drives, sentineled with shrubbery and skirted with formal arrangements of flower beds, offer a pleasing opportunity for restful diversion. The banks of the St. Joseph River, a small, swift-running stream that forms a boundary to the school grounds, are of unusual beauty at this point and are a never-ending source of pleasure to the students.

Connected with St. Mary's is a farm of four hundred acres on which are grown the vegetables and fruits which find their way to the school table. From this farm come fresh milk, cream, butter, eggs, and other produce, in plentiful supply. These advantages, together with a well-directed menu for meals, are unusual but important considerations when selecting a school for girls.

Among the many means of promoting a spirit of emulation are the Tablet of Honor, Weekly Notes, Reports published in "St. Mary's Chimes," Bi-Monthly Bulletins, Examinations, and Annual Distribution of Honors, Diplomas, and Degrees.

There are three Departments: the Senior, Junior, and Minim; each a distinct institution, with its own study-hall, playgrounds, and sleeping apartments.

Each Department has a special library of reference books suited to its needs. The general library includes books of the best authors in history, science, biography, travels, poetry, essays, and fiction. In the library are copies of rare editions, as well as volumes valuable as antiquities. Bound magazines, encyclopedias, and other works of reference are numerous. The current magazines of literary worth are kept in the Seniors' Reading-Rooms.

The Department of Natural History and the Mineralogical Cabinets contain a large and well-arranged collection of rare botanical, zoölogical, mineralogical, and geological specimens.

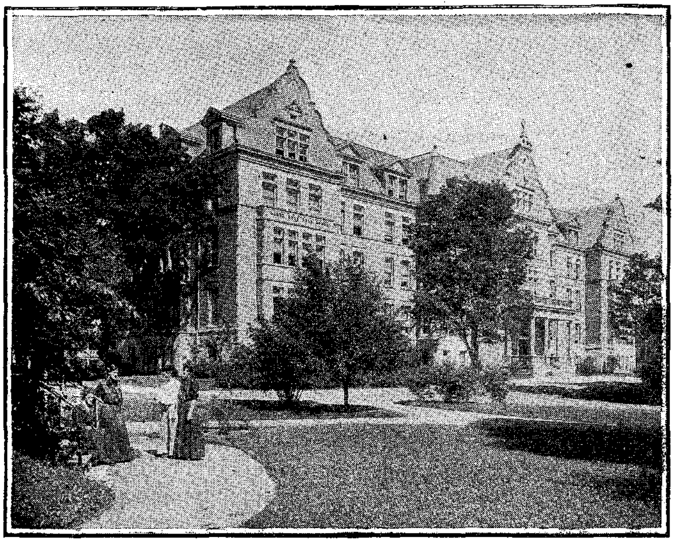
THE CHAPEL AT ST. MARY'S

The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are complete and well appointed in every particular, the lecture-rooms being fitted for the presentation of a thorough course of experimental lectures.

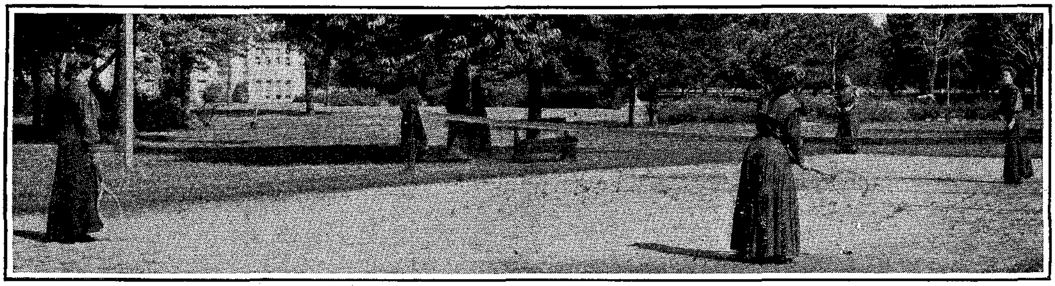
Each department of the Institution has its own literary society. At the weekly meetings, conducted according to parliamentary rules, selections from approved authors are read and reviewed, *and current events of historical, scientific, and literary interest are summarized, that all may keep in touch with the times.* At these meetings lectures are given and the students are taught to exercise judicious criticism, either orally or in writing.

In order to elevate the literary standard of St. Mary's, to cultivate the taste of the pupils, and to serve as an impetus to earnest efforts in the English classes, a journal is edited monthly, under the title "St. Mary's Chimes." In addition to the poems and essays of the students, its columns contain the monthly Honor roll, besides items of general interest to pupils and parents.

St. Mary's supplements its regular class-work by courses of lectures on the following subjects, viz.: Philosophy—Mental and Moral, History and Travel, Literature, Music, Art, and Science. These lectures, given by eminent divines and other distinguished orators, are in themselves a liberal education. Henry van Dyke, Henry James, Douglas Hyde, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Dr. Monaghan, Bishop Spalding, Lorado Taft, Archbishop Ireland, and many other famous men have delivered these lectures.



COLLEGIATE HALL AT ST. MARY'S



ON THE TENNIS COURTS AT ST. MARY'S

Dramatic and musical entertainments are given during the year by the best artists. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Moskowsky, Seidl, Ledochowsky, Marx, and other noted musicians have visited St. Mary's on these occasions.

The disciplinary government is conducted with such vigilance and energy as always to secure order and discipline. *The students are kept within a line of duty by a sense of honor and justice rather than by fear of punishment.* Only such rules are enforced as are necessary for successful work or the general good of the school, and for the better mental, moral, and physical development of the individual student.

A searching inquiry is made into the antecedents and character of each pupil before she is accepted, in order to preserve the morale of the Institution.

The Scholastic year is divided into two semesters; the first opens the first of September and closes the last day of January; the second opens the first day of February and closes about the middle of June.

To cultivate economy, neatness and simplicity of attire, and to promote democracy of spirit, the pupils are required to conform to the regulations for school-day and Sunday uniforms.

Regular hours for sewing are allotted to all pupils, so that they may keep their wardrobe in order. The sewing classes are under the direction of competent teachers, who give full and careful instruction.

As greater progress in mental study can be made by pupils whose bodies are strong and healthy, physical training forms an important part of the St. Mary's idea of education. Indoor and outdoor athletics are great attractions to the students. Basket Ball, Hand Ball, Indoor and Lawn Tennis, Indoor and Outdoor Archery, Fencing, Boating, Skating, Cross Country Walks and other attractive forms of exercise are regularly indulged in to the enjoyment and health advantage of the pupils. The Gymnasium is in charge of an experienced and competent instructor, a graduate of Dr. Sargent's Normal School of Physical Training. The building is airy and well equipped with all the necessary appliances for a thorough course in Physical Culture. The work is adapted to the needs of each pupil.

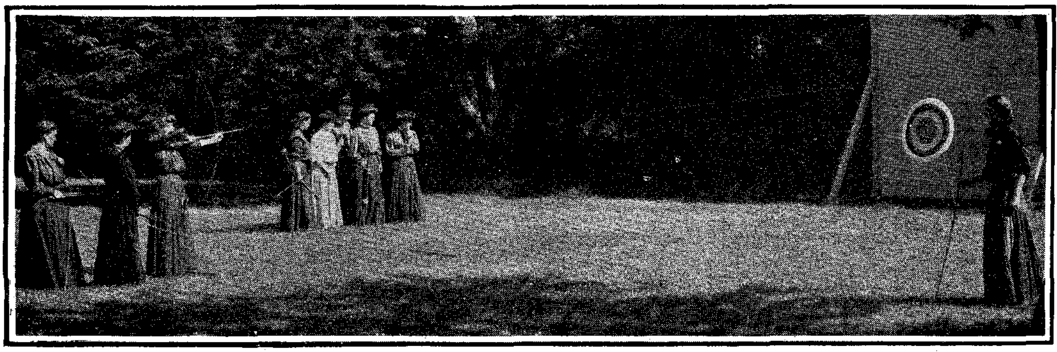
The Program for Study comprises the following courses: English, History, Economics, General Science, Biology, Pharmacy, Greek, Latin, German, Spanish, Reading, and Voice Training. In the Conservatory of Music special courses are given in Voice, Piano, and Violin; also in Harmony, Ear Training, Musical History, and Sight Singing. The Art Course embraces Black and White Drawing and Painting in oils, water colors, and pastels.

The courses here enumerated indicate a high order of mental education, but this, as previously stated, is only a part of the St. Mary's Idea; and that the reader may not lose sight of the real value of the Institution in character building, these points should be emphasized: the influence of personal interest on the student and the fitting of ethical and intellectual study to individual needs. It is this enveloping influence that makes convent training at St. Mary's far superior to merely secular influence in the formative period of a young woman's life.

The discipline which comes from a right idea of *esprit de corps*, and a sense of honor based on self-respect and on the respect of others, is the best preparation for a life of usefulness. Such is the discipline of St. Mary's—a restraint that makes for truest liberty and a proper solution of the problems of life.

If any Catholic or non-Catholic parent will take the trouble to go to Notre Dame and see in practical operation the *St. Mary's idea of Character Building for Girls*, every prejudice will be banished and every doubt will disappear, as to the wisdom of placing girls in the tender care of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

If a personal visit is not convenient, a letter addressed to Mother M. Pauline, the Directress, St. Mary's College and Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana, will be cheerfully answered with full information.



ARCHERY PRACTICE AT ST. MARY'S